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CHRONICLE
OF
SCOTTISH POETRY;

FROM
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,
TO
THE UNION OF THE CROWNS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY,

BY J. SIBBALD.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere.—HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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* Ought rather perhaps to have been placed under the reign of Queen Mary, if not James VI.

CHRONICLE

CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY.

JAMES V. 1513—1542.

[Several of the Poems of WILLIAM DUNBAR appear evidently to belong to the reign of JAMES V. and, of course, are here entitled to the earliest attention. The following piece ON DEMING, or Censoriousness, is written after the manner of LYDGATE'S Balade of gote counsaile, having for burden "A wicked tonge wol alway deme amis." Some of the expressions manifestly allude to the author's own situation; particularly that of being "sene in Court ouer lang;" signifying, in those days, the being too long IN EXPECTATION of an office. This unfortunately happened to be the fate of poor DUNBAR. He was too much of a plain-dealer to succeed at Court; where probably, as a poet, he suffered a total eclipse from the intervention of GAVIN DOUGLAS, apparently in great favour with QUEEN MARGARET, soon after the death of her husband.]

VOL. II.

A

OF DEMING.

OF DEMING.

I.

MUSING allone this hinder nicht,
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
Within ane garth undir a tré,
I hard ane voce, that said on hicht,
May na man now undemit be :

II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
Yit fall I not eschew deming ;
Sum callis me guid, sum fayis, ye lie ;
Sum cravis of God to end my ring ;
So fall I not undemit be.

III.

Be I ane Lord, and not lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purs-pyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me ;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be.

IV.

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,
With gentillmen makand repair,
Than will thay say, baith scho and he,
(I am dishonorit) lait and air ;
Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I ane courtman, or ane knycht,
Honestly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me :
Bot God send thame a widdy wicht,
That cannot lat sic deming be.

VI.

VI.

Be I bot littill of stature,
 Thay call me catyve createure;
 And be I grit of quantetie,
 Thay call me monstrowis of nature;
 Thus can thay not lat deming be.

VII.

And be I ornat in my speiche,
 Than *Towsy* sayis, I am sa streich,
 I speik not lyk thair hous menyie;
 Suppois her mouth misters a leiche,
 Yit can scho not lat deming be.

VIII.

But wist thir folkis that uthir demis,
 How that thair sawis to uthir femis,
 Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
 Thair tratling tungis that all furth temis,
 Sum than wald lat thair deming be.

IX.

Gude *James the Ferd*, our nobill king,
 Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
 In sentens said full subtillie,
Do weill, and sett nocht by demying;
For no man fall undemit be.

X.

And so I fall with Goddis grace,
 Keip his command into that cace.
 Beseiking ay the Trinitie,
 In hevin that I may haif ane place,
 For thair fall no man demit be,

CONTINUATION.

CONTINUATION.

I.

HOW fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyis,
I wald sum wyifman wald devyis ;
I cannot leif in no degre,
But sum will my maneris dispyis ;
Lord God ! how fall I governe me ?

II.

Gife I be galland, lusty, and blyth,
Than will thay say on me full swyth,
That out of mynd yone man is hie,
Or sum hes done him comfort kyth ;
Lord God ! how fall I governe me ?

III.

Gife I be forrowfull and sad,
Than will thay say that I am mad,
And do bot drowp as I wold die ;
Thus will thay say, baith man and lad ;
Lord God ! how fall I governe me ?

IV.

Gife I be lusty in array,
Than luve I paramours thay say,
Or in my hait am prowde and hie,
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way ;
Lord God ! how fall I governe me ?

V.

Gife I be nocht weill als beseme,
Than twa and twa fayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man trewlie ;
Lo ! be his claithis it may be sene ;
Lord God ! how fall I governe me ?

VI.

VI.

Gife I be fene in court our lang,
 Than will thay murmur thaim amang,
 My friendis ar not worth a flé,
 That I sa lang but reward gang;
 Lord God! how fall I governe me?

VII.

In court reward than purches I,
 Than haif thay malyce and invy,
 And secreitly thay on me lie,
 And dois me hinder prevely;
 Lord God! how fall I governe me?

VIII.

I wald my gyding war devyfit;
 Gif I spend littill I am dispyfit,
 Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fre,
 A prodigall man I am so pryfit;
 Lord God! how fall I governe me?

IX.

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
 And I may no mans tung hald still;
 To do the best my mynd fall be,
 Latt every man say quhat he will;
 The gracious God mot governe me!

St. 3. l. 4. "Thocht he *dow* not to leid a tyk;" i. e. "Although he
 "has not the abilities, nor the spirit necessary for the meanest of all
 "employments, that of leading a dog in a string." There is no single
 word in modern English which corresponds with *dow*: that which ap-
 proaches the nearest to it is *list*, from which the adjective *listless*. The
 force of the word *dow* is well expressed in a modern Scottish ballad,
 which begins, "There wes ane May." The lines to which I allude
 are in the description of one crossed in love by an envious sister's machi-
 nation, and a peevish mother's frowardness.

"And now he gangs *dandering* about the dykes,
 "And all he *dow* do is to *hund the tykes*."

The

The whole is executed with equal truth and strength of colouring, and is said to be the composition of Lady Grissel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of the late George Baillie of Jeriswood. H.

St. 4. l. 4. "(I am dishonorit)." The original bears a word used by Chaucer, but which gave offence a century ago; much more would it do so now, in an age distinguished for purity of language.

St. 5. l. 4. "Bot God send thame a *widdy wicht*." In modern language, a *strong halter*. A *widdy* is a pliant branch of a tree. When justice was executed upon the spot, the first tree afforded an halter. It was an ingenious idea of a learned person on the continent, to examine the analogy between language and manners. *Widdy wicht* might have furnished a chapter on the language and manners of Scotland.

St. 7. The sense of this stanza seems to be, "If I am elegant of speech, some vulgar wench says, I am affected, and do not pronounce my words as her people do; and yet she, who will not abstain from censuring, needs a surgeon to stitch up part of her own wide mouth, that she may not speak broad."

St. 1. &c. of CONTINUATION. Through the whole of this second part, the Poet complains of being at a loss how to carry into practice the resolution he had formed in the first "to do weil, and to disregard the censorious." This seems, therefore, to be the natural order of placing them.

St. 5. l. 3. "That *evill* he *gydis* yone man *trewlie*." An *ill guide* is still used with us for a *bad manager*.

St. 7. l. 1. "In court reward than *purches* I." This means, obtaining preferment, without any relation to bargain and sale.

DISCRETION

DISCRETION IN ASKING, GIVING, AND TAKING.

[*This poem, consisting of three distinct parts, is an uninteresting soliloquy of the author upon his situation as an unsuccessful candidate for ecclesiastical preferment. On the first he observes,*

SUPPOIS the servand be lang unquit
The Lord sumtyme reward will it ;
Gif he dois not, quhat remedy ?
To fecht with fortune is no wit ;
In Asking fould Discretioun be.

Asking wald haif convenient place,
Convenient tyme, lasar and space ;
But haift, or preis of grit menyé,
But hairt abasit, but tounge reckles ;
In Asking fould Discretioun be.

Sum micht haif Yé with littill cure,
That hes aft Nay with grit labour ;
All for that tyme not byde can he ;
He tynis baith errand and honour ;
In Asking fould Discretioun be.

His remarks on " GIVING " are in the same style of complaint,

Sum is for gift sa lang requyred,
Quhill that the crever be sa tyred,
'That or the gift deliverit be,
The thank is frustrat and expyred ;
In Geving fould Discretioun be.

Sum

Sum gevis so littill full wretchedly,
 That his giftis are nocht set by,
 And for a huide-pyk haldin is he,
 That all the warld cryis on him, fy !
 In Geving fould Discretioun be.

Sum gevis to strangeris with face new,
 That yisterday fra Flanderis flew ;
 And auld fervantis list not fé,
 War thay nevir of sa grit vertew ;
 In Geving fould Discretioun be.

*The third part upon, "DISCRETION IN TAKING,"
 being somewhat more worthy of republication, is
 here given, for the first time, at large, and cor-
 rectly.]*

I.

EFTIR Geving I speik of Taiking,
 Bot littill of ony gud forsaiking ;
 Sum takkis our littill autoritie,
 And sum our mekle, and that is glaiking ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

II.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
 Sum of Sanct Peter, and sum of Sanct Paulis ;
 Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
 Suppois the divill tak all thair sawlis ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

III.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
 All frutt that growis on the feure,
 In mailis and gersomes raifit our hé,
 And garris thame beg fra dure to dure ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

IV.

IV.

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
 And on the peure oppressioun makkis,
 And never remembris that he mon die,
 Quhyl that the gallowis gar him rax ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

V.

Sum merchands takkis vulefum win,
 Quhilk maks thair paks oft-tymes full thin ;
 Be thair fucceffoun ye may fé,
 That ill won geir 'riches not kin ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

VI.

Sum takis be fie and be land,
 And nevir fra taking hald thair hand,
 Quhill he be tyit up to ane tré ;
 And syn thay gar him understand,
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

VII.

Sum wald tak all this world's breid,
 And yet not satisfeit of thair neid,
 Throw hait unfatiable and gredie ;
 Sum wald tak littill, and can not speid ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

VIII.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir ;
 Had he of man als littill feir
 As he hes dreid that God him see,
 To tak than fuld he nevir forbeir ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

IX.

Stude I na mair aw of man nor God,
 Than fuld I tak bayth evin and od ;
 Ane end of all thyng that I fé,
 Sic justice is not wourth ane clod ;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

X.

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun
 Ar fet full famous at the fessioun,
 And peur takaris are hangit hie,
 Schamit for evir, and thair successioun;
 In Taking fould Discretioun be.

St. 1. l. 2. "Bot littill of ony gud forsaiking." "I may speak of
 "taking, but I need not say much of people's *quitting* any thing of va-
 "lue; *that* is not common."

St. 2. l. 1. "The clerkis takis beneficis with *brawlis*." Eccle-
 siastical persons possess themselves of benefices by riot and outrage.
 Thus GAWIN DOUGLAS being recommended by the Queen to the
 Archbishopric of St. Andrews, JOHN HEPBURN, prior of the re-
 gular Canons, opposed the nomination, took the Cathedral by storm,
 and yet was obliged to yield the See to ANDREW FOREMAN, Bi-
 shop of Moray, invested by the Pope through the superior influence
 of the Duke of Albany. With more prosperous fortune, DOUGLAS soon
 after besieged the Cathedral of Dunkeld. He was there opposed by
 ANDREW STEWART, (brother of the Earl of Athole) and his partisans,
 who vigorously defended the steeple and palace with cannon shot; but
 were forced at last to surrender to their adversaries upon a fulminating
 threat of excommunication. It is probable that many achievements of
 the like nature were performed during the unsettled reign of JAMES V.

St. 3. l. 3. "*Gersomes* raisit ovir hê." *Gersome* and *grassum* are the
 same. *Grass* (from the *Belg.*) is called *gerse* by the vulgar in many
 parts of Scotland. The word *grassum* originally meant an allotment of
 grass or pasture. Thus in a grant by WILLIAM the LION to the mo-
 nastery of Coldinghame, it is said, "Et omnia nemora et *gressuma* sua
 "sint sub defensione Prioris et custodia;" *Cb. Coldingham*, p. 29. It has
 long signified a sum of money paid by a tenant for a renewal of his
 lease, probably from the Ang. Sax. *Gersume*, sumptus. In this passage,
 as well as in many others of this collection, the reader will remark the
 popular complaint of *racked rents* during the reign of JAMES V. The
 same complaint was made by the English in the reigns of HENRY VIII.
 and EDWARD VI. Honest LATIMER, the son of a yeoman, inveighs
 against racked rents in many passages of his sermons.

St. 4. l. 1. "Sum takis uthir mennis tacks." Not the lands which
 they hold under leases, but simply their possessions. H.

MEDITATION

MEDITATIOUN WRITTEN IN WYNTER.

[“ *This singular poem,*” says MR PINKERTON, “ *presents a very interesting picture of DUNBAR’S melancholy under the pressure of age. The addressees of the several personifications to him are fine ; that of Age pathetic ; and that of Death even sublime. Death’s throwing up his gates wide, and telling the Poet he must enter, are most grand and striking circumstances.*”]

INTO thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhan fabill all the hevin arrayis,
Quhan mystie vapours cludds the skyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Of fangs, ballatis, and of playis.

Quhan that the nycht dois lenthin houris
With wind, with haill, and havy schouris,
My dulé spreit dois lurk for schoir.
My hairt for langour dois forloir,
For laik of Symmer with his flouris.

I wak ; I turne ; fleip may I nocht ;
I vexit am with havie thocht.
This world all our I cast about ;
And ay the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have socht.

I am assayit on everie fyde.
Dispair sayis ay, ‘ In tyme provyde ;
‘ And get sum thing quhairon to leif.
‘ Or with grit trouble and mischeif
‘ Thow fall into this court abyde.

Than

Than Patience cryis, ' Be na agast :
 ' Hald hoip and treuthe within thé fast ;
 ' And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
 ' Quhan that no rasoun may assuage,
 ' Quhill that hir glas be run and past.

And Prudence in my eir says ay,
 ' Quhy wald you hald what will away ?
 ' Or craif what yow may have no space
 ' (To bruik, as) to an uther place
 ' A journey going every day ?'

And than fayis Age, ' My friend cum neir ;
 ' And be not strange, I thé requair.
 ' Cum, brudir, by the hand me tak :
 ' Remember thow hes compt to mak
 ' Of all the tyme thow spendit heir.'

Syne Deid casts up his yettis wyd ;
 Saying, ' Thir oppin fall ye byd ;
 ' Albeid that yow wer neuer so stout,
 ' Undir this lyntall fall thow lout :
 ' Thair is nane uther way besyd.'

For feir of this all day I drowp.
 No gold in kist, nor wyne in cownp,
 No ladeis bewtie, nor luifis blis,
 May lat me to remember this :
 How glaid that ever I dyne or sownp.

Yit quhan the nicht begynnys to schort ;
 It dois my spreit sum pairt confort,
 Of thocht oppressit with the schouris.
 Cum, lustie Symmer ! with thi flouris,
 That I may leif in sum disport.

QUOD DUNBAR.

ON THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

[*"This," says MR PINKERTON, "is a piece of elegant morality ; and it also shews that the changeableness of our climate, or weather, was a common theme of complaint in the days of DUNBAR, as well as in our own." To the MAITLAND M. S. we are indebted for the preservation of this and the preceding poem.*]

I SEIK aboute this warld unstable,
To find a sentence convenable ;
Bot I can not, in all my witt,
Sa trew a sentence find of it,
As to say, It is dissavable.

For, yistirday, I did declair
How that the sasoun fast and fair
Come in als fresche as pacok feddir :
This day it stangis lyk ane eddir ;
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yistirday fair sprang the flouris ;
This day thai ar all flane with shouris :
And foulds, in forest that sang cleir,
Now walkis with ane drerie cheir ;
Full could ar bayth their beds and bouris.

So next to fymmer wynter bein :
Nixt eftir confort cairis kein.
Nixt eftir midnycht the mirthful morow :
Nixt joy ay cummis eftir sorow.
So is this warld, and ay hes bein.

QUOD DUNBAR.

INTO

INTO THIS WORLD MAY NONE ASSURE; BY THE SAME.

I.

QUHOME to fall I complene my wo,
And kyth my cairis, on or mo?
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freind, quha is my fo;
For in this world ma none assure.

II.

Lord, how fall I my dayis dispone?
For lang service rewarde is none;
And schort my lyfe may heir indure;
And lossit is my tyme bygone;
Into this world ma none assure.

III.

Oft Falsett rydis with ane rout,
Quhen Treuth gois on his fute about,
And lak of spending dois him spur,
Thus quhat to do I am in dout;
Into this world ma none assure.

IV.

Nane heir bot richemen hes renoun,
And bot puremen ar pluckit down;
And nane bot just men tholis injure,
Sa wit is blindit and reffoun;
Into this world may none assure.

V.

Vertew the court hes done dispyis,
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryis,
And cairlis of nobills hes the cure,
And bumbards bruks the benefyis;
Into this world ma none assure.

VI.

VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie
 Ar passit out of hé degré ;
 On fredome is laid forfaltour ;
 In princis is thair no pety ;
 For in this warld ma none assure.

VII.

Is none so armit into plait,
 That can fra truble him debait ;
 May no man lang in welth indure,
 For wo that evir lyis at the wait ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

VIII.

Flattery weiris ane furrir gown,
 And Falsett with the lord dois roun ;
 And Treuth stands barrit at the dure,
 Exylit is Honour of the toun ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

IX.

Fra everilk mouth fair wirts proceidis,
 In every hairt disceptioun breidis ;
 Fra every é gois luke demure,
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

X.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
 And hairtis are maid of hard flynt ston ;
 And ene of amiable blyth asure,
 And hands of adamant laith to dispone ;
 Into this warld ma none assure.

XI.

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
 Mon answer deth quhen he dois call,
 To compt befoir the juge future ;
 Sen all ar deid, or than dé fall,
 Quha suld iato this warld assure?

XII.

XII.

Nothing bot Deth this schortly cravis,
 Quhair fortoun evir us so diffavis,
 With freyndly smylinge lyk ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wind-hyne wavis;
 Into this world ma none assure.

XIII.

O quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppressioun,
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture,
 Quilk unrestorit helpis no confessioun!
 Into this world ma none assure.

XIV.

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis sevin,
 Quhen na hous is bot hell and hevin,
 Palice of licht, or pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis are hard with horreble stevin!
 Into this world ma none assure.

XV.

*Ubi ardentes animæ,
 Semper dicentes, Ve! Ve! Ve!*
 Sall cry, Allace that women thame bure!
O quantæ sunt istæ tenebræ!
 Into this world ma none assure.

XVI.

'Than quho fall wirk for warld's wrak,
 Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,
 And frely frustir feild and fure,
 With tempest kene and thunder crak?
 Into this world ma none assure.

XVII.

Lord, sen in tyme so sone to cum,
De terra surrecturus sum,
 Reward me with none erdly cure,
 Bot me refave in *regnum tuum*;
 Into this world ma none assure.

OF COVETICE.

In the MAIT. MS. *subscribed,* WILLIAM DUNBAR.

I.

FREDOME, honour, and nobilnes,
And manheid, mirth, and gentilnes,
Ar now in court all reput vyce,
And all for caus of covetice.

II.

All weilfair, welth, and wantones,
Ar chengit into wretchitnes,
And play is sett at littill price;
And all for caus of covetyce.

III.

Halking, hunting, and swift horse rynning,
Ar chengit all in wrangus wyning;
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

IV.

Honorable house-haldis ar laid down;
Ane laird hes with him but a loun,
That leids him eftir his devyce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

V.

In tounes to landwart and to fie,
Quhair wes plesour and grit plentie,
Venefoun, wyld-fowl, wyne, and spice,
Is now bot cair and covatyce.

VI.

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,
Cattell and corne to sell and ete,
Hes now no beist bot cattis and myce;
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

VII.

The younkars blyth in every toun,
 War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
 Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;
 And all throw caus of covetyce.

VIII.

Lords in filk harlis to the heill,
 For quhilk tennentis fauld thair fommer meill,
 And leivis on rutis undir the ryce;
 And all for caus of covetyce.

IX.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
 And leivis in pece and cheretie,
 Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce;
 And all for caus of covetyce.

X.

And quha can reive uthir menis rowmis,
 And upoun peur men gadderis fowmis,
 Is now ane active man and wyce;
 And all for caus of covetyce.

XI.

Man, pleis thy Makar, and be mirry,
 And fett not by this world a chirry;
 Wirk for the place of paradyce,
 For thairin ringis na covetyce.

St. 1. l. 1. "*Fredome*, honour, and nobilnes." By *fredome* is here meant generosity and hospitality.

St. 2. l. 3. "And *play* is fett at littill price." Mirth; all joyous amusements, are despised; men are become avaritious and gamesters.

St. 3. l. 1. 2. "Halking, hunting, and swift horse rynning,
 "Ar chengit all in wrangus wyning."

Hence it appears, that our forefathers did not consider horse-racing as a species of gaming. Also, that the "General Satire" ascribed to Sir

JAMES INGLIS in Vol. I. as it mentions "coursing even and morn," probably was written about the period where it is placed.

St. 3. l. 3. "*Cartis and dyce.*" The very first time that Card-playing is mentioned in our language is either in this instance, or in the General Satire vol. I. p. 376. But although it does not occur in any earlier English author, the general opinion is, that the game was introduced into Scotland by Queen MARGARET, and, of course, that it had been a common pastime in the court of her father HENRY VII. Europe received it from Asia at the time of the Crusades. Dice, the *ludus tessera-rum* of the Romans, has always been a favourite amusement among the northern nations of Europe. By the Anglo-Saxons a Die was called *tebl-stan*, signifying also a thief; by the Teutsche or Dutch, *dobbel-steen*.

St. 6. l. 1. *Grangis, Fr. farms, barns.*

St. 9. l. 3. "Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce." *Nice* is from the French *niais*, simple. Thus CHAUCER says, Cuckowe and Nightingale, p. 543. l. 13.

"For he can makin of wise folke *full nice.*"

Thus also DUNBAR, p. 314. of vol. I.

"Quhen I awoik my dreme it was *so nice.*"

NOW CUMMIS AIGE QUHAIR YOUTH HAS BENE.
BY THE SAME.

[When allowance is made for the uncouth manner of this comparison between Love sensual and divine, it will be found, says LORD HAILES, to contain more good sense, and more poetry, than are in some modern compositions of a like argument. The Poet too, although a Roman Catholic, generally expresses himself in language which might be adopted by a Protestant.]

I.

NOW culit is Dame Venus brand
Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to understand,
In feynit luv quhat folly bene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

II.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre neuir burnis bauld ;
Sa as the ta luf vaxis auld,
The tothir dois incres moir kene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

III.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat plesans is in luf perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit luf delyt,
Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene ;

Now

Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

IV.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or onywayis his hairt consent,
To turne to trew luve his intent,
And still the quarrell to susteine ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

V.

I haif experience by my fell ;
In luvis court anis did I dwell,
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
I culd of truble tell fyftene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

VI.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to speid,
Quhair I had maugré to my meid,
I trest rewaird and thanks betwene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

VII.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to displeis,
Now find I in to lufe grit eis ;
Quhair I had denger and diseis,
My breift all confort dois contene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene.
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,
And wald no luer wer bot I ;
Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,
Als weill as I luvit I wene ;

Now

Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

IX.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame
My lufe describe, nor tell hir name;
Now think I wirschep wer and fame,
To all the world that it war sene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,
So did her denger me derene;
And now I sett nocht by a bene,
Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XI.

I haif a luve farar of face,
Quhome in no denger may haif place,
Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
And mercy ay quhen I me mene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XII.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,
Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;
I sal be als weill luvit agane,
Thair may no jangler me prevene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XIII.

So riche, so rewthfull, and discreit,
Ane lufe so fare, so gud, so sueit,
And for the kynd of man so meit,
Neuir moir sal be, nor yit hes bene;

Now

Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XIV.

Is none sa trew a luve as he,
That for trew lufe of us did dé ;
He fuld be luffit agane, think me,
That wald sa fane our luve obtene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XV.

Is none but grace of God I wis,
That can in yowth confiddir this,
This fals dissavand warlds blis,
So gydis man in flouris grene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

St. 3. l. 1. "No man hes *courage*." No man has heart or abilities.
— l. 4. "Thair *kyndnes* is so contrair clene." *Kindnes* implies,
kind or particular nature ; and the sense is, the two sorts of love, sen-
sual and divine, have no relation to each other.

St. 4. l. 4. "And still the *quarrell* to fusteine." Alluding to the
style used in singular combats. The French phrase, *soutenir la gageure*,
is derived from the same source.

St. 5. l. 1. 2. "I have experience by my fell,
"In Luvis court anis did I dwell."

The following amatory Sonnet by DUNBAR (MAIT. M. S.) ought to
have been placed among his earliest compositions.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT rois of vertew and of gentilnes ;
Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes.
Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
And every vertew that to hevin is deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercyles.

Into

Into your garthe this day I did persew.
 Thair saw I flouris that fresche wer of hew;
 Baythe quhyte and rid most lustye wer to seyne;
 And halfum herbis upone stalkis grene.
 Yet leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew.

I doute that Merche, with his cauld blastis keyne,
 Hes flane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
 Quhois petewus deithe dois to my hart sic pane,
 That I wald vrak to plant his rute agane.
 So confortand his leves unto me bene.

St. 6. l. 3. "Quhair I had *maugre* to my *meid*." Where, instead of being rewarded, I met with discountenance.

St. 8. l. 3. "All *wy*." Every person. *Wy*, from A. S. *wiga*, *heros*, *semideus*, *miles*; but poetically used for *cujuscunque conditionis vir*. See Hickes *Gram. Ang. Sax.* p. 105. 106.; G. Douglas, *Æneid.* p. 236. l. 54. says,

"Hys lyffe he led unknowin of any *wy*."

St. 12. l. 1. "*Unquyt* I do nothing nor *fane*." I do not any thing, I say not any thing that is unacquitted; i. e. my whole conduct is approved and rewarded by my love.

QUHEN

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST INTO FRANCE.

[JOHN Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, went thrice over to France during the period of his Regency; first in 1517, and returned in 1521; then in 1522, and returned in 1523; lastly in 1524. It would seem that the first journey, or that of 1517, was the occasion of this poem; for, had it been either of the last, the poet might naturally have been led to take some notice of the war in which Scotland was then engaged against England; or, to express his apprehensions that the Regent's visit might be equally tedious with the former; or, the title might have said for the "second" or "third time." This also seems the very last of DUNBAR'S Poems, whose period can be conjectured with reasonable probability; or whose contents could serve to throw any additional light on the taste, or manners of the age.]

THOW that in hevin, for our salvatioun,
Maid justice, mercie, and pitie, to aggré;
And Gabriell sent with the salutatioun
Onto the maid of maist humilité,
And maid thy sone to tak humanité,
For our demerits to be of Marie borne;
Have of us pitie, and our protectour be.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

O hie supernale father of sapience,
Quhilk of thy vertew dois every folie chais;
Ane spark of thy hie excellent prudence
Giff us, that nowther wit nor resoun hes.

In quhais harts no prudence can tak place,
Exemple nor experience of beforne :
To us synnaris ane drop send of thy grace.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

We ar so bestlie, dull, and ignorant,
Our rudenes may nocht lichtlie be correctit.
Bot thow, that art of mercy militant,
Thy vengeance steie on us to syn subjectit,
And gar thy justice be with rewth correctit,
For quyt away wyfdom fra us is worne ;
And in folie we ar so far infectit—
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ransomt and redemit,
Rew on our syn, befoir your sicht decyd it.
Spair our trespas, quhilk may nocht be estemit,
For breif of justice, for wi may nocht abyd it.
Help this puir realme, in parties all devydit :
Us succour fend, that war the croun of thorne,
That with the gyft of grace it may be gydit.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

Lord hald thy hand that strickin hes so soir :
Have of us pitie, astir our punytioun.
And us the grace gif thé to gref no more ;
And gar us mend with penance and contritioun.
And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
As thow that may of mercie mak no sorne.
Fra cair to comfort thow mak restitution.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

W. DUNBAR.

SONS EXYLIT THROW PRYD.

[In this curious poem there is no circumstance which precisely ascertains its author or date. To pass over the first of these particulars, as of small importance, the subject, and the manner in which it is treated, are so similar to DUNBAR's poem on Covetousness, p. 17, that we may reasonably conclude it to have been written nearly about the same time ; at least, during the minority of JAMES V. It is plain that in his Father's time the nobility began to frequent the Court ; the consequence of which was, expence flowed in a different channel ; there was less hospitality, and more luxury. This was a happy subject for Satire ; and it seems here to have fallen into very good hands.]

I.

SONS hes bene ay exilit out of ficht,
Sen every knaif wes cled in filkin weid ;
Welfair and welth ar went without gud nicht,
And in thair rowmis remanis derth and neid :
Pryd is amangis us enterit, bot God speid,
And lerd our lordis to go lefs and mair
With filkin gownis, and fellaris tume and bair.

II.

Now ane small barronis riche abelyement,
In filk, in furreingis, chenyeis, and uthir geir,
Micht furneis fourty into jak and splent,
Weill bodin at his bak with bow and speir ;
It war full meit, gif it happinis be weir,

That

That all this pryd of filk war quyt laid doun,
And chengit in jak, knapscha, and abirgeoun.

III.

Wald all the lordis lay up thair riche arrayis,
And gar unfulyeit keip thame clene and fair,
And weir thame bot on hie triumphand dayis,
And quhen strangeris dois in this realme repair ;
They neidit not for to buy filkis mair
Thir twenty yeir, for thame and thair successioun,
Gif finfull pryd nocht blindit thair discretioun.

IV.

Thair men also mon be bot smyt or smoit.
Fra his caproufy be with ribbanis lest,
(With welwet bordour about his threid-bair coit,)
Or woman-wayis, weill tyit about his west,
His hat on syd set up for ony hest ;
For hichtines the culroin dois misken
His awin maister, als weill as uthir men.

V.

Quha fynnis in pryd, dois first to God grevance,
Quhilk out of hevin to hell gaif it ane fall ;
Syne of himself he westis h's substance
Sa lerge, that it ourpassis his rentall ;
His peur tennentis he dois oppress with all :
His coistly gown, with taill so wyd outspred,
His naikit fermouris garris hungry go to bed.

The vulgar think, that it is a fine thing to wear fine cloaths ; and therefore, with their idea of Scottish nobles in every age, they connect filk, and lace, and embroidery. If there is faith in poets, filk, lace, and embroidery were phenomena in the reign of JAMES V. H.

This poem seems rather to prove the contrary. And the Statute Book shews that silks and other such finery had not been phenomena in the four preceding reigns. Act 119. of JAMES I. anno 1429, ordains that " na man fall weare claitheis of filk, broderie, &c. bot allenarlie Lords
" of twa hundreth merkis of yeirlye rent." Act 70. of JAMES II. anno

1457, represents the Realme as being "greatumlie pured throwe sumptuous claithing of silk and scarletts, in special within burrowes and commouns of Landwart;" and therefore confines the use of them to "great Lords, and to Baillies of burghs, or uther gude worthy men of the Councel, and thair wives." Act 46. of JAMES III. anno 1471, "confidering the great expences and coast maid upon the in-bringing of silk into the Realme, enacts that na man fall weare filkes in time cumming, in doublet, gowne, or cloakes, except knichtes, *minstrellis*, and herauldes; without that the wearer of the samin may spend annually ane hundreth pundes of land rent, *except the claitbes that ar maid befoir this Parliament.*"

From the frequent repetition of these sumptuary laws, we must conclude, that the evil continued through the whole of these reigns, to exist in some considerable degree.

St. 2. l. 7. "*Jak, knapscha, and abirgeoun.*" Act 81. of JAMES III. ordains that "thay that wantis legge harnes faull garre maik thair *jakis* (jackets of mail) fide to the knee." *Abirgeoun*, or *haubergeoun*, *Fr.* signifies, sleeves with a gorget of mail. *Knapscha*, a bag for holding victuals; from the Teutsch *knappen*, to eat; and *zak*, bag. *Splent*, is armour for the legs.

St. 3. l. 4. "And quhen strangeris dois in this realme repair;" i. e. keep your rich cloaths till foreigners visit you, and they may last you for twenty years and more. The entailing "riche arrayis unsulyeit, clene, and fair, to thair successioun," is a sumptuary law, singular in its nature.

St. 4. l. 2. *Caprousy*, from the *Fr. cappe-rofin*, a red-coloured short cloak, with a cowl or hood, occasionally to cover the head.

— l. 3. "With welwet bordour about his threid-bair coit." This portrait of *ambitiosa paupertas* has been drawn from the life. The whole stanza is highly finished. The picture of a serving-man with a threadbare coat and new velvet lace, not distinguishing his own master, is happily imagined.

In the time of HENRY IV. THOMAS OCCLIVE wrote a similar poem on "Wast Clothing:"

But this me thynketh an abuson
To sene one walke in a robe of scarlet
Twelve yerdis wide, with pendaunt flevis downe
On the ground, and the furrur therein set,
Amounting unto twenty pund, or bett'.
And, gif he for it payd, hath he no good
Leste him wherwith to by himself an hood.
Now have thes Lordis but litill nede of bromes
To swepe away the tylth owt of the strete;
Sithyn fide flevys of penyles gromes
Will it up-lyk, be yt dry or wete.

Not

"Not many years after, foolish pride so descended to the foot, that it was proclaimed that no man should have his shoes broader at the toes than six inches; and women," says CAMDEN, "bummed themselves with foxes tails under their garments, as they do now with French farthingales. Nor do I think that our vanity could be stayed even by the laws of ZALEUCUS the Locrian, who ordained that no woman should wear gold or embroidered apparel, but when she purposed to commit adultery; nor be attended with more than one maid in the street, but when she was drunk." *Remains.*

JOHNE

JOHNE UP-ON-LAND'S COMPLAINT.

[*The character of "Jacke Upland" is a sort of "Rusticus abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva."* And in CHAUCER'S *Tales* is thus introduced, complaining of the ignorance of churchmen.

To swette and swinke I mak a vow
My wife and babes therewith to finde,
And servin God, and I wist how,
Bot we lande men yben full blinde :

For clerkes saie we shullin be fain
For ther livelod to swette and swinke ;
And thei right nought us give again
Neither to ete nor yet to drinke ;

Thei mowe be lawe as that thei fain,
Us curse and dampne to hell is brinke ;
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candles quient, and bellis clinke.

Thei make us thrallis at their lust,
And fain we mowe not els be faved ;
Thei have the corn, and we the dust ;
Who gainfayes them, thay faye he raved, &c.

From this John Up-on-land seems to be descended Sir DAVID LINDSAY'S "John the Commonweal ;" and the "John Bull" of modern times.]

I,

NOW is our king in tendir aige,
Chryst conferf him in his eild,
To do justice bath to man and pege,
That garris our land ly lang unteild ;

Thocht

Thocht we do dowble pay thair wege,
 Pur commonis presently now ar peild,
 Thay ryd about in sik a rege
 Be frith, forrest, and feild,

With bow, bucklar, and brand:
 Lo, quhair thay ryd intill the ry!
 The divill mot sane your company,
 I pray fro my heart trewly:

Thus said *Johne Up-on-land*.

II.

He that wes wont to beir the barrowis,
 Betwixt the baik-hous and the brew-hous,
 On twenty shilling now he tarrowis,
 To ryd the hé gait by the plewis:
 But wer I a king, and haif gud fallowis,
 In Norroway thay fuld heir of newis;
 I fuld him tak, and all his marrowis,
 And hing thame hich upon yone hewis,

And thairto plichtis my hand:
 Thir lordis and barronis grit,
 Upown ane gallows fuld I knit,
 That thus doun treddit has our quhit:

Thus said *Johne Up-on-land*.

III.

Wald the lordis the lawis that leidis,
 To husbands do gud reffone and skill,
 To chaftanis thir chiftanis be the heidis,
 And hing thame heich upoun ane hill;
 Than mycht husbands labour thair steids,
 And preistis mycht pattir and pray thair fill;
 For husbands fuld nocht haif sic pleids,
 Baith scheip and nolt mycht ly full still,

And stakis still mycht stand:
 But sen thay red amang our durris,
 With splent on spald, and rousty spurris,

Thair

Thair grew no frutt intill our furris :

Thus said *Jobne Up-on-land*.

IV.

Tak a pur man a fcheip or two,
For hungir, or for falt of fude,
To five or sex wie bairnis, or mo,
They will him hing with raipis rud ;
Bot and he tak a flok or two,
A bow of ky, and lat thame blud,
Full faifly may he ryd or go :
I wait nocht gif thir lawis be gud ;

I schrew thame first thame fand.

Jesu, for thy holy passioun,
Thou grant him grace that weiris the crown,
To ding thir mony kingis doun :

Thus said *Jobne Up-on-land*.

St. 1. l. 1. "Now is our King in tender age." BUCHANAN has well described the state of Scotland at this period. "Absente prorege, cum omnes omnia non modo impune dicerent, sed facerent, agerent, ferrent, raperent ;" l. 14. c. 24.

St. 2. l. 3. and 4. seems to mean, that "common labourers, now a days, turn up their nose at a wage of twenty shillings, their great ambition being to be seen, by their companions at the plow, riding along the road in military array." In *Noroway* means, "in every distant country."

St. 3. l. 6. "And preistis mycht pattir and pray thair fill." John Up-on-land, ever since the days of CHAUCER, had a licence to revile the clergy. This line shews how despicable the established clergy had become before the dawn of reformation ; even when engaged in their proper office, they were not treated with decency.

— l. 9. "And *stakis* still mycht stand." Dead fences ; for when leases were of short endurance, they could be no other. There is a statute to the contrary, act 83. Parliament 14. JAMES II. But statutes when they move more rapidly in improvement than the nation does, always prove ineffectual.

— l. 10. "For sen thay red amang our duris." The grievance here complained of became so intolerable, that a law was enacted, c. 86. Parliament 6. JAMES V. for unhorfing or dismounting the Scottish ar-

my, on account of "the great hurte, skaith, and dammage, done in
 " cumming of multitude of horsemen, throw destruction of cornes,
 " meadowes, and herrying of pure folkes; and gif ony man brings ane
 " horse, except for his bagage, that incontinent, he fall send the horse
 " hame agane with ane rinnand boy, and with na fensible man, undir
 " the pain of death." There was, however, an exception in favour of
 Earls, Lords, and great landed men.

St. 4. l. 6. A *bow* of ky. Probably a fald, (fold,) or byre of cows,
 from the Teutsch *bouw*, a building or edifice.

— l. 12. "To ding thir mony kingis down." At Flouden most
 of the Nobility fell with their Sovereign. They who survived were po-
 pularly decried as traitors or cowards, because they survived. These
 circumstances necessarily weakened the influence of the aristocracy. The
 Commons began to feel grievances, and to murmur. They had not yet
 acquired that refined sensibility of liberty which shrinks at the mere
 apprehension of grievances. This fever on the spirits was unknown to
 our forefathers.

TO KING JAMES V.

[SIR DAVID LINDSAY, in his prologue to the *Complaint of the Papingo*, mentions two poets of the name of STEWART, both of them his contemporaries ;

—— STEWART who defyris a staitlie style,
Full ornat works daily doth compyle.

And,

STEWART of Lorn can carp right curiouſlie.

In the one or other of the ancient Manuscripts, this and the three succeeding poems bear the name of STEWART ; but to which of the two poets they belong, it is now impossible to determine. They appear evidently to have been written between 1520 and 1530. This poem, and the following one, represent JAMES V. as inclined to avarice, even at the age of profusion. BUCHANAN apologizes for him. " He was the more avaricious of money, as when he was under age, he had been educated with the greatest parsimony ; and, when he became his own master, he entered into an empty house, for the whole furniture having been carried off, he had every part of his palace to furnish anew : the regal patrimony was spent by his curators for purposes of which he exceedingly disapproved." Without inquiring into the truth or force of those apologies, I observe, says LORD HAILES, that STEWART, a court-poet, early discerned the seeds of avarice in the mind of the young king.]

I.

SIR, sen of men ar divers fortis,
And divers pastymes and disportis,
According ar for ilk degré ;

All thy trew lieges thé exortis,
To knaw thy Ryall Majestie.

II.

And mark in thy memoriall
Thy predeceffours parentall;
Quhais fructuous featis, and deidis hé,
Maks thair fame perpetuall,
Throw potent, Princely Majestie.

III.

Sen throw the erd, in lenth and breid,
Thow art the most illustir leid,
And most preclair of progenie;
Think thairupoun, and caus thy deid
Appreif thy Princely Majestie.

IV.

For nobil cuming of nobil kyn,
And he fra nobilnes declyn,
In that cace may comparit be
To brafs fund in goldin myn;
Heirfoir think on thy Majestie.

V.

And play nocht bot at honest playis,
As princis usit afoir thy dayis;
Halking, hunting, and archery,
Justing, and cheifs, that none gane sayis
Unto thy Princely Majestie.

VI.

To play with dyce nor cairts accords
To thé, bot with thy noble lords,
Or with the Quene thy moder fré;
To play with pure men disaccords,
And mars thy Ryall Majestie.

VII.

But gif thow think quhen thow begynnis,
To gif agane all that thow wynnis,
To thame about that serwis thé;

To

To hald sic wyning schame and syn is,
And far fra Princely Majestie.

VIII.

Ane prudent prince eik suld be war,
And for no play the tyme diffar,
Quhen he suld Godis service fé;
And gif he dois, weill say I dar,
He hurtis his Ryall Majestie.

IX.

To princis eik it is ane vice,
Till use playing for cuvatyce;
To ryd or rin our reklellie,
Or flyd with lads upoun the yce,
Accordis not for thair Majestie.

X.

Sen that the help is in thy handis,
And on thy fyt thi weillfair standis;
And on thy heid the liberté
Of all true lieges in thy landis;
Think on thy ryal Majestie.

XI.

Think that thair is ane King of kingis,
Our heving, erd, and hell, that ringis;
Quilk, with the twynkling of ane é,
Ma do and undo all kyn thingis;
So mervellus in his Majestie.

XII.

Sé thow pray to that samyne King,
Going to bed and uprysing,
Thy gyd and governour ay to be;
Quha grant thé grace to ryfs and sing
With mycht and Ryall Majestie.

STEWART.

TO

TO KING JAMES V.

I.

PRECELLAND Prince ! havand prerogatyve
As royall roy in this region to ring,
I thé beseik aganis thy lust to stryve,
And loufe thy God aboif all erdlie thing ;
And him imploir, now in thy yeiris ying,
To grant thé grace thy folk to defend
Quhilk he hes gevin thé, in governing
In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

II.

And sen thou standis in so tendir aige,
That natur to thé yit woldome denyis ;
Thairfoir submit thé to thy Counsale seige,
And in all wayis wirk as thay devyis :
Bot ovir all thing keip thé fra cuvatyis ;
To princely honour gife thou wald pretend,
Be liberall ; than fall thy fame upryis,
And wyn thé honour to thy lyvis end.

III.

It that thou gevis, deliver quhen thou hechtis,
And suffir nocht thy hand thy hecht delay ;
For than thy hecht and thy deliverance fechtis ;
Far bettir war thy hecht had bene away.
He aw me nocht that sayis me schortly, nay ;
Bot he that hechtis, and causis me attend,
Syne gevis me nocht, I may him repete ay
Ane untrew dettour to my lyvis end.

IV.

Bettir is gut in feit, nor cramp in handis :
The falt of feit with hors thou may support ;

Bot

Bot quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,
 Na furrigiane may cure thame, nor confort :
 Bot thow thame oppin patent as a port,
 And frely gife sic guds as God thé send ;
 Than may thay mend within ane sessone schort,
 And win thé honour to thy lyvis end.

V.

Gife every man eftir his faculty,
 And with discretioun thow dispone thy geir ;
 Gife nocht to fulis, and cunning men ourfé,
 Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir ;
 Gife nocht to theme that dois thy sawis sueir ;
 Gife to thame that ar trew and constant kend ;
 Than our all quhair thay fall thy fame furth beir,
 And win thé honour to thy lyvis end.

VI.

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all
 Gevin be God to thé in thy governance,
 Luke that thou rewll the rute originall ;
 That in thy falt no membir get grevance :
 For quha himself can nocht gyd nor awance,
 Quhy suld ane provynce do on him depend,
 To gyd himself that hes na purveance
 With peax and honour to his lyvis end ?

VII.

Dreid God ; do counsale ; of thy leigis leill
 Reward gud deid ; puneis all wrang and vice ;
 Sé that thy saw be ficker as thy seill ;
 Fleme frawd, and be defender of justyce ;
 Honour all tyme thy noble genetryce ;
 Obey the kirk ; gif thow dois mis, amend ;
 Sa fall thow win ane place in paradyce,
 And mak in erd ane honourable end.

STEWART.

LERGES,

LERGES, LERGES, LERGES HAY,
LERGES OF THIS NEW-YEIR DAY.

M,D,XXVII.

I.

FIRST lerges (of) the king my cheif,
Quhilk come als quiet as a theif,
And in my hand fled schillings tway,
To put his lergnes to the preif,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

II.

Syne lerges of my Lord Chancellor,
Quhen I to him ane ballat bare,
He sonyeit not, nor said me nay,
Bot gaif me quhill I—wad had mair,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

III.

Of Galloway the bischop new,
Furth of my hand ane ballat drew,
And me deliverit with delay
Ane fair hacknay, but hyd or hew,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

IV.

(Of Halie-rud) the abbot ying,
I did to him ane ballat bring;
Bot or I passit far him frae,
I gat na les nor—deill a thing,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

V.

The secretar, baith war and wyse,
Hecht me ane kast of his office;
And for to reid my bill alsway,
He said for him that nicht suffyce,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

VI.

VI.

The thesaurar and comptrollar,
 They bad me cume, I wait nocht quhair,
 And thay fuld gar, I wait not quha,
 Gif me, I wait nocht quhat, full fair,
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

VII.

Now lerges of my lordis all,
 Bayth temporall stait, and spirituall,
 Myself fall nevir sing nor say,
 I haif yow fund so liberall
 Of lerges on this new-yeir day.

VIII.

Fowll fall this frost that is so fell,
 It hes the wyt, the trewth to tell,
 Baith hands and purs it bindis fway,
 Thay may gife naithing bye thame fell,
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

IX.

Now lerges of my Lord Bothwell,
 The quilk in fredome dois excell;
 He gaif to me a curfoure gray,
 Worth all this fort that I with mell,
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

X.

Grit God releif Margaret our Quene;
 For and scho war as scho hes bene,
 Scho wald be lurger of luf-ray,
 Than all the laif that I of mene,
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

STEWART.

This poem displays a singular talent for *carping* or satire, and therefore we may attribute it to STEWART of Lorne.

St. 1. l. 1. "The king my *cheif*." The very first stanza is highly satirical when the full import of the expressions is known. The king, head of our clan (STEWART), put his liberality to the test, and secretly conveyed into my hand—a couple of shillings.

St. 2. l. 1. "Syne lerges of my Lord Chancellor." In order to discover what great men distinguished themselves by their liberality to STEWART of Lorne, it will be necessary to ascertain the æra of this bitter New-year's-day gift. This may be easily done, so that here there is no *stultus labor ineptiarum*.

In St. 3. l. 1. we find "the *new* Bishop of Galloway." This poem therefore, was composed when some Bishop was newly promoted to the see of Galloway. The succession of bishops to that see stands thus in KEITH's Catalogue, p. 164.

1508. James Bethune elect Bishop of Galloway.

1509. David Arnot Bishop of Galloway till 1526.

1526. Henry Wemyss Bishop of Galloway till about 1541.

This poem could not have been composed at New-year's day 1508; for James Bishop of Galloway was also treasurer at that time: now the poem distinguishes the Bishop of Galloway from the Treasurer,

Besides, it mentions Queen Margaret as being absent from court, or in some sort of disfavour. This was not the case during the reign of JAMES IV.

For the same reason it could not have been composed at New-year's day 1509.

Neither could it have been composed at New-year's day 1541; for the widow of JAMES IV. removed from court, and eclipsed by Mary of Guise, her daughter-in-law, would not have been termed, "Margaret our Quene."

It follows, that it must have been composed at New-year's day 1527.

I ask pardon of the Manes of honest Keith for having used his industry to settle the chronology of a ballad against JAMES V. and his ministers. The Catalogue of Scottish Bishops was not, *hoc quæsitum munus in usus*.

At New-year day 1527, the Chancellor was Archibald Earl of Angus, husband of the Queen-dowager; the Secretary, Sir Thomas Erskine of Brechin; the Treasurer, Sir Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie; the Comptroller, Sir James Colvill of Ochiltree.

St. 4. l. 1. "Of *Halie-rud* the abbot ying." The MS. has, "Of *Groce* the abbot ying." This is a lame verse, plainly from the inadvertency

tency of the transcriber, who has given the sense of the poet without observing his metre. The young abbot of *Halie-rud*, or *Croce*, is William Douglas, brother of Archibald Earl of Angus.

St. 9. l. 1. "My Lord Bothwell." The person here meant, is Patrick Hepburn, third Earl of Bothwell. His mother was a Stewart's daughter of the Earl of Buchan. This may account for his favour to a Stewart, and the consequent eulogy.

St. 10. l. 1. "Margaret our Quene." The Queen-Dowager, wife of Archibald Earl of Angus. Her aversion at the husband of her precipitate choice, was the chief cause of the numerous disorders during the minority of JAMES V. As her husband was in power at New-year day 1527, she, of course, was absent from court.

OF HAP AT COURT.

I.

ROLLING in my remembrance,
Of court the daylie variance,
Me think he fuld be callit wife
That first maid this allegiance,
Bettir hap at court nor gud servyfs.

II.

For sum man to the court pretendis,
And that, his freindis wan, he spendis,
Howping in honour to upris ;
Syne wrechitly but guerdoun wendis :
Bettir hap at court nor gud servyfs.

III.

And sum dois to the court repair
With empty purses, and clethis full bair ;
Yet he in riches multeplyfs,
That he levis thowsandis to his air :
Bettir hap at court nor gud servyfs.

IV.

Sum servis weill, and haldis him still,
Putting all in his maisteris will ;
Bot sic unservit ar oft syis,
Quhen grokaris gettis thoch thay serve ill,
Throw hap, and for no gud servyfs.

V.

Sum takis reward at thair awin handis,
Of king and quenis proper landis ;
Bot fast for thame the gallous cryis,
That our lang soliter it standis
But thame that dois sic servyfs.

VI.

VI.

Sum gettis giftis and guerdoun greit,
 That neuir did for gud service fueit ;
 Sum gettis buddis, sum benifyis ;
 And sum dois foly counterfeit,
 And wynnys mare nor gud fervyfs.

VII.

Sum gettis at Yule, sum gettis at Pefs,
 Sum tynys fyis, and wynnys bot es,
 Sum to the divill givis the dyis,
 That he can nevir win na grace,
 Nowdir throw hap nor gud fervyfs.

VIII.

Rewaird in court is delt so evin,
 Sum gettis that micht sufficeis fevin ;
 And uthir sum in langour lyis,
 Makand ane murmour to the hevin,
 That thay get nocht for gud fervyfs.

IX.

The nycht the court sum gydis clene,
 Thairin the morne dar nocht be fene,
 Mair than the devill in paradyis,
 Nor speik ane word with king nor quene,
 Thocht he maid nevir so gud fervyfs.

X.

Chryst bring our king to perfyt ege,
 With wit, fra yowthis fellon rege,
 To help thame that in him affyis,
 And pay ilk man thair conding wege,
 According to thair gud fervyfs.

STEWART.

FEW

FEW MAY FEND FOR FALSETT.

I.

My mynd quhen I compass and cast,
Me think this warld chengis fast :
Quhen God thinkis tyme he may it mend,
Lawty will leif us at the last ;
Ar few for falsett now may fend.

II.

Thift and tressoun now is chereist,
Law and lawtie is disherreist,
And quyt owt of this regioun fend ;
Thift and tressoun now is cherreist,
Ar few for falsett now may fend.

III.

War all this realme in two devyddit,
Lat lawty syne and falsett gyd it,
Quhome on will moniest depend ?
Quha wyfest is can not diffyd it ;
Ar few for falsett now may fend.

IV.

No man is countit worth a peir,
Bot he that hes gud hors and geir,
And gold in to his purs to spend ;
The peur for this is spulyeit neir ;
Ar few for falsett now may fend.

V.

Haif ane peur woman ane cow or twa,
Glaidly scho wald gif ane of tha
To haif the tother at the yeiris end ;
Scho may thank God and scho chaip fa :
Ar few for falsett now may fend.

VI.

VI.

Peur husband-men leivis on thair plewch,
 Thay think that thay ar riche annewch ;
 Away with it the theivis dois wend,
 And leivis thame bair as ony bewch :
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

VII.

The rankest theif of this regioun
 Dar pertly compeir in sessioun,
 And to the tolbutth sone ascend,
 Syne with the lordis to raik and roun ;
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

VIII.

The regentis that this realme fowld gyd,
 For schame ye may your facis hyd :
 To quhat effect fowld ye pretend
 So slewthfully to lat ovirflyd
 Sic falsett now as us offend ?

St. 7. l. 4. " Syne with the lordis to *raik* and *roun*." Rake with the judges, may seem an uncouth phrase to modern ears; but the meaning is, *Walk at large, spatiari*; so vol. I. p. 116. " Lo quhair thay *raik* on *raw*," is used of the manner in which sheep pasture. *Roun*, *round*, is to whisper with; to talk like familiar acquaintance.

This poem is anonymous in the BANN. MS. but may probably belong to one of the STEWARTS, or DUNBAR.

ALLEGORIE OF VERTUE AND DELYTE,

[*The first edition of HECT. BOYCE's Historiæ Scotorum, consisting of seventeen books, and ending with the death of JAMES the First, was printed at Paris in 1527. At the command of JAMES the Fifth, it was translated into the Scottish language by JOHN BELLENDEN, designed in the title page, Arch-dean of Murray, and Chanon of Ross; and was "imprinted in Edinburgh, by THOMAS DAVIDSON in 1536;" having this poem of Virtue and Vice prefixed as a Proheme to the cosmographical part of the History. Of the author, SIR DAVID LINDSAY thus speaks in the "Complaint of the Papingo," (written in 1530.)*

But now of lait is start up hastelie,
Ane cunning clerk, quhich writeth craftilie;
A planet of poets, called BALLENTINE,
Quhose ornat writs my wits can nocht define.

The poem is here given correctly from one of the very few printed copies of BELLENDEN's Translation, of which he himself says elsewhere;

"Thou art so full of nobylnefs *per tout*,
I wald nane red thé bot ane nobyll man."

The work seems to have been finished, probably, some years before the publication, as it is said to have been translatit laitley. We may suppose this poem, therefore, to have been written between 1527 and 1530, when the King was approaching to his twentieth year. BELLENDEN is said to have died at Paris in 1550.

I.

QUHEN filvir **DIANE**, full of bemis brycht,
 Fra dirk eclips wes past this othir nycht,
 And in the Crab hir propir mansion gane;
ARTOPHILAX contending at his mycht
 In the grit eist to set his visage rycht;
 I mene the ledar of the Charle-wane:
 Abone our heid then was the **ORSIS** twane,
 Quhen sterris small obscuris in our fycht,
 And **LUCIFER** left twinkland him alane.

II.

The frosty nycht with hir prolixit houris,
 Hir mantle quhyt spred on the tender flouris;
 When ardent Laboure hes addressit me:
 Translait the story of our progenitours,
 Thair gret manheide, hie wisdom and honouris,
 Quhair we may cleir, as in ane mirroure, se
 The furius end sum tyme of tyranie;
 Sum tyme the glore of prudent governouris,
 Ilk state appryfit in thair facultie.

III.

My wery spreit desyring to repress
 My emptive pen of fruteless besines,
 Awalkit furth to tak the recent ayre,
 Quhen **PRIAPUS** with stormy weid oppress,
 Requeistit me, in his maist tenderness,
 To rest ane quhile amid his gardinyis bare.
 But I no maner couth my mynd prepare
 To sett asyde unplefand hevyness
 On this and that contemplyng solitare.

IV.

And first occurrit to my remembring,
 How that I wes in service with the Kyng,
 Put to his Grace in yeris tenderest,
 Clerk of his comptis, thought I wes inding,
 With heart and hand, and evry other thing,
 That mycht him pleis in ony manner best,
 Quhil hie envy me from his service kest,
 By thaym that had the court in governing,
 As bird bot plumes is herryit of her nest.

V.

Our lyfe, our gyding, and our aventuris,
 Dependis from thir hevenlie creaturis,
 Apperandly by some necessitie;
 For thocht ane man wald set his besy curis,
 Sa far as laboure and his wisdome furis,
 To flie hard chance of infortunitie,
 Thocht he eschew it with difficultie,
 The cursit weird yit ithandlie enduris,
 Gevin to hym first in his nativitie.

VI.

Of erdlie stait bewailying thus the chance,
 Of fortoun gud I had na esperance,
 So lang I fwommit in hir seis deip,
 That sad Avysing with her thochtfull lance
 Coud find na port to ankir hir firmance,
 Till MORPHEUS the dreiry God of sleip,
 For very rewth did on my cures weip,
 And set his flewth and deidly contenance,
 With snorand vanis to throw my body creip.

VII.

Methocht I wes into ane plesand meid,
 Quhair FLORA maid the tender blewmis spreid
 Throw kyndly dew, and humouris nutritive,
 Quhen golden TITAN with his flammis reid,
 Abone the seis rasit up his heid,

Diffounding

Diffounding down his heit restorative
 To evry frute that nature maid on lyve,
 Quhilk wes afore into the winter deid,
 With stormis cald, and frostis penetrive.

VIII.

Ane filver fountane sprang of watir cleir
 Into that place, quhare I approchit neir;
 Quhare I did sone espy a fellown reird
 Of courtly gallandis in thair best maneir,
 Rejoycing thaym in seafon of the yeir,
 As it had bene of Mayis sweit day the feird,
 Their gudelie havings made me nocht affeird;
 With them I saw ane crownit kyng appeir,
 With tender downis rising on his beird.

IX.

Thir courtly gallandis settand thair intentis
 To sing and play on divers instrumentis;
 According to this Princis appetyt,
 Two plesand ladyis come pransand ouir the bentis,
 Thair costyly clething schew thair mychty rentis;
 Quhat hart mycht wis, thay wantit nocht ane myt,
 The rubeis schone apoun thair fingaris quhyt:
 And finaly I knew by thair consentis
 This ane VIRTEW, that other hecht DELYTE.

X.

Thir goddeffis arrayit in this wyfe,
 As reverence and honoure list to devyfe,
 Afore this Prince fell down apoun thair kneis,
 Syne dresfit thaym into thair best avyfe,
 So far as wisdome in thair powir lyis,
 To do the thing that mycht hym best appleis,
 (Quhair he rejosit in his hevynly gleis,)
 And him desyrit for his hie empryis,
 Ane of thaym two unto his lady cheis.

XI.

XI.

And first Delyte unto this Prince said thus,
 Maist vailyeant Knycht, in dedis amourus,
 And lustyest that evir nature wrocht,
 Quhilk in the floure of youth mellyfluus,
 With notis sweit, and sang melodius,
 Awalkis heir amang the flouris soft,
 Thow hes na game, bot in thy mirry thocht,
 My hevynly blis is so delicious,
 All welth in erd bot it avalis nocht.

XII.

Thocht thow had France, and Italy also,
 Spain, Ingland, Pole, with uther realmis mo;
 Thocht thow mycht regne in stait maist glorius,
 Thy puissant kyngdome is nocht worth ane stro,
 Gif it unto thy pleseir be ane foe,
 Or trubyll thy mynd with curis dolourus;
 Thair is na thing may be sa odius
 To man, as leif in miserie and wo,
 Defraudand God, of nature genius.

XIII.

Drefs thee thairfore with all thy besy cure,
 That thow in joy and pleiseir may indure;
 Be sycht of thir four bodyis elementar,
 Two heavy and gros, and two ar lycht and pure,
 Thir elementis be werking of nature,
 Doith change in othir; and thocht thay be rycht far
 Fra othir severit, with qualities contrar,
 Of thaym are maid all levand creature,
 And finaly in thaym resolvit ar.

XIV.

The fyre in air, the air in watter cleir,
 In erd the watter turnis withouten weir,
 The erd in watter turnis our agane;
 So furth in ordour na thyng consumis here.
 Ane man new borne beginnis to appeir

In

In othir figure than afore wes tane,
 Quhen he is deid, the matter does remane,
 Thocht it resolve into sum new maneir,
 No thyng is new, nocht but the forme is gane.

XV.

Thus is no thyng in erd bot fugitive,
 Passand and cumand be spreidyng successive;
 And as ane beist, so is ane man confave
 Of feid infuse in membris genitive,
 And furth his tyme in pleseir dois our dryve
 As chance him leidis, quhil he be laid in grave:
 Thairfor thy hevyn and pleseir now reffave,
 Quhile thou art here into this present lyve,
 For eftir deith thou sall na pleseir have.

XVI.

The rose, the lyllyis, and the violet,
 Unpullit, sone are with the wynd ouirset,
 And fallis down bot ony fruit, I wis.
 Thairfore I say, sen that na thing may let,
 Bot thy brycht hew maun be with yeiris fret,
 (For every thing bot for ane season is)
 Thou may nocht have ane mair excellent blis
 Than ly all nicht into myn armis plet,
 To hals and brais with mony lusty kis.

XVII.

And haif my tender body by thy syde,
 So propir fet, quhilk nature has provyde
 With every pleseir, that thou may devyne,
 Ay quhill my tender yeris be over flyde;
 Then gif it pleis that I thy brydle gyde,
 Thou mon alway fra agit men declyne,
 Syne drefs thy hart, thy curage and ingyne,
 To suffir nane into thy hous abyde,
 But gif thay will unto thy lust inclyne.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Gif thou desyris in the seis to sleit
 Of hevynly blis, than me thy lady treit ;
 For it is said by clerkis of renown,
 Thair is na pleseir in this erd fa gret,
 As quhen ane luffer dois his lady mett,
 To quickin his lyf of mony deidlie fwoun,
 As hiest pleseir but comparisoun.
 I fall the geif into thy yeris fwete,
 Ane lusty halk with mony plumis brown.

XIX.

Quhilk salbé found so joyous and plesant,
 Gyf thou into her mirry flichtis hant,
 Of every blys that may in erd appeir,
 As hart will think thou fall no plenty wante,
 Quhill yeris swift with quhelis properant,
 Consume thy frenth, and all thy bewtie cleir.
 And quhen Delyt had said on this maneir,
 As rage of yowtheid thocht maist relevant ;
 Then Virtew said, as ye fall after heir.

XX.

My landis braid with mony plentuous schyre,
 Sall gif thy hieness, (gif thou list desyre)
 Triumphant glore, hie honour, fame devyne,
 With sic puissance, that thaym na furius yre,
 Nor werand age, nor flame of byrnand fyre,
 Nor bitter deith may bring unto rewyne,
 But thou mon first insuffer meikyll pyne,
 Abone thy self, that thow may haif empyre,
 Than fall thy fame and honour haif na tyne.

XXI.

My realme is set amang my fois all,
 Quhilk hes with me ane weir continiwal,
 And evir styll dois on my bordour ly :
 And thocht thay may na wayis me ouerthrall,
 Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall,

Of me sumtyme to get the victory.
 Thus is my lyfe an ithand chevalry,
 Laubourt me haldis strong as ony wall,
 And no thyng brekis me bot slogardy.

XXII.

Na fortoun may aganis me avail,
 Thought scho with cludy stormis me affail.

I brek the streame of sharp aduersitie,
 In weddir louin, and maist tempestius hail,
 Bot ony dreid I beir an equall fail :

My schip sa strang, that I may nevir die,
 Wit, reason, manheid governis me sa hie,
 Nae influence nor sterris may prevaill
 To regne owre me with infortunitie.

XXIII.

The rage of youtheid may nocht dantit be,
 Bot grit distrefs and sharp aduersitie,

As be this reason is experience ;
 The fynest gold or silver that we se,
 May nocht be wrocht to our utilitie,

Bot flammis kein and bitter violence ;

The more distrefs, the more intelligence.

Quhay failis lang in hie prosperitie,

Ar sone owrefet be stormis without defence.

XXIV.

This fragill lyfe, as moment induring,
 Bot dout fall thee and everie pepyll bring

To sicker blis, or than eternal wo.

Gif thou by honest labour dois ane thyng,

Thy panefull labour fall vanies but tarrying ;

Howbeit thy honest werkis do nocht so.

Gif thou be lust dois ony thyng also,

The shamefull deid, without dissevering,

Remaynis ay when pleseir is ago.

XXV.

XXV.

As carvell ticht, fast tending throw the see,
Levis na prent amang the wallis hie.

As birdis swift with mony besy plume
Perfis the air, and wate nocht quhair thay flie,
Sicklyk our lyfe without activitie;

Giffis na frut, howbeit ane shado blume.

Quhay dois thair lyfe into this erd consume,
Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
Sall vanis soner than the reiky fume.

XXVI.

As watter purgis and makis bodyis fair,
As fyre be nature ascendis in the aire,

And purifyis with heitis vehement:

As flour dois smell, as fruit is nurifare:

As precious balme revertis thyngis fare,

And makis thaym of rot impatient.

As spyce maist fwete, and ros maist redolent;

As stern of day by moving circularre,

Chafis the nycht with bemis resplendent.

XXVII.

Sicklyk my werk perfytis every wycht,
In fervent luf of maist excellent lycht,

And makis man into this erd bot peir,

And does the faul fra all corruption dycht,

With odoure dulce, and makis it mair brycht

Than Diane full, or yit Apollo cleir,

Syn raises it unto the hiest speir,

Immortally to schyne in Goddis sycht,

As chofen spous, and creature maist deir.

XXVIII.

This uther wenche that clepit is Delyte,
Involvis man be sensual appetyte,

In every kind of vyce and miserie,

Because na wit nor reason is perfyte

Quhair scho is gyde; bot skaith is infinyte;

With

With dolour, schame, and urgent povertie ;
 For scho wes get of frothis of the fee.
 Quhilk signifies hir pleseir vennomit,
 Is mydlit ay with scharp aduersitie.

XXIX.

Duke Hannibal, as mony authors wrait,
 Throw Spanyie come be mony passage strait ;
 To Italy in furour bellical,
 Brak down the wallis, and the mountainis flait,
 And to his army made an oppin gait,
 And victoriis had on the Romanis all.
 At Capua by pleseir sensual,
 The Duk was made sa fast and deligait,
 That by his fois he wes sone ovirthrawll.

XXX.

Of feirs Achill the weirly dedis sprang,
 In Troy and Greece, quhyll he in Virtew rang,
 How lust hym flew it is bot rewth to heir :
 Siclyk the Trojanis with thair Knychtis strang,
 The vailyeant Greekis fra thair roumis dang,
 Victoriousslie exercit mony yeir ;
 That nycht thay went to thair lust and pleseir,
 The fatal hors did throw thair wallis fang,
 Quhais prignant fydes wer full of men of weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince effeminat,
 Fra knychtlie deidis wes degenerate,
 Twynand the threidis of the purpur lynt,
 With singlaris soft amang the ladyis fat,
 And with his lust couth not be satiate,
 Quhill of his fois come last the bitter dynt.
 Quhat nobil men and ladyis haif bene tynt,
 Quhen thay with lustis wer intoxicat,
 To schaw at lenth my tung fuld nevir stynt.

XXXII.

Thairfore Camil the valyeant Chevalier,
(Quhen he the Gallis had dantit be his weir)

Of heritabil landis wald haif na recompence ;
For gif his bairnis, and his freindis deir
Were vertewis, thay couth not fail ilk yeir
To haif yneuch, be Roman providence.

Gif thay wer given to vyce and insolence,
It was nocht neidfull for to conquaifs geir,
To be occasioun of thair incontinence.

XXXIII.

Sum nobyl men, as poetis list declair,
Wer deifeit, sum goddis of the air,

Sum of the Heaven, as EOLUS, VULCAN,
SATURN, MERCURY, APPOLLO, JUPITARE,
MARS, HERCULES, and uther men preclair,

That glore immortall in thair lyvis wan :
Quhy wer thir pepill callit Goddis than ?
Becaus thay had ane Virtew singulair,
Excellent hie abone ingyne of man.

XXXIV.

And others are in reik fulphurius,
As IXION, and wery SYSYPHUS,

EUMENIDES, the furyis rycht odibill,
The proud gyandis, and thrifty TANTALUS,
With hugly drink, and fude maist venomus,

Quhair flammis bald, and mirknefs ar fenfibil :
Quhy ar thir folk in panis sa terribyll ?
Because thay wer bot schrewis vicius
Into thair lyfe, with deidis horribil.

XXXV.

And thouch na frut wer eftir consequent
Of mortall lyfe ; but for this world present

Ilk man to haif allenerlie respect ;
Yet Virtew fuld fra vice be different,
As quick frae deid, as rich fra indigent ;

That

That ane to glore and honour ay direct,
 This othir faul and body to neglect :
 That ane of reason maist intelligent,
 This othir of beistis following the effect.

XXXVI.

For he that nold aganis his lustis stryve,
 But leiffis as beist of knowlege sensityve,
 Glidis rycht fast, and deith him sone ouirhails :
 Thairfor the mule is of ane langer lyfe
 Than stonit horse ; also the barrant wyfe
 Appeiris yung, quhen that the brudie failis :
 We se also quhen nature nocht prevalis,
 The pain and dolour ar sa pungityve,
 Nae medycyne the patient avalis.

XXXVII.

Sen thow hes hard baith our intentis thus,
 Cheis of us two the maist delicius ;
 Or to sustene ane scharp adverfitie,
 Danting the rage of youtheid furious,
 And syn posseid triumphe innumerus,
 With lang empyre, and hie felicitie ;
 Or haif ane moment sensualitie
 Of fuliche youth, in lyf voluptous,
 And all thy days full of miserie.

XXXVIII.

Be than PHEBUS his fyrie cart did wry,
 Frae south to west declynand besyly
 To dip his steidis in the oceane ;
 Quhen he began ouirfile his visage dry
 With vapouris thick, and cloudis fill the sky,
 And Notus brym, the wynd meridiane,
 With wyngis donk, and pennis full of rane,
 Awalkenit me, that I mycht nocht espy
 Quhilk of thaym two wes for his lady tane.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

But sone I knew thay wer the Goddeffes
 That came in sleip to vailyeant HERCULES,
 Quhen he was yung, and free of every lore,
 To lust or honour, povertie or riches,
 Quhen he contempnit lust and ydilnes,
 That he in Virtew mycht his lyfe decore ;
 Then werkis did of maist excellent glore ;
 The more increffit his panefull besinefs,
 His hie triumphs and loving wes the more.

PROHEME

PROHEME TO HECTOR BOECE HYS CRONIKLIS OF SCOT-
LAND, MAID BE THE TRANSLATOURE,
JOHNE BELLENDEN.

[Of the Court of JAMES V. SIR RALPH SADLER, the
English Embassador, writes thus : " The noblemen be
" young ; and, to be plain with you, though they be
" well minded, I see none amongst them that bath a-
" ny agility of wit or learning to take in hand the
" direction of things. The Bishops and Clergy be
" the only men of wit and policy that I see here."

SIR DAVID LINDSAY also introduces the young
noblemen about the King's person addressing him
thus :

" We think thame verie naturall foolis
" That learnis ouer meikil at the scoolis.
" Sir, yow must learne to run a speare,
" And gyde yow lyke ane man of weare."
Sum caufit hym revel at the rackit ;
Sum harlit hym to the hurlie-backit ;
And sum, to shew thair courtlie corffes,
Wald ryde to Leyth and run thair horfes ;
And mychtie gallop ouer the fandis,
Thay nowthir sparit spur nor wandis,
Casting gamondis with bends and becks,
For wantonnes sum brak thair necks :
There wes few of that garnisoun
That learnyt hym ane gude lessoun.

*It appears from several passages in this prologue, and
from the smallness of the impression, that BELLEN-
DEN's translation was made and published, not with a
view*

view to general circulation, but for the use of a few of the young nobility, whose education had not been strictly conformable to the statute.

“ Tharefore thow ganis for na catyve wichtis ;
 “ Allanerly bot unto nobyll men.”

I.

THOW marcyall Buke ! pas to the nobyll prynce
 Kyng James the Fyft, my foverane maist preclare,
 And gif sum tyme thow gettis audience,
 In humyl wyse unto his grace declare
 My walkrife nychtis, and my lauboure fare,
 Quhilk ithandly hes for his pleseir tak,
 Quhill goldin TYTAN with his birnand chare
 Has past all signis in the zodiak ;

II.

Quhill befy CERES with hir pleuch and harrois
 Hes fild hir graingis full of every corne ;
 And itormy CHIRON with his bow and arrois
 Hes all the cloudis of the hevynnis schorne ;
 And schyll TRITON with his wyndy horne
 Ouirquhelmit all the flowand ocean ;
 And PHEBUS turnit under capricorne,
 The famin greis quhare I first began.

III.

Sen thow art drawin fa compendius
 Fra flowand Latyne in to vulgar prose,
 Schaw now, quhat princis bene maist vicius,
 And quhay hes bene of chevelry the rose.
 Quhay did thair kingrik in maist honour jois,
 And with thair blude our liberteis hes coft ;
 Regardyng nocht to dé amang thair fois,
 Sa that thay mycht in memory be brocht.

IV.

IV.

Schaw be quhat dangeir and difficill wayis
 Our antecessours, at thair uter mychtis,
 Hes brocht this realme with honour to our dayis,
 Ay fechtand for thair liberteis and richtis
 With Romanis, Danis, Inglismen, and Pichtis,
 As curtas reders may throw thy proces ken.
 Tharefore, thow ganis for na catyve wichtis;
 Allanerly bot unto nobyll men.

V.

And to sic personis as covettis for to heir
 The vailyeand dedis of our progenitouris,
 And how this cuntré, baith in peace and weir,
 Bene governit unto this present houris.
 How forcy cheiftanis, in mony bludy stouris,
 (As now is blawin be my vulgar pen,)
 Maist vailyeandly wan landis and honouris,
 And for thair virtew callit nobyll men.

VI.

For nobylnes sum tyme the lovyng is
 That cumis be meritis of our eldaris gone.
 As Aristotyll writis in his rethorikis,
 Amang nobyllis quhay castin thaym repone
 Mon dres thair lyfe and dedis one be one,
 To mak thaym worthy to have memoré
 For honour to thair prince or nation,
 To be in glore to thair posterité.

VII.

Ane othir kynd thair is of nobylnes,
 That cumis be infusion naturall;
 And makis ane man sa full of gentylnes,
 Sa curtes, plesand, and sa lyberal,
 That every man dois hym ane nobyll call.
 The lyon is sa nobyll, (as men tellis,)
 He can not rage aganis the bestis small,
 Bot on thaym quhilkis his majesté rebellis.

VIII.

VIII.

The awfull churle is of ane other strynd,
 Throuch he be borne to vilest servitude ;
 Thair may na gentrice sink in to his mynd,
 To help his freind or nyctbour with his gud.
 The bludy wolf is of the samyn stude ;
 He feris gret beistis, and ragis on the small,
 And leiffis in slauchter, tyranny and blud,
 But ony mercy, quhare he may ouirthrall.

IX.

This man is born ane nobyl, Thow wyll say,
 And gevyn to sleuth and lust immoderat,
 All that his eldaris wan he puttis away,
 And fra thair virtew is degenerat.
 The more his eldaris fame is elevat,
 The more thair lyfe to honour do approche,
 Thair fame and lovyng ay interminat,
 The more is ay unto his vice reproche.

X.

Among the oist of Grekis, as we hard,
 Two knichtis war, Achylles and Terfete ;
 That ane maist vailyeand, this othir maist coward.
 Better is to be, (says Juvinall the poete,)
 Terfetis son, havand Achylles sprete,
 With manly force, his purpos to fulfyll,
 Than to be lord of every land and strete,
 And syne maist cowart cumyn of Achyll.

XI.

Man callit ay maist nobyll creature,
 Becaus his lyfe maist reason dois assay ;
 Ay sekand honour with his besy cure,
 And is na nobyll quhen honour is away.
 Tharefore he is maist nobyl man, Thow say,
 Of all estatis under reverence,
 That valyeantly doith close the latter day
 Of natyve cuntré déand in defence.

XII.

XII.

The glore of armis, and of forcy dedis,
 (Quhen thay ar worthy to be memoryall,)
 Na les be wyt than manheid ay procedis,
 As Plinius wrait in story naturall.
 Ane herd of hertis is mair strong at all,
 Havand ane lyon aganis the houndis to foure,
 Than herd of lyonis arrayit in battall,
 Havand ane hert to be thair governoure.

XIII.

Quhen fers Achylles was be Paris flane,
 Amang the Grekis began ane subtell plede,
 Quhay was maist nobyll and prudent capitane
 Into his place and armoure to succede.
 Quhay couth thaym best in every dangeir lede,
 And saif thair honour as he did afore.
 The vail yeant Ajax wan not for his manhede,
 Quhen wife Ulisses bure away the glore.

XIV.

Manhede but prudence is ane fury blynd,
 And bringis ane man to schame and indegence.
 Prudence but manhede cumis oft behind;
 Howbeit it haif na les intelligence
 Of thingis to cum than gone be sapience.
 Thairforè, quhen wit and manhede doith concurre,
 The honour risis with magnificence,
 For glore to noblis is ane groundin spurre.

XV.

Sen thow contanis mo vail yeand men and wyfe
 Than cuir was red in ony buke, but dout;
 Gif ony churle or velane thé dispyse,
 Byd, Hence hym harlot! he is not of this rout;
 For heir ar kingis, and mony nobyllis stout,
 And nane of thaym pertenant to his clan.
 Thow art so full of nobylnes *per tout*,
 I wald nane red thé, bot ane nobyll man.

XVI.

Thus to all nobyllis sen thow art dedicat,
 Schaw breifly how be my gret deligence ;
 Ilk story be the self is seperat,
 To mak thaym bowsome to thyne audience.
 Schrink nocht, thairfore, bot byde at thy sentence.
 Sen thow art armit with invincible trewth,
 Of gentyll reders, tak benivolence,
 And cure of otheris na invy nor rewth.

XVII.

Pas now to lycht with all thy sentence hie
 Groundit, but feid or assentation,
 In naturall and morall philosophé,
 With mony grave and prignant orisoun ;
 Maid to the reder's erudition,
 Be the renowmit Hector Boetius.
 Supportit oft with Scotichronicon,
 To maik thy mater mair sententius.

XVIII.

Bring nobyll dedis of mony yeris gone,
 Als fresche and recent to our memorie,
 As thay war bot into our dayis done ;
 That nobyll men may haif baith laude and glorie
 For thair excellent brut of victorie.
 And yit, becaus my tyme hes bene so schort,
 I thynk, quhen I haif opportunité,
 To ring thair bell in to ane othir fort.

XIX.

Leir Kingis to hait all peple vitius,
 And na sic personis in thair hous ressaife ;
 And suffir na servandis avaritius,
 Our scharp exactionis on thair subditis craif ;
 That not be done without thair honour faif,
 Sekand na conques be unlesful wanis.
 Schaw mony reasionis how na king mycht haif
 His baronis hartis, and thair geir atanis.

XX.

XX.

Schaw how the Kingis lyfe and governance
 The murroure of levyng to his peple bene.
 For as he luffis, be his ordinance
 The same maneris ar with his peple sene ;
 And thairfore, Kingis hes na oppin rene
 To use all pleseiris as thaym lykis best ;
 The hiear honour and office thay sustene,
 Thair vice is ay the hiear manifest.

XXI.

Schaw now, quhat kynd of foundis musicall
 Is maist femand to vailyeand cheveleris ;
 As thondran blast of trumpat bellicall
 The spretis of men to hardy curage steris,
 So syngyng, fydlyng, and pyping nocht effeiris
 For men of honour nor of hye estate ;
 Becaus it spoutis fwete venome in thair eris,
 And makis thair myndis al effeminate.

XXII.

Be mony reafonis of gret experience,
 Schaw how na thing into this erd may be
 So gud, so precius, as ane virtuus prince ;
 Quhilk is so nedefull to this realme, that we
 But hym hes nocht bot deith and poverté.
 Schaw how na gard, nor armour may defend
 Unhappy lyfe, and cursit tyranné,
 (Gyf thay continew,) but mischevus end.

XXIII.

Persuade all kingis, (gif thay haif ony sycht
 To lang empire, or honour singulare,)
 To conques favour, and luf of every wicht,
 And every wrangis in thair realme repare.
 For, quhen thair subdittis ar oppressit fare,
 And fyndis na justice in thair actionis,
 Than risis nois, and rumour populaire,
 And drawis the noblis in findry factionis.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Schaw quhat punishment, be reason of justice,
 Efferis to thay unhappy creaturis
 That nurifis kingis in corruptit vice.
 And schaw quhat truble, quhat vengeance, and injurie
 Contynewaly in to this realme enduris,
 Quhen men obscure, and avaritius,
 Hes of the King the gyding in thair curis,
 And makis the nobyllis to hym odius.

XXV.

Schaw how gret Baronis, for thair evyll obeyfance,
 Aganis thair prince makand rebellyon,
 Deteckit bene fra thair hie governance,
 And brocht to finall extermynion.
 Schaw how na hous of gret dominion,
 Na men of riches, nor excellent mycht,
 May lang continew in this region,
 Becaus the pepyll may not suffer hycht.

XXVI.

Schaw how kirkis the superflew rent
 Is ennymé to gud religion,
 And makis preistis more fleuthful than fervent,
 In pietuus werkis and devotion.
 And nocht allanerly perdition
 Of commoun weill be bullis sumptuus,
 Bot to evill prelatis gret occasion
 To rage in lust and vice maist vicius.

XXVII.

Schaw how young knychtis suld be men of weir,
 With hardy sprete at every jeoperdie ;
 Lyke as thair eldaris bene sa mony yeir,
 Ay to defend thair realme and libertie.
 That thay nocht, be thair fleuth and cowntre,
 The fame and honour of thair eldaris tyne ;
 Appryse ilk stait in to thair awin degré,
 Ay as thay lyf in morall discipline.

XXVIII.

ty of Fortune, &c."—printed by Wayland in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and, without doubt, well known to Sir David Lindsay, whose "Tragedy of Beatoun," is written exactly in the same manner, "every personage in *Boccace* being supposed to appear before the Poet, and to relate his respective sufferings," hence called *tragedies* or tragical stories.

It has been remarked by Keith that Lindsay makes here no mention of the Cardinal glutting himself inhumanly with the spectacle of Mr Wishart's death, nor of any prophetic intimation made by Wishart concerning the fate of Beaton;—from which the historian infers that both of these reports are probably groundless.

After the translation of Hector Boyce by Bellenden, and a few Acts of Parliament, some of the works of Sir David Lindsay were probably the first production of the Scottish press, since the publication of Millar and Chapman's Miscellany in 1508. Many of his earlier performances are addressed to James the Fifth; after whose death in 1542, Lindsay's intercourse with the royal family probably ceased. His sentiments with respect to French connections may be gathered from the following lines in his Nuncupatory Epistle:

Quhen God sal see our humbil repentence,
Till *strange* people thoch he hes given licence
To be our *scourge* induring his desire,
Will quhan he list *that scourge cast in the fyre*. . . .
'Then neid we not to charge the realm of *France*
With gunnis, galayes, nor uther ordinance. . . .

Very different from these are the sentiments of the author of the tract called the *Complaint of Scotland*, written about the same period: In his dedication to Mary of Guise, "the margareit and perle of princesses," he says, "The immortal gloir that procedes by the richt line of vertu, fra your magnanyme avansing of the public weil of the affligit realme of Scotland, is abundantly delated athort all cuntreis. Quhen an multitude of men of weir descendit fra the heicht of Germanie, of divers sectis, haldant *strange opinions* contrair the scriptour, (*that is, the Reformers,*) purposit to compel all Christianitie til adhere to their perversit opinion, their disordinate intentione was haistlie repulst and extinct by the martial sciens of your noble and valiant sader, the Duc of Guise.—I being summond by instigation of *ane gude zeal*, has tane ane temerair consait to present your nobil grace ane tracteit of *the fyrst labour of my pen*, &c." This dedication, in all probability, produced the above lines of Sir David Lindsay, who for many years had been the chief promoter of those "perversit opinions which Wedderburne held "to be *contrair the scriptour*."

To the Quarto edition of Lindsay's Works, printed by Henry Charteris 1592, is prefixed a metrical *Adhortation of all Esclaitis to the reiding of thir present Warkis*; probably by Charteris himself, or his brother the

the Profeffor : With the following extract from which, we shall here take leave of Sir David Lyndesay :

Thairfoir, gude Reidar, I haif travell tane
Intill ane volume, now breiflie for to bring
Of David Lyndesay the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knicht of the Mount, Lyoun of Armis King,
Quha in our dayis now laithlie did ring ;
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornat ftyle
To be commendit be me neidis na thing.
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he has done compyle.

Thocht Gawyne Dowglas, bifchop of Dunkell,
In ornat meter furmount did everilk man ;
Thocht Kennedie and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the lang race of Rhethorik thay ran ;
Yit never poet of our Scottifch clan
Sa cleirlye fchew that monftour with his markis,
The Romifch God, in quhom all gyle began,
As dois gude David Lyndesay in his warkis.

Let Lyndesay now, as he war yet on lyve,
Pas furth to licht, with all his fentence hie,
Unto all men thair dewtie to difcryve,
Quhairin thay may ane livelie image fie,
Of his expreffit mind in poetrie,
Prentit as he it publifchit with his pen.
Lat himfelf fpeik, I think it beft for me,
Give gloir to God quhilk gave fic giftes to men.

EARL

have borit ane hole throw hir tale, thay fesne hir be the samyn. Als sone as this fische is awalknit, scho makis hir to leip with gret force in the see: and fra scho fynd hir self fast, scho wrythis hir out of hir awin skin and deis. Of the fatnes that scho hes, is maid oulie in gret quantité; and of hir skyn is maid strang cabellis”.

“ In Murray land is the Kirk of Pette quhair the banes of Lital Jhon remains in great admiration of the pepill. He hes bein fourtein foot of hight, with square memberis effeiring thairto. Six years afore the comeing of this werk to lycht, we sawe hys hanth bane (*os coxendicis*) als meikle as the haill bane (*cruris*) of ane man, for we shot our arme in the mouth thair of (*in concavitate*;) be quhilk apparis how strang and square pepill grew in our region afore thay war effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth”.

“ I belief nane has now sic eloquence, nor fourth of langage that can sufficientlie declare how far we in thir present dayis are different fra the virtew and temperance of our eldaris. For quhare our eldaris had sobrieté, we have ebrieté and dronkynness. Quhare thay had plenté with sufficence, we have immoderat cursis (courses) with superfluité; as (*if*) he war maist nobyl and honest that culd devore and swelly maist; throw quhilk we ingorge and fyllis our self day and nycht sa full of meatis and drynkis, that we can nocht abstene quhyll our wambe be sa swon, that it is unabyll to any vertewis occupation; and nocht allanerly may surfet denners and sowpar suffice, bot also we must continew our schameful voracité with duple dennaris and sowparis; throw whilk mony of us ganis to na uthir besines bot to fil and teme our wembe. Na fische in the see, nor foule in the aire, nor beist in the wod may haif rest, but ar socht heir and thair to satisfy the hungry appetit of gluttonis. Nocht allanerlie ar wynis socht in France, bot in Spainye, Italy, and Greece; and sum tyme baith Aphrik and Asya ar socht for new delicious metis and wynis to the samyn effect. The yung pepyll and barnis follow thir unhappy customis of thair faderis, and gevis thame self to lust and insolense, havand all virtuous craftis in contemptioun. And sa, quhen tyme of weir occuris, thay ar sa effeminat and soft, that thay pas on hors as hevy martis; and ar sa fat and growin, that thay ma do na thyng in compare of the soverane manheid of thair antecessouris. Als sone as thay ar returnit hame, (becaus thair guddis ar not sufficient to nuris thame in voluptuous lyfe and pleseir of thair wambe,) thay ar gevin to all maner of avarice; and outhir castis thame to be strang and maistri-full thevis, or ellis sawaris of dissention among the nobyllis”.

“ Thus it wer neidfull to put ane end to our Cosmographie, wer nocht an uncouth historie taryis a litill our pen. Maister JAMES OGILBY, with uthir noble men, wes send as ambassatouris fra the maist noble prince Kyng James the Feird to the Kyng of France: and, be tempest of see, thay wer constrainit to land in Noroway, quhare thay saw, nocht far

far fra thaim, mony wyld men, nakit and roch on the same maner as thay ar payintit. At last thay gat advertising be landwart peple, that thay wer doum beistis, under the figur of men, quha in tyme of nycht wlit to cum in gret cumpanyis to landwart villagis; and quhair thay fand na doggis, thay brek up durris, and slayis al the peple that thay fynd thair intyll. Thay ar of sa huge strenth, that thay pull up treis be the rutis, and fechtis thairwith amang thaym self. The ambassatouris wer astonist at thir monstouris, and maid stark waches with gret fyris birnand all nycht; and on the morow thay pullit up salis and depairtit. Forther, the Norroway men schew that thair wes also nocht far fra thaym, ane peple that swomit all the symer lyke fische in the see, leiff-and ay on fische: bot, in the wynter (becaus the watter is cald) thay leif apon wyld beistis that discendis fra the montanis: and sa endis heir the cosmographie of Scotland”.

BELLENDEN is said by MACKENZIE to have been Clerk-Register, and one of the Lords of Session in the beginning of the reign of Queen MARY. “ Besides the similitude of names, the only reason that I know (says LORD HAILES) for this assertion, is in the Proheme to BOYCE’S *Cosmographie*, where the translator says,

— I wes in service with the King,
Clerk of his comptis”.

DR M. *gravely* says that “ Clerk of his Comptis” is Clerk Register. The Lord of Session (*anno* 1554) alluded to by MACKENZIE, was Sir JOHN BELLENDEN of Auchinoul, who was also Clerk-Register. H.

It appears, however, from the Catalogue published by LORD HAILES, that in 1587 a *Dean of Moray*, Lord of Session *r.* (resigned) and was succeeded by Mr WILLIAM MELVILL, Commendatour of Tungland.— Also, from the Notes and Appendix to SCOTSTARVET’S History, that Sir JOHN BELLENDEN of Auchinoul, *Arch-Dean of Moray*, was (not Clerk-Register, but) Justice Clerk from 1547 to 1578. They seem all, therefore, to be one and the same person: and, instead of his having died in 1550, as is said in page 48, upon the authority of MACKENZIE and DEMPSTER, he appears to have been alive in 1587.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

Our next Poet in this Series is SIR DAVID LINDSAY, who, with justice, has been said "to bear the palm in the latter part of the Reign of JAMES V." According to DR MACKENYIE, he was born about 1490. In his writings he carefully designs himself 'of the Mount;' a circumstance from which we may presume that he was a near kinsman, if not cousin-german to JOHN the sixth Lord LINDSAY: For PATRICK the fifth Lord, having got from King JAMES IV. a charter of confirmation of the lands of Mount, &c. in Fife; and happening to survive his eldest son, it seems probable that he might leave the estate of MOUNT to one of his younger sons, PATRICK or WILLIAM; we may conjecture to the former, as LINDSAY of PITSCOTTIE was descended from WILLIAM. After having finished his studies at St. Andrews, our poet was sent abroad; and having travelled through France, Italy, and Germany, he returned to Scotland about the year 1514. Soon after his return, from his knowledge of languages, and of mankind, he was appointed to superintend the education of the young Prince JAMES V. in whose service, as himself tells us, he performed occasionally the various parts of

————— steward, coppar, and carvour,
His purs-maister, and secreit thesaurar;
And in his chalmer cheif cubicular, &c.

signifying merely, that the young Prince had greater delight in being served by SIR DAVID LINDSAY than by any other of his attendants; for, we have no reason

to believe that LINDSAY ever held any office, save that of Lyon King at Arms. His attachment to the Reformation may have prevented him from attaining to any considerable preferment; but, from an autograph letter in the Cotton Library, it appears that he had been sent on an Embassy to the Emperor CHARLES V. in the year 1531; and that he succeeded in "gettin the auld alianfis and confederationis confermit for the space of ane hundred yeiris." In this letter, dated Handwarp, he says, "it war to lang to me to writ the triumphis that I haiff sein sen my cumin to the court imperall; that is to say, the justynis, the terribill turnements, and the feychten on fut in barras; quhais circumstans I haif writtin at lenth, to schaw the Kyng's grace at my haym cuming."

In 1536, according to PITSCOTTIE, LINDSAY was sent to France upon some business relative to the King's marriage. In 1537 he contrived triumphal arches, &c. for the Queen's entry, and in 1542 we find him present at the King's death. From KNOX's History, we learn that he was a favourite of the Regent ARRAN; but by means of the Earl's brother, HAMILTON Abbot of Paisley, (afterwards Archbishop of St Andrews,) and DAVID PANTER, afterwards Bishop of Ross, he was "craftily removed from the Governour's Councils." In 1547 we find him taking an active part in bringing about the Reformation. JOHN KNOX not having been regularly trained to the Kirk, a sham Vocation and Charge was suddenly administered to him from the pulpit, through the mouth of a popular preacher, by the contrivance of SIR DAVID LINDSAY and HENRY BALNAVES, (at that time either Lord Advocate or Justice Clerk,) quhairat the said JOHN, according to his own account in the genuine 8vo. edition, brust furthe in maist abundant tearis, from the greit greif and trobill of his hairt.

And,

“ And, as SIR DAVID was fcharp and vigilant in
 “ marking the enormities of the Spirituality, fua neither
 “ was he negligent nor fleuthful in rebuking the faltis
 “ of the Temporality. Quhat labouris tuik he (fayshis
 “ Editor HENRIE CHARTERIS, 1592) that the landis
 “ of this cuntré micht be fet out in fewis, efter the
 “ faffoun of findrie uther realmis, for the incres of
 “ policie and riches? Bot, quhat hes he profitit? For,
 “ (even yet,) quhen ane pure man, with his haill
 “ race, hes labourit thair lyfis on ane litil peice of
 “ grounde, and brocht it to fum point and perfectioun,
 “ then must the Lairdis brother, or his kinsman, or
 “ furname, have it, and the puire man, with his wyf
 “ and bairnis, must be fchot out to beg thair meit!
 “ Quhat hes he written alswa aganis this *Heriald Hors*,
 “ (or BEST PROPERTY of a deceafed vaffal,) devyfit for
 “ monie puir mannis hurt? But, quha hes demittit it?
 “ Finallie, quhat oppreffion, or vyce, hes he not
 “ reprevit? Bot thir fall fuffice for exampill.” *He is*
supposed to have died in the end of the year 1553.

HIS WORKS ARE,

The Complaint and Testament of the Papingo.

The Dreme, addreffed to JAMES V.

Justing between WATSON and BARBOUR.

Answer to the King's Flyting.

KIRTIE's Confession.

On the Death of Queen MAGDALEN.

In contempt of Side Tails, and Muffalit Faces.

Complaint of BASH, the King's Old Hound.

Complaint to the King.

An Interlude, representing the miserable ftate of the
Kingdom.

Tragedy of CARDINAL BEATON.

The

The Four Monarchies.

History of SQUIRE MELDRUM.

A Satire on the Three Estaits, (in which is interwoven the before mentioned Interlude.)

The editions of LINDSAY's Poems, in the old orthography, being very scarce, (not one having been printed for the last 200 years,) it is proposed here to republish the whole works, from the last genuine edition, 1592, in 4to. omitting only the tiresome historical part of the Four Ancient Monarchies. The Satire on the Three Estates is, of itself, sufficient for a volume.

To understand the quotation in the preceding page, relative to the *Heriald horse*, it is necessary to observe that, by the ancient Baron Laws (*Quoniam Attachamenta*, Chap. 23.) "Gif ane dwelles upon land pertenning to ane frie man, and as ane husband-man, haldes lands of him; and, gif he happin to deceis, his Maister sall have the best eaver, (i. e. horse,) or beast of his cattell, (the best *aucht* or property;) proving that the husband-man did have of him the *aucht* (eight) part of an plough-gait of land:" that is, if he was one of eight who kept for their common benefit a Plough drawn by eight oxen.

THE

THE COMPLAINT AND TESTAMENT OF THE PAPINGO,

— *from an edition printed at London in 1538, appears to have been finished in December 1530. Like several other of LINDSAY's works, it has been intended, partly as a Satire on the manners of the Court and Clergy ; and partly for the purpose of conveying some useful counsel to the ear of his royal pupil. Probably some of his smaller pieces may have been composed before this ; but, as it always appears the first of that description in the old editions ; and is, besides, furnished with a sort of general prologue, the same place seems to be due to it in this Chronicle. It bears this motto,*

LIVOR POST FATA QUIESCIT.

P R O L O G.

SUPPOIS I had ingyne angelicall,
With sapience mair than Salomonically,
I not quhat mater put in memorie ;
The poetis auld in style heroycall,
In breve subtell termis rethoricall,
Of everie mater, tragedie and storie,
Sa ornatlie to thair heich laude and glorie,
Hes done indyte ; quhais supreme sapience
Transcendis far the dul intelligence

Of poetis now intil our vulgar tounge.
For quhy ? The bel of rethorick ben rounge
Be Chawcer, Gower, and Lydgate lawreait.
Quha dar presume thir poetis to impung,

Quhais

Quhais fweith sentence throw Albion bin fung ?
 Or quha can now the warkis counterfait,
 Of Kennedie with termis aureait ?
 Or of Dunbar, quha language had at large,
 As may be fene into his Goldin Targe ?

Quintyn, Merfar, Rowl, Henryson, Hay, Holland,
 Thoch thay be deid, thair lybellis bin levand :
 Quhilkis to reheirs makis reidaris to rejose.
 Allace ! for ane quhilk lamp was in this land,
 Of eloquence the flowand balmie strand ;
 And in our Inglis rethorick the rose,
 Als of rubeis the carbunckle bin chose ;
 And as Phœbus dois Cynthia precell,
 Sa Gawin Dowglas, Bischop of Dunkell,

Had, quhen he was into this land on lyve,
 Abuse vulgar poetis prerogatyve,
 Baith in practick and speculatioun.
 I say na mair, gude reidaris may discrive
 His worthy warkis, in nomber ma than five :
 And speciallie the trew translatioun,
 Of Virgil, quhilk bin consolatioun
 To cunning men, to knaw his grēt ingyne
 Als weil in natural science, as divyne.

And in the court bin present in thir dayis,
 That ballatis brevis lustely, and layis,
 Quhilkis to our prince dailie thay do present.
 Quha can say mair than Schir James Inglis sayis,
 In ballatis, farsis, and in plesand playis ?
 But Culros hes his pen maid impotent.
 Kid in cunning and practick richt prudent ;
 And Stewart quha desiris ane statelie style,
 Full ornate warkis daylie dois compyle.

Stewart of Lorne will carp richt curiously,
 Galbraith, Kinloch, quhen thay list thame apply,
 Into that airt ar craftie of ingyne.
 But now of lair is start up haistily,

Ane cunning clark quhilk writis craftely,
 Ane plan't of poetis callit Ballendyne,
 Quhais ornat warkis my wit can nocht defyne;
 Get he into the court authoritie,
 He will precel Quintyne and Kennedie.

Sa thocht I had ingyne, as I have none,
 I wait nocht quhat to wryte, be sweit St Johne:
 For quhy? in all the eirth of eloquence
 Is nathing left, bot barrane stock and stone;
 The polite termis are pullit everilk one,
 Be thir foirnamit poetis of prudence:
 Bot sen I find nane uther new sentence,
 I fall declair or I depairt yow fro,
 The Complaint of ane woundit Papingo.

Quhairfoir becaus mine mateir bin sa rude,
 Of sentence and of rethorick denude,
 To rural folk my wryting bin directit,
 Far flemit fra the sight of men of gude;
 For cunning men I knaw will sone conclude,
 It dow nathing, bot for to be dejectit;
 And quhen I heir my mateir bin detrectit,
 Than fall I sweir, I maid it bot in mowis,
 To landwart lassie that milkis the kie and yowis.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE PAPINGO.

QUHA climmis to hie, perforce his feit mon fail.
 Expreme I fall that be experience,
 Gif that thow pleis to heir ane piteous taill,
 How ane fair bird be fatal violence,
 Devourit wes, and micht mak na defence
 Contrair the deith, so failyeit natural strenth,
 As eftir I fall schaw yow at mair lenth.

Ane Papingo, richt plesand and perfyte,
 Presentit was til our maist nobil king,
 Of quhome his grace a lang time had delyte,

Mair fair in forme, I wat, flew neuer on wing,
 This proper bird he gaif in governing
 To me, quhilk was his simpel serviture,
 On quhome I did my diligence and cure

To leirne hir language artificial;
 To play *Platfute*, and quhissil *Fute-befoir*;
 Bot of hir inclinatioun naturall,
 Scho counterfeitit al fowlis les and moir:
 Of hir courage scho wald without my loir,
 Sing like the merle, and craw like the cok,
 Pew like ane gled, and chant like the laverok.

Bark like ane dog, and kekil like ane ka,
 Blait like ane hog, and buller like ane bull,
 Gail like ane goik, and greit quhen scho was wa:
 Clym on ane cord, fyne lauch and play the fule,
 Scho nicht have bin ane menstral aganis yule.
 This bleffit bird was to me sa plesand,
 Quhaireuer I fure, I buir hir on my hand.

And sa befell intil ane mirthful morrow,
 Into my garth I past me to repois.
 This bird and I, as we war wont a forrow,
 Amang the flouris fresch, fragrant and formois:
 My vital spreitis dewly did rejois,
 Quhen Phœbus rais, and rave the cloudis sabill,
 Throw brichtness of his bemis amiabill.

Without vapour as weil purificate,
 The temperait air, soft, sobir and ferene;
 The eirth be nature sa edificate,
 With halfum herbis, blew, quhite, reid and grene,
 Quhilk elevat my spreitis fra the splene,
 That day Saturn nor Mars durst nocht appeir,
 Nor Eole fra his cave he durst nocht steir.

That day perforce behovit to be fair,
 Be influence and course celestial,
 Na planet pressit for to perturb the air:
 For Mercury, be moving natural,

Exaltit

Exaltit was intil the throne tryumphall
Of his mansioun unto the fifteen gree
In his awin soverane signe of Virginie.

That day did Phœbus plesandly depart
From Gemini, and enterit in Cancer :
That day Cupido did extend his dart ;
Venus that day conjunit with Juppiter.
That day Neptunus hid him like ane sker :
That day dame Nature with greit befinis,
Furtherit Flora to kith hir craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
And Cynthia in Sagittar affeiset :
That day dame Ceres, goddes of the corne
Full joyfully Johne-Upon-land appleisit ;
The bad aspect of Saturne was appeisit
That day be Juno, of Juppiter the joy,
Perturband spreitis causing to hald coy :

The sound of birdis surmontit al the skyis,
With melodie of notis musicall ;
The balmie droppis of dew Titan updryis,
Hingand upon the tender twistis small ;
The hevinly hew and sound angelicall,
Sic perfyte plesure prentit in my hairt,
That with greit pane from thyne I micht depairt.

Sa still amang thir herbis amiabill,
I did remane ane space for my pastance.
Bot warldlie pleseir bin sa variabill,
Mixit with sorrow, dreid, and inconstance,
That thair intil is na continuance.
Sa micht I say, my sehort solace, allace !
Was driven in dolour in ane lytil space.

For in that garth amang those fragrant flouris,
Walking alane, nane bot my bird and I :
Unto the time that I had said mine Houris,
This bird I set upon ane branch me by,
But scho began to speill richt spedely,

And in that tre scho did fa heich ascend,
That by na way I micht hir apprehend.

Sweit bird, said I, bewar, mont nocht our hie,
Returne in time, perchance thy feit may failye,
Thow art richt fat, and not weil usit to flie :
The gredy gled, I dreid scho the affailye.
I will, said scho, vailye quod vailye,
It is my kinde to clym ay to the hicht,
Of fether and bone, I wat weil I am wicht.

Sa on the hiest lytil tender twist,
With wingis displayit, scho fat ful wantounly :
Bot Boreas blew ane blast or euer scho wist,
Quhilk brak the branche, and blew hir suddanly
Doun to the grund with mony cairfull cry,
Upon a stob scho lichtit on hir breist,
The blude ruschit out, and scho cryit for ane preist.

God wait, gif than my hart was wo begone,
To se that foull flichter amang the flouris,
Quhilk with greit murning 'gan to mak hir mone
Now cummin ar, said scho, the fatal houris ;
Of bitter deith now must I thole the schouris.
O Dame Nature ! I pray the of thy grace,
Len me leseir to speik ane lytill space,

For to complene my fate unfortunate,
And to dispone my gudis or I depairt,
Since of all comfort I am desolate,
Allane, except the deith heir with his dart,
With awful cheir, reddy to peirs mine hart :
And with that word scho take ane passioune,
Syne flatlingis fell, and swappit into swoun.

With sory hait peirfit with compassioun,
And salt teiris distilling from mine ene,
To heir that birdis lamentatioun,
I did approche under ane hau-thorne grene,
Quhair I micht heir and se, and be unsene.

And

And quhen this bird had fwounit twife or thrife,
Scho gan to speik, fayand on this wife :

O ! fals fortoun, quhy hes thow me begylit :
This day at morne, quha knew this cairful cace.
Vane hope, in the my reffoun hes exylit,
Having sic traift into thy fenyeit face :
That euer I was brocht in the court, allace !
Had I in forest flown amang my feiris,
I micht full weill have levit mony yeiris.

Prudent counsell, allace ! I did refuse,
Agane reffoun using mine appetite :
Ambitioun did sa mine hart abuse,
That Eolus had me in greit dispyte,
Poetis of me hes mater to indyte ;
Quhilk clam fa heich, and wo is me thairfoir,
Not douting that the deith durst me devoir.

This day at morne, my forme and feddren fair,
Abuse the proude pacok war precelland ;
And now ane cative carioun full of cair,
Bathand in blude, doun from my hart distelland,
And in mine eir the bell of deith bin knelland.
O fals warld, fy on thy felicity,
Thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.

In the I see na thing bin permanent,
Of thy schort solace, sorrow is the end :
Thy fals infortunat giftis bin bot lent,
This day full proude, the morne na thing to spend.
O ye that dois pretend ay till ascend !
My fatal end have in remembrance,
And yow defend from this unhappy chance.

Quhiddel that I was strikkin in extasie,
Or throw ane stark imaginatioun ;
Bot it appeirit in my fantasie,
I hard this dolent lamentatioun ;
Thus dullit into desolatioun,

Methocht

Me thocht this bird did breve in hir maneir
 Hir counsell to the king, as ye sal heir.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE PAPINGO, DIRECT TO
 KING JAMES THE FYFT.

PREPOTENT Prince, peirles of pulchritude
 Gloir, honour, laude, tryumphe, and victorie,
 Be to thy heich excellent celsitude,
 With martial deidis digne of memorie.
 Sen Atropus confumit hes my glorie,
 And dolent deith, allace ! mon us depart,
 I leve to thee my trew unfenyeit hart.

Togidder with this cedull subsequent,
 With maist reverend recommendatioun :
 I grant thy grace gettis mony ane document,
 Be famous fathers predication :
 With mony notabill narratioun,
 Be plesand poetis in style heroicall,
 How thow fould gyde thy seit imperiall.

Sum do deploir the greit calamiteis,
 Of divers realmes the transmutatioun,
 Sum piteously dois treit of tragedies,
 All for thy Graces informatioun :
 Sa I intend, but adulation,
 Into my barbour rusticall indyte,
 Amang the rest, Schir, sumthing for to wryte.

Soverane, confave this simpill similitude,
 Of officiaris serving thy Senyeory :
 Quha gydis them weil, getis at thy grace greit gude ;
 Quha ar unjust degradit ar of glory,
 And cancellat out of thy memory :
 Providing syne mair plesand in thair place :
 Belyve richt sa fall God do with thy grace.

Confider

Consider weil, thow bene but officiair,
 And vassal of that King incomparabill.
 Preis thow to pleis that puissant Prince preclair,
 Thy riche rewaird fall be inestimabill,
 Exaltit heich in gloir interminabill.
 Above archangellis verteous potestatis,
 Plesandly placit amang the principatis.

Of thy vertew poetis perpetuallie
 Sall mak mentioun unto the warld be endit;
 Sa thow exerce thine office prudentlie,
 In hevin and eirth thy grace fall be commendit:
 Quhairfoir effeir that he be not offendit,
 Quhilk hes exaltit thee to sic honour,
 Of his pepill to be ane governour;

And in the eirth hes maid sic ordinance,
 Under thy feit al thing terrestriall,
 Ar subject to thy plesure and pastance;
 Both fowl and fische, and beistis pastorall:
 Men to thy service, and wemen thay bin thrall;
 Halking, hunting, armes, and lesum amour,
 Preordinate be God for thy plesour.

Maisteris of music to recreat thy spreit,
 With dauntit voice, and plesand instrument:
 Thus may thow be of all plesures repleit,
 Sa in thine office thow be diligent:
 But be thow fund slewthfull and negligent,
 Or injust in thine executioun,
 Thow fall nocht fail divine punitioun.

Quhairfoir sen thow hast sic capacitie
 To leirn to play sa plesandlie and sing,
 Ryde hors, ryn speiris, with greit audacitie,
 Schut with hand-bow, cros-bow, and culvering,
 Amang the rest, Schir, leirn to be ane king;
 Kith on that craft that pregnant fresche ingyne,
 Grantit to thee by influence divyne.

And

And sen the definitioun of ane king,
Is for to have of pepill governaunce,
Addres the first abuse al uther thing,
To put thy body to sic ordinance,
That thy vertew thine honour may avance :
For how fuld princes govern greit regiounis
That cannot dewly gyde thair awin perfounis ?

And gif thy grace wald leive richt plesandly,
Call thy Counfall, and cast on them the cure :
Thair just decreitis defend and fortifie ;
Without gude counfall may na prince lang indure ;
Wirk with counfall, then fall thy work be sure.
Cheis thy Counfall of the maist sapient,
Without regard to blude, riches, or rent.

Amang all uther pastime and plesour,
Now in thine adolescent yeiris ying,
Wald thou ilk day study bot half ane hour,
The *Regiment of Princelie governing*,
To thy pepill it war ane plesand thing,
Thair micht thou find thy awin vocation ;
How thou sould use thy sceptour, sword and croun.

The Chronickillis to knaw, I thé exort,
Quhilk may be mirrour to thy majestie :
Thair fall thou find baith gude and euill report,
Of every prince eftir his qualitie :
Thoch thay bin deid, thair deidis fall not die,
Traist weil thou fall be stylit in that story,
As thou deservis to be put in memory.

Requeist that Roy quhilk rent was on the rude,
The to defend from deidis of defame,
That na poet report of thé bot gude,
For princes dayis induris bot ane drame :
Sen first king Fergus buir ane dyadame,
Thow art the last king of fyve scoir and fyve,
And all are deid, and none bot thou on lyve.

Of quhais number fiftie and fyve bin flane,
 And maist part in thair awin misgovernance :
 Quhairfoir I thee beseik, my Soverane !
 Consider of thair lyvis the circumstance ;
 And quhen thow knawis the caus of thair mischance,
 Of vertew than exalt thy faillis on hie,
 Traisting to chaipe that fatall destanie.

Treit ilk trew Barroun as he war thy brother,
 Quhilk mon at neid thé and the realme defend ;
 Quhen suddenly ane dois oppres ane uther,
 Lat justice mixit with mercie thame amend,
 Have thow thair hartis, thow hes aneuch to spend :
 And be the contrair, thow art bot king of bone.
 From time thy heiris hartis bin from thé gone.

I haif na laiser for to wryte at lenth,
 Mine hail intent unto thy excellence :
 Decreffit sa I am in wit and strenth,
 My mortall wound dois me sic violence :
 Pepil of me may have experience,
 Becaus, allace ! I was incounsolabil :
 Now mon I die ane cative miserabil.

THE SECOUND EPISTIL OF THE PAPINGO, DIRECT TO
 HIR BRETHER OF COURT.

BRETHER of Court ! with mynd precordiall,
 To the greit God hartly I commend yow :
 Imprent my fall in your memoriall,
 Togidder with this cedule that I fend yow :
 To preis our heich, I pray yow not pretend yow :
 The vane ascense of court quha will consider,
 Quha fittis maist hie, fall find that fait maist slider.

Sa ye that now bin lanfing up the ledder,
 Tak tent in time, festning your fingaris fast ;
 Quha clymis maist hie, maist dint hes of the wedder,
 And

Ahd leift defence aganis the bitter blast
 Of fals fortoun, quhilk takis never rest :
 Bot maist redoutit dayly scho down thringis,
 Not sparing Papis, Conquerouris, nor Kingis.

Thocht ye be montit up abuse the fkyis,
 And hes baith king and court in governance :
 Sum wes als heich, quhilk now richt lawly lyis,
 Complening fair the courtis variance :
 Thair preterit time may be experience
 Quhilk throw vane hope of court did clym fa hie,
 Sine wantit wingis, quhen thai weind best to flie,

Sen ilk Court is untraist and transitorie,
 Changing als oft as widdir-cok in wind,
 Sum makand glaid, and uther sum richt forie ;
 Formest this day, the morn may ga behind ;
 Let not vaine hope of Court your resoun blind ;
 Traist weil sum men will give yow land as Lordis,
 That wald be glaid to fé yow hang in cordis.

I durst declair the miserabilitie,
 Of divers Courts, war not my time bin schort ;
 The dreidfull change, vain-glore, and utilitie,
 The paneful plesour, as poetis dois report :
 Sum time in hope, sum time in discomfort :
 And how sum men dois spend thair youthheid haill
 In Court, fyne endis in the hospitaill.

How sum in Court bin quyet counfallouris,
 Without regaird to common-weill or kingis,
 Casting thair cure for to be conquerouris :
 And quhen thay bin heich raisit in thair ringis,
 How change of court them dulefully down thringis :
 And quhen thay bin from thair estait deposit,
 How many of thair fall bin richt rejosit.

And how fond fenyeit fulis and flatteraris,
 For small service obtenis greit rewardis :
 Pandaris, pyk-thankis, custronis, and clatteraris,
 Lowpis up from laddis, fyne lichtis amang lairdis,
 Blasphematuris,

Blasphematouris, beggaris, and commoun bairdis,
Sum time in Court hes mair autoritie
Nor devote doctouris in divinitie.

How in sum countrie bin barnis of Belial,
Full of difimulit paintit flatterie,
Provokand be intoxicate counfall
Princes to huredome and to hafardrie:
Quha dois in princes put sic harlatric,
I say for me, sic peirt provocatouris
Suld punischt be abuse all strang traitouris.

Quhat travellis, troubill, and calamitie
Hes bin in Court within thir hundreth yeiris!
Quhat mortall changes, and quhat miserie!
Quhat nobill men bin brocht upon thair beiris!
Traist weil, my friendis, follow ye mon your feiris,
Sa sen in Court bin no tranquillitie,
Set not on it your hail felicitie.

The Court changis sum-time with sic outrage,
That few nor nane may mak resistence:
And spairis not the prince mair nor the page,
As weill appeiris be experience.
The Duke of Rothefay nicht mak na defence,
Quhilk wes pertenant Roy of this regioun,
But dulefully devourit was in presoun.

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour had that nobil king
Robert the Thrid, from time he knew the cace
Of his twa sonnis dolent departing!
Prince David deit, and James captive; Allace!
To trew Scottismen, quhilk was a cairfull case.
Thus may ye knaw the Court bin variand,
Quhen blude royall the change may not ganstand.

Quha rang in Court mair hie and triumphand
Nor Duke Murdok, quhill that his day indurit?
Was he not greit protectour of Scotland?
Yit of the Court he was not weill affurit;

It changit sa, his lang service was smurit :
 He and his sone, fair Walter bot remeid,
 Forfaultit war, and put to duleful deid.

King James the First, that patrone of prudence,
 Gem of ingine, and perle of policie,
 Well of justice, and flude of eloquence,
 Quhais vertew dois transcend my fantasie
 For till discrive ; yet quhen he stude maist hie,
 By false exhorbitant conspiratioun,
 That prudent prince was piteously put down.

Als James the Secund, Roy of greit renoun,
 Beand in his super-excellent gloir,
 Throw rakles schuting of ane greit cannoun,
 The dolent deith, allace ! did him devoir.
 Ane thing thair bin of quhilk I marvell moir,
 That fortoun had at him sic mortal feid,
 Throw fyftie thousand to wail him be the heid.

My hart is peirist with panis for to pance,
 Or write that Courtis variatioun.
 Of James the Thrid, quhen he had governance,
 The dolour, dreid, and desolatioun,
 The change of Court and conspiratioun :
 And how that Cochrane with his companie,
 That time in Court clam sa presumptuouslie.

It had bin gude thay barnis had bin unborne,
 By quhome that nobil prince was sa abusit :
 Thay grew as did the weid abuve the corn,
 That prudent Lordis counfall was refusit,
 And held him quyet, as he had bin inclusit.
 Allace ! that prince, be thair abusoun,
 Was finally brocht to confusioun.

Thay clam sa heich, and gat sic audience,
 And with thair prince grew sa familiar,
 His german brother nicht get na presence ;
 The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar,

Like

Like baneist men war haldin at the bar ;
 Till in the king thair grew sic mortall feid,
 He flemit the Duke, and pat the Erle to deid.

Thus Cochrane with his catyve company,
 Sortit them to flé, (bot yit thay wantit fedderis,)
 Abuve the heich ceders of Libany :
 Thay clam fa hie till thay lap ouir thair ledderis,
 On Lawder brig, syne keppit wer in tedderis ;
 Stranglit to deith, thay gat nane uther grace :
 Thair king captive, quhilk was a cairfull cace.

Til put in forme that fait infortunate,
 And mortall change, perturbis mine ingine ;
 My wit bin waik, my fingeris fatigate,
 To dite or write the rancour and rewine,
 The civil weir, the battill intestine ;
 How that the sone with baner braid displayit,
 Aganis the father in battill come arrayit.

Wald God the prince had bin that day comfortit,
 With sapience of the prudent Salomon,
 And with the strenth of Samson bin supportit,
 With the bald oist of the greit Agamemnon.
 Quhat fuld I wis ? remedy was thair non :
 At morn ane king, with sceptour, sword, and croun,
 At evin ane deid deformit carioun.

Allace ! quhair bin that richt redoutit Roy ;
 That potent prince, gentil king James the Feird ?
 I pray to Christ his faull for to convoy,
 Ane greiter nobill rang not into the eird.
 O Atropus ! warie wemay thy weird :
 For he was mirrour of humility,
 Leid-stern and lamp of liberality.

During his time sa justice did prevail,
 The savage iles trymlit for terrour ;
 Eskdale, Ewisdale, Liddisdale, and Annandaill,
 Durst not rebel, douting his dyntis dour ;

And

And of his lordis had sic perfite favour,
 Sa for to schaw that he effeirit na fone,
 Out throw his realme he wald ride him alone.

And of his court throw Europe sprang the fame
 Of lustie lordis, and lufesum ladyis ying :
 Triumphand tornayis, justing and knichtlie game,
 With all pastime, according for a king.
 He was the gloir of princely governing ;
 Quhilk throw the ardent lufe he had to France,
 Aganis Ingland did move his ordinance.

Of Flowdoun feild the rewyne to revolve,
 Of that maist dolent day for til deploir
 I nyll, for dreid that dolour yow dissolve,
 Schaw how that prince in his triumphand gloir
 Destroyit was ; ~~qu~~hat neidis proces moir ?
 Not be the vertew of the Inglis ordinance,
 But be his awin wilfull misgovernance.

Allace ! that day had he bin counsellabill,
 He had obtenit laud, gloir, and victorie ;
 Quhais piteous proces bin sa lamentabill,
 I nyll at lenth it put in memory.
 I never red in tragedy nor story,
 At ane jornay sa mony nobillis flane,
 For the defence and lufe of thair soverane.

Now, brether, mark in your remembrance,
 Ane mirrour of those mutabiliteis.
 Sa may he knaw the Courtis inconstance ;
 Quhen princes bin thus pullit from thair seis ;
 Efter quhais deith, quhat strange adversiteis !
 Quhat greit misreule into this regioun rang,
 Quhen our young prince culd nother speik nor gang !

During his tender youth and innocence,
 Quhat stouth, quhat reif, quhat murder and mischance ?
 Thair was nocht ellis bot wraking of vengeance,
 Into that Court thair rang sic variance ;

Divers

Divers Rewlaris maid divers ordinance ;
 Sum time our Quene rang in authoritie,
 Sum time the prudent duke of Albanie.

Sum time the realme was reulit be Regentis ;
 Sum time lufetenantis leidaris of the law ;
 Than rang sa mony inobedientis,
 That few or nane stude of ane uther aw ;
 Oppressioun did sa lowd his bugil blaw,
 That nane durst ride bot into feir of weir,
 Jok-upon-land that time did mis his meir.

Quha was mair heich in honour elevate
 Nor was Margaret our heich and mightie princefs ?
 Sic power was to hir appropriate,
 Of king and realme scho was governess.
 Yit come a change within ane schort proces ;
 That perle preclair, that lustie plesand Quene,
 Lang time durst not into the court be fene.

The archebischop of St Andros, James Betoun,
 Chancellar and primate in power pastorall,
 Clam nixt the king maist heich in this regioun :
 The ledder schuik ; he lap, and gat ane fall :
 Authoritie, nor power spirituall,
 Riches, freindschip nicht not that time prevail,
 Quhen dame Curia began to steir hir taill.

His heich prudence availit him not ane myte,
 That time the Court bair him sic mortal feid ;
 As presoner thay keipit him in despyte,
 And sum time wist not quhair to hyde his heid :
 Bot disgayfit like Johne the Raiff, he yeid.
 Had not bene hope bair him sic company,
 He had bin stranglit be melancholy.

Quhat cummer and cair was in the court of France,
 Quhen king Francis was takin presoneir,
 The Duke of Burboun amid his ordinance,
 Deid at ane straik, richt bailfull brocht on beir :

The

The court of Rome that time ran all areir,
 Quhen Pape Clement was put in strang presoun,
 The nobil citie put to confusioun.

In Ingland quha had greiter governance,
 Nor thair triumphand courtly Cardinall?
 The Commoun-weill, sum sayis, he did avance,
 Be equall justice baith to greit and small:
 Thair was na prelate to him peregall:
 Inglis men sayis, had he rung langer space,
 He had deposit St Peter of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
 His palice royall, riche and radious;
 Nor yit the flude of superfluity
 Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
 From time dame Curia held him odious,
 Availit him nocht, nor prudence maist profound;
 The ledder brak, and he fell on the ground.

Quhair bin the douchtie Erles of Dowglas,
 Quhilkis royally into this regioun rang?
 Forfault and flane: Quhat neidis mair proces?
 The Erle of March was merschallit them amang.
 Dame Curia thame dulefully doun thrang.
 And now of lait, quha clam mair heich amang us,
 Than did Archebald, umquhile the Erle of Angus?

Quha with his prince was mair familiar,
 Nor of his grace had mair authoritie?
 Was he not greit Wardan and Chancellor?
 Yit quhen he stude upon the heichest grie,
 Traisting na thing bot perpetuitie,
 Was suddanly deposit from his place,
 Forfault and flemit, he gat nane uther grace.

Quhairfoir, traist not intil authority,
 My deir brether, I pray yow hartfully:
 Presume not in your vaine prosperity;
 Conform your traist in God alluterly,

Sine

Sine serve your Prince with enteir hart trewlie :
 And quhen ye see the Court bin at the best,
 I counfall yow than draw yow to your rest.

Quhair bin the hie triumphand Court of Troy ?
 Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peiris ?
 Or Julius that richt redoutit Roy ?
 Agamemnon, maist worthy in his weiris ?
 To schaw thair fyne my frayit hart affeiris :
 Sum murthereist war, sum poysonit piteously,
 Thair cairfull Courtis disperfit dulefully.

Traist weill thair is na constant Court bot ane,
 Quhair Christ is king, quhais time interminabil,
 And hich triumphand gloir beis never gane :
 That quyet court mirthful and immutabil,
 Bot variance, standis ay firme and stabill ;
 Dissimulance, flattery, and fals report,
 Into that Court fall never get resort.

Traist weill, my freindis, this is na fenyeit fair,
 For quha that bin in the extreme of deid,
 The veritie bot dout thay suld declare,
 Without regard to favour or to feid.
 Quhil ye have time, deir brether, mak remeid.
 Adew for ever, of me ye get no moir,
 Beseiking God to bring yow to his gloir.

Adew, Edinburgh, thow hich triumphand toun,
 In quhais boundis richt blythfull have I bene :
 Of trew merchandis the rute of this regioun,
 Maist reddy to reffave Court, king and quene :
 Thy pollicie and justice may be sene,
 War devotion, wisdome, and honestie,
 And credence tynt, thay micht be found in thee.

Adew fair Snadoun, with thy towris hie ;
 Thy chapel-royall, park, and tabill round !
 May, June, and July wald I dwell in thee,
 (War I ane man) to heir the birdis found,

Quhilk

Quhilk dois aganis the rayal roche refound.
 Adew Lythgow, quhais palice of plesance,
 Micht be ane patren in Portugall or France.

Fareweill Falkland, the fortrefs of Fyfe,
 Thy polite park under the Lowmound law;
 Sumtime in thee I led ane lustie lyfe:
 Thy fallow-deir to see thame raik on raw,
 Court-men to cum to thee thay stand greit aw.
 Sayand, thy burgh bene of all burrowis baill,
 Becaus in thee thay never gat gude aill.

THE COMMONING BETWIX THE PAPINGO, AND HIR
 HALIE EXECUTORIS.

THE Pye persavit the Papingo in pane,
 He lichtit doun, and fenyeit him to greit:
 Sister, said he, allace! quha hes yow flane?
 I pray yow mak provisioun for your spreit;
 Dispone your geir, and yow confes compleit;
 I have power be your contritioun,
 Of all your mis to gif yow full remissioun.

I am, said scho, a channon regulair,
 And of my brether Priour principall:
 My quhyte rokkit, my clene life dois declair,
 The blak bin of the deith memoriall:
 Quhairfoir I think your gudis naturall,
 Suld be submittit haill into my cure,
 Ye know I am ane halie creature.

The ravin come rolpand quhen he hard the rair,
 Sa did the gled with monie pietous pew,
 And fenyeitlie thay counterfeit gret cair.
 Sister, said thay, your raklesnes we rew,
 Now best it is our just counsaill ensew,
 Sen we pretend to heich promotioun,
 Religious men of greit devotioun.

I am

I am ane blak monk, said the rutilland raven;
 Sa said the Glaid, I am ane halie freir,
 And hes power to bring yow quick to hevin;
 It is weill knawin my conscience bene full cleir;
 The blak Bybill pronounce I fall perqueir,
 Sa till our brethre ye will give sume gude;
 God wait, gif we have neid of lyves fude.

The Papingo said, Father! be the rude,
 Howbeit your raiment be religious like,
 Your conscience, I suspect, be not gude;
 I did persave quhen privily ye did pyke
 Ane chekin from ane hen under ane dyke.
 I grant said he, bot that hen was my freind,
 And I that chekin tuke bot for my teind.

Ye knaw the faith be us mon be susteind,
 Sa be the Paipe it is preordinat,
 That spirituall men fuld leif upon thair teind;
 Bot weill wot I ye bin predestinat,
 In your extremis to be sa fortunat:
 To have sic halie consolatioun;
 Quhairfoir we mak your exhortatioun,

Sen dame Nature hes grantit you sic grace,
 Laifer to mak confessioun general,
 Schaw furth your sin in haist quhil ye have space,
 Sine of your geir mak ane memorial.
 We thré fall mak your feistis funerall,
 And with greit blis bury we fall your banis;
 Sine trentallis twenty trattil all at anis.

The Rukkis fall rair, that men fall on them rew,
 And cry, *Commemoratio animarum*:
 We fall gar chekinnis cheip, and gaislingis pew,
 Suppois the geis and hennis fuld cry alarum;
 And we fall serve *secundum usum Sarum*,
 And mak yow saif, we find St. Blase to broche,
 Cryand for yow the cairfull corrinoch.

And we fall sing about your sepulture
 Sanct Mungoes matynis and the mekil creid,
 And fine devoutly say, I yow assure,
 The auld *Placebo* backward on the Beid ;
 And we fall weir for yow the murning weid :
 And thoch your spreit with Pluto war posselt,
 Devotely fall your *Dirige* be drest.

Father, said scho, your facund wordis fair,
 Full fair I dreid be contrair to your deidis ;
 The wyfis of the village cryis with cair,
 Quhen thai persave ye maw ouirthort thair meidis ;
 Your fals confait baith duck and drake fair dreidis ;
 I marvel fuithly ye be not aschamit,
 For your defalt, being sa fair defamit.

It dois abhor my puir perturbit spreit,
 Till mak to yow ony confession ;
 I heir men say, ye bin ane hypocreit,
 Exemptit from the senye and the Session,
 To put my geir in your possession,
 That will I nocht, sa help me Dame Nature,
 Nor of my corps I will yow give na cure.

But had I heir the nobill Nichtingal,
 The gentill Ja, the Merle, and Turtill trew,
 My obsequeis and feistis funerall,
 Ordour thay wald with notis of the new ;
 The pleasand Pown maist angelike of hew ;
 Wald God I war this day with him confest,
 And my devise dewly be him addrest.

The mirthful Maveis, with the gay Goldspink,
 And lusty Lark, wald God thay war present,
 My infortoun forsuith thay wald for-think,
 And comfort me that bene sa impotent.
 The swift Swallow in practik maist prudent,
 I wait scho wald my bleiding stent belyve,
 With hir maist verteous stane restringityve.

Compt

Compt me the cace under confessioun,
 The Glaid said proudly to the Papingo,
 And we fall sweir be our professioun,
 Counsaill to keip, and schaw it to no mo,
 We thee beseik, or thow depart us fro;
 Declair to us sum causis reasonabill,
 Quhy we bin haldin sa abhominabill?

Be thy travell thow hes experience,
 First beand bred into the Orient;
 Syne be thy gude service and diligence,
 To princes maid heir in the Occident;
 Thow knawes the vulgar pepillis judgement,
 Quhair thou transcurrit the hote meridionall,
 Syne nixt the Pole, the Plage Septentrional.

Sa be thy heich ingyne superlative.
 Of all countreis, thou knawis the qualiteis;
 Quhairfoir I the conjure be God of life,
 The verity declair withouttin leis,
 Quhat thow hes hard be landis or by feis;
 Of us kirk men, baith gude and euill report,
 And how they judge, schaw us, we thé exhort?

Father, said scho, I cative creature,
 Dar not presume with sic mater to mell;
 Of your cases, ye knaw, I have na cure;
 Demand them quhilk in prudence dois precell;
 I may not pew, my panis bene sa fell;
 And als perchance ye will not stand content,
 To knaw the vulgare pepillis judgement.

Yit will deith alyte withdraw his dart,
 All that lyis in my memorial,
 I fall declair with trew unfeyneit hart.
 And first, I say to yow in generall,
 The commoun pepill sayis, ye bin all
 Degenerit from your haly primitives,
 As testifeis the process of your lives.

Of your peirless prudent predeceffouris,
The beginning, I grant, was very gude,
Apostillis, martyris, virginis, confessouris,
The found of thair excellent sanctitude,
Was hard our all the warld, be land and flude;
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortifie the faith thay tuke na feir,
Afoir princes, preiching right prudently;
Of dolorous deith thay doutit not the deir,
The veritie declaring fervently.
And martyrdome thay sufferit patiently;
Thay tuke na cure of land, riches nor rent,
Doctrin and deith war baith equivalent.

To schaw at lenth thair warkis war greit wonder;
Thair myraklis they war sa manifest,
In name of Christ they hailit mony honder,
Raising the deid, and purging the posselt
With perverst spreitis quhilkis had bene oprest;
The cruikit ran, the blind men gat thair ene,
The deif men hard, the lipper war maide clene.

The prelatis spoufit war with Poverty,
Those dayis quhen sa thay flourischt in fame;
And with her generit Lady Chastity,
And dame Devotioun notabill of name;
Humbill thay war, simpill and full of schame.
Thus Chastitie and dame Devotioun
War principall caus of thair promotioun.

Thus thay continewit in this life devine,
Ay till thair rang in Romes greit citie
Ane potent prince was namit Constantine,
Persavit the Kirk had spoufit Poverty.
With gude intent, and movit of pity,
Caus of divorce he fand betwix thame two,
And partit them withouttin wordis mo.

Syne

Syne schortly with ane greit solemnitie,
Withoutten ony dispensatioun,
The Kirk he spousit with dame Propertie,
Quhilk hastilie be proclamatioun,
To Povertie gart mak narratioun,
Under the pain of peirfing of hir ene,
That with the Kirk scho suld na mair be sene.

St. Sylvester that time rang Pape in Rome,
Quhilk first consentit to the mariage
Of Property, the quhilk began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure with heich curage;
Devotioun drew hir to an heremitage,
Quhen scho considerit lady Property
Sa heich exaltit into dignity.

O Sylvester! quhair was thy discretioun,
Quhilk Peter did renounce, thow did reffave;
Androw and Johne did leve thair possessioun,
Thair schippis, and nettis, thair lynes, and all the laif;
Of temporal substance nathing wald thay haif,
Contrarious to thair contemplatioun,
But soberly their sustentatioun.

John the Bapteist went to the wildernes,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalene,
Left heritage and gudes, mair and les.
Prudent St. Paul thocht Propertie prophane,
From toun to toun he ran in wind and rane
Upon his feit, teiching the word of grace,
And never was subjectit to riches.

The Gled said, Yit I heir nathing bot gude;
Proceid schortly, and thy mater avance.
The Papingo said, Father, by the Rude,
It war to lang to heir the circumstance
How Propertie with hir new alliance,
Grew greit with chyld, as trew men to me tald,
And bure twa dochters gudly to behald.

The

The eldest dochter namit was Riches,
 The secund sister Sensuality,
 Quhilk did increas within ane schort proces
 Per-plefand to the Spirituality;
 In greit substance and excellent beuty,
 Thir ladyis twa grew fa within few yeiris
 That in the warld war nane micht be thair peiris.

Thus royal Riches and lady Sensuall
 From that time furth tuke hail the governance
 Of the maist part of the stait spirituall;
 And they againe with humbill obfervance,
 Amorously their wittis did avance,
 As trew luffaris thair ladyis for to pleis;
 God wait gif than thair hartis war at eis.

Sone thay foryet to studie, pray and preiche,
 Thay grew fa subject to dame Sensuall;
 And thocht bot pane pure pepill for to teiche;
 Yit thay decretit into their greit counfall,
 They wald na mair to mariage be thrall,
 Traisting surely to observe chastitie;
 And all begyilit quod Sensuality.

Appeirandlie thay did expell thair wyfis,
 That thay micht leif at large without thirlage
 At liberty to leid thair lustie lyffis,
 Thinkand men thrall that bin in mariage;
 For new faces provokis new courage,
 Thus chaititie thay turn into delyte;
 Wanting of wyfis bin caus of apetyte.

Dame Chaistie did steil away for schame,
 Fra time scho did persave thair purvyance;
 Dame Sensual a letter gart proclaim,
 And hir exylit Italie and France.
 In Ingland couth scho get none ordinance,
 Than to the king, and court of Scotland
 Scho markit hir withouttin mair demand.

Traisting

Traisting into that court to get comfort,
Scho maid hir humbill supplicatioun ;
Schortly, thay said, scho suld get na support,
Bot boistit hir with blasphematioun ;
To preistis ga mak your protestatioun ;
It is, said thay, mony ane hundrith yeir,
Sen Chaistity had ony entres heir.

Tyrit for travell, scho to the preistis past,
And to the rewlaris of religioun ;
Of hir presence schortly thay war agast,
Sayand thay thocht it bot abusioun
Hir to reffave ; sa with conclusioun,
With ane advice, decretit and gave dome,
Thay wald reflet na rebell out of Rome.

Suld we reffave that Romanis have refusit,
And baneist Inland, Italie, and France ?
For your flatterie, than war we weill abusit.
Pafs hyne, said thay, and fast your way avance,
Amang the nunnis ga seik your ordinance,
For we have maid aith of fidelity,
To dame Riches, and Sensuality.

Than patiently scho maid progressioun
Towards the Nunnis with hart fisching full soir ;
Thay gave hir presence with processioun,
Reffaving hir with honour, laud and gloir,
Purposing to preserve hir evermoir.
Of that novellis come to dame Property,
To Riches and to Sensuality.

Quhilkis sped them at the poist richt spedilie,
And set ane seige proudly about the place :
The fillie nunnis did yeild thame haistilie ;
And humbly of that gylt thay askit grace,
Syne gave thair bandis of perpetual pace ;
Reffavand thame, thay kest up wicketis wide ;
Than Chaistity thair na langer wald abide,

Sa for refuge fast to the freiris scho fled,
 Quhilkis said, thay wald of ladyis tak na cure.
 Quhair bin scho now? than said the greidy Gled.
 Nocht amang you, said scho, I you assure,
 I traist scho bin upon the Burrow mure,
 Besouth Edinburgh, and that richt mony menis,
 Profest amang the sisters of the Senis.

Thair has scho found hir mother Povertie,
 And Devotioun, hir awin sister carnall:
 Thair hes scho found faith, hope, and cheritie,
 Togithir with the vertewis cardinall;
 Thair hes scho found ane convent, yit unthrall
 To dame Sensuall, nor with Riches abusit,
 So quyetlie those ladyis bin inclusit.

The Pyot said, I dreid be thay assailyeit,
 Thay rander thame, as did the haly nunnis,
 Dout nocht, said scho, for thay bin sa artailyeit,
 Thay purpois to defend thame with thair gunnis:
 Reddy to schute, thay have sex greit cannounis,
 Perseverance, Constance, and Conscience,
 Austeritie, Laubour, and Abstinence.

To resist subtell Sensualitie,
 Stranglie thay bin enarmit feit and handis
 Be Abstinence, and keipit poverty,
 Contrair riches, and all hir fals servandis,
 Thay have ane bumbard braissit up in bandis,
 To keip thair port in middis of thair clos,
 Quhilk is callit, *Domine, custodi nos*.

Within quhais schot thair dar na enemeis
 Approch thair place, for dreid of dyntis dour:
 Baith nicht and day thay wirk as besie beis,
 For thair defence, reddy to stand in flour:
 And hes sic watchis on thair utter tour,
 That dame Sensual with siege dar nocht assailye,
 Nor cum within the schot of thair artailye.

The

The Pyot said, Quhairto suld thay presume,
 For to resist sweit Sensualitie,
 Or dame Riches, quhilkis rewlairs bin in Rome?
 Are thay mair constant in thair qualitie,
 Nor the princes of spiritualitie,
 Quhilkis plesandly withoutten obstakle,
 Hes thame reffavit in thair habitakle.

How long traist ye, thase ladyis fall remane
 Sa solitair in sic perfectioun?

The Papingo said: Brother, in certane
 Sa lang as thay obey correctioun,
 Cheifing thair heidis by electioun,
 Unthral to riches or to povertie,
 Bat as requyris thair necessitie.

O prudent prelatis, quhair was your prescience,
 That tuke in hand till observe chaittie,
 But austeir life, laubour, and abstinence?
 Persavit ye not the greit prosperitie,
 Appeirandly to cum of propertie?
 Ye knaw greit cheir, greit eis and idilnes
 To Licherie was mother and maistres.

Thow ravis unrockit, the Ravin said, by the Rude,
 Sa to reprove Riches and Property;
 Abraham and Isaac war rich, and verray gude;
 Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
 The Papingo said, That is of verity:
 Riches, I grant, is not to be refusit,
 Providing alwayis that thay be not abusit.

Then laid the Ravin ane replicatioun,
 And said: Thy reffoun is not worth ane myte,
 As I fall preve with protestatioun:
 That na man tak my wordis in despyte:
 I say, the temporall princes hes the wyte,
 That in the Kirk sic pastouris dois provide,
 To govern faulis, that not themselves can gyde.

Lang time efter the Kirk tuke property,
 The prelatis levit in greit perfectioun,
 Unthral to riches or sensuality,
 Under the halie Spreitis protectioun,
 Ordourly chofin be electioun,
 As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustyne,
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit and Lyne.

Sic pacient prelatis enterit be the port,
 Plefand the pepill by predication :
 Now dyke-lowparis dois in the Kirk resort,
 Be symonie and supplicatioun
 Of princes, be thair presentatioun ;
 Sa fillie faulis that bin the Christis sheip,
 Ar gevin to hungrie gormand wolfis to keip.

Na marvel is thoch we religious men,
 Degenrit be, and in our life confusit,
 Bot sing and drink, nane uther craft we ken,
 Our spiritual fatheris hes us sa abusit.
 Aganis our will these trukouris bene intrusit.
 Lawit men hes now religious men in curis,
 Profest virginis in keeping of strang huris.

Princes, princes, quhair bin your heich prudence,
 In dispositioun of your benefices ?
 The guerdouning of your courticiens,
 Is sum caus of thir greit enormiteis :
 Thair is ane fort waitand like hungry fleis,
 For spiritual cure, thoch thay be nathing abill
 Quhais gredie thirstis bene infatiabill.

Princes, I pray yow, be na mair abusit,
 To verteous men having sa small regaird ;
 Quhy suld vertew throw flattery be refusit,
 That men for cunning can get na rewaird ?
 Allace ! that ane bragger or ane baird,
 A hure-maister or common hazardure,
 Suld in the Kirk get ony kinde of cure.

War I a man worthy to weir ane crown,
 Ay quhen thair vaikit ony benefices,
 I fuld gar call ane congregatioun,
 The principal of all the prelaceis,
 Maik cunning clarkis of univर्सiteis,
 Maist famous fatheris of religioun,
 With thair avise mak dispositioun.

I fuld dispone all offices pastorallis
 To doctouris of divinity or jure :
 And caus dame Vertew pull up all the faillis,
 Quhen cunning men had in the Kirk maist cure.
 Gar lords send their sonnis, I yow assure,
 To seik science, and famous sculis frequent,
 Syne thame promote that war maist sapient.

Gret plesour war to heir ane bischop preiche,
 Ane dean or doctour of divinitie,
 An abbot quhilk culd weil the convent teiche,
 Ane parson flowing in philosophie.
 I tyne my time to wis quhilk will not be.
 War not the preiching of the begging freiris
 Tynt war the faith amang the seculairis.

As for thair preiching, quod the Papingo,
 I them excuse, for quhy, they bene sa thrall
 To Property, and hir ding douchtoris two,
 Dame Riches, and fair lady Sensuall :
 Thay may not use na pastime spirituall ;
 And in thais habites thay tak sic delite,
 They have renouncit russet and roploch quhite ;

Cleikand to them scarlot and cramosie,
 Wit menever, martrick, gryce and rich armyne ;
 Thair law hartis exaltit ar sa hie,
 To see thair papal pompe it is ane pyne ;
 Mair riche array is now with freinyeis fyne,
 Upon the bairding of ane bischopis mule,
 Nor ever had Paul or Peter aganis yule.

Syne

Syne fair ladeis thair chaine may not eschape
 Dame Sensual sa sic feid hes in them sawin :
 Les skaith it war with licence of the Pape,
 That ilk prelate a wyfe had of his awin,
 Nor see thair bastardis ovir thort the cuntry blawin,
 For now, be they weil cummit from the sculis,
 Thay fall to wark as thay war common bullis.

Pew ! quod the Gled, thow preichis all in vane,
 Ye secular folkis hes of our case na curis.
 I grant, said scho, yit men will speik agane,
 How ye have maide a hundreth thousand huris,
 Quhilk neuer had bin, war not your lecherus luris ;
 And gif I lie, hartily I me repent ;
 Was neuer bird, I wait mair penitent.

Then scho hir schrave with devote countenance,
 To that fals Gled, quhilk fenyeit him a freir ;
 And quhen scho had fulfillit hir pennance,
 Full subtelly at her he gan inqueir :
 Cheis yow, said he, quhilk of us brother heir,
 Sall have of all your natural geir the curis :
 Ye know nane bene mair haly creaturis.

I am content, quod the puir Papingo,
 That you freir Gled, and Corby monk your brother,
 Have cure of all my gudis, and no mo,
 Sen at this time freindschip I find nane uther.
 We salbe to yow trew, as till our mother,
 Quod thay, and swoir to fulfil hir intent.
 Of that, said scho, I tak ane instrument.

The Pyot said, Quhat fall mine office be ?
 Ouer-man, said scho, unto the uther twa
 The rowping Ravin said, Sweit sifter, lat see
 Your hail intent, for it is time to ga.
 The gredy Glad said, Brother, do not fa,
 We will remane ; and haldin up hir heid,
 And neuer depart from hir till scho be deid.

The

The Papingo them thankit tenderly,
And said, Sen ye have tane on yow this cure,
Depart my natural gudis equally,
That euer I had, or hes of dame Nature.
First to the Howlat, indigent and pure,
Quhilk on the day for schame dar not be sene,
Til hir I leve my gay galbert of grene.

My bricht depurit ene as chrystal cleir,
Unto the Bak ye fall them baith present,
In Phoebus presence quhilk dar not appeir,
Of natural sicht scho bin sa impotent.
My berneist beik I leve with good intent
Unto the gentill piteous Pellicane,
To help to peirs hir tender hart in twane.

I leve the Goik quhilk hes na sang bot ane,
My musicke with my voice angelicall :
And to the Guse ye gif quhen I am gane,
Mine eloquence and tung rhetoricall;
Hnd tak and dry my banis greit and small,
Syne clois thame in ane case of ebure fine,
And thame present unto the Phenix syne.

To birne with hir, quhen scho hir lyfe renewis,
In Araby ye fall hir find bot weir,
And fall hir knaw be hir maist hevinly hewis,
Gold, azure, gowles, purpoure and synopeir :
Hir dait is for to leif five hundreth yeir,
Mak to that bird my commendatioun,
And als I mak yow supplicatioun.

Sen of my corps I haif yow gevin the cure,
Ye speid yow to the Court bot tarying,
And tak my hart of perfite portrature,
And it present unto my soverane king :
I wait he will it clois into ane ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I yow exhort,
And of my passioun mak him trew report.

Ye thré my trypis fall have for your travell,
 With liffer and lung to part equall amang you,
 Prayand Pluto the potent prince of hell,
 Gif ye failyie, that in his feit he fang you.
 Be to me trew, thocht I nathing belang you,
 Sair I fufpect your confcience to be large
 Dout not, faid thay, we tak it with the charge.

Adew brether, quod the puir Papingo,
 To talkin mair, I haif na time to tary :
 Bot fen my fpreit mon from my body go,
 I recommend it to the quene of Farie ;
 Eternally into hir Court to tarie
 In wildernes amang the holtis hair.
 Then fcho inclinit hir heid, and fpak na mair.

Plungit into hir mortall paffioun,
 Full greivoufly fcho grippit to the ground :
 It war to lang to mak narratioun,
 With fichis foir, with mony ftang and ftound
 Out of hir wound the blude did fa abound,
 Ane compas round was with hir blude maid reid ;
 Without remeid thair was nathing bot deid.

And be fcho had in *Manus tuas* faid,
 Extinctit war hir natural wittis five ;
 Hir heid full softly on hir fchoulder laid,
 Sine yield the fpreit with panis pungitive.
 The Ravin began rudely to rug and ryve,
 Full gurmound like, his empty throate to feid ;
 Eit softly brother, (faid the gredy Gled.)

Quhill fcho is hot, depart hir evin amang us,
 Tak thow ane half, and reik to me the other ;
 Intill our richt, I wait na wicht dar wrang us.
 The Pyat faid, The feind reffave the fother,
 Quhy mak ye me ftep-bairn, and I your brother ;
 Ye do me wrang, fchir Gled, I fchrew your hart.
 Tak thair, faid he, the puddingis for thy part.

Then

Then wait ye weill mine hart was wonder fair,
 For to behald that dolent departing :
 Hir angel fedderis fleying in the air,
 Except the hart, was left of hir na thing :
 The Pyot said, That pertenis to the king,
 Quhilk to his Grace I purpois to present,
 Thow, quod the Gled, fall fail of thy intent.

The Ravin said, God nor I rax in ane rape, *f 153*
 If thow get this til outhir king or duke.
 The Pyot said, Plene I nocht to the Paip,
 Than in ane smiddy I be smorit with smuke.
 With that the Gled the piece claucht in his cluke,
 And fled his way, the laif with all thair micht,
 To chais the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now have ye hard this lytil tragedie,
 The fair Complaint, the Testament and mischance
 Of this puir bird quhilk did ascend sa hie :
 Beseiking you excuse my ignorance,
 And rude indyte, quhilk is not til avance,
 And to the quair I give commandement,
 Mak na repair quhair poetis bin present ;

Becauss thow bene but rethorike sa rude,
 Be never sene beside nane uther book ;
 With king nor queen, with lord nor men of gude.
 With cote unclene clame kinrent to sum cuke ;
 Steil in ane nuke, quhen thay list on the luke,
 For smell of smuke men will abhor to beir the,
 Heir I man sweir thé, quhairfoir to lurk ga leir thé.

THE DREME OF SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MONT,
KNICHT, FAMILIAR SERVITOUR TO OUR SOVE-
RANE LORD KING JAMES THE FYFT.

[From some passages in this poem, especially that which relates to “the want of a regular exercition of Justice in Scotland,” there is room to suppose it to have been composed before the institution of the Court of Session in 1532: Or, perhaps, before the commencement of the actual reign of JAMES V. in 1528, from the particular manner in which the Poet addresses him in the Epistle Dedicatory; as having been amused but very lately, with such tales as the Reid Ettyn with the three heads; but

—— now thow art, be influence naturall,
Hie of ingyne, and richt inquisitive
Of anticke storyis.——

I fall thé schaw ane storie of the new,
The quhilk befor I never to thé schew.

In this survey of the antient System of the Universe, written between thirty and forty years after the voyages of Columbus, it is somewhat remarkable that Sir David divides the world into three parts, Europe, Asia and Africa; without mentioning Mexico, Peru, or any other of the new discoveries; a circumstance from which we must infer that Lindsay like many others at that time, was an unbeliever in the existence of a New Western World.

The Epistill to the Kingis Grace.

Richt potent Prince of hich imperiall blude,
 Unto thy Grace I traist it be weill knawin,
 My service done unto thy Celsitude,
 Quhilk neidis nocht at lenth for to be schawin;
 And thoch my youth-heid now be neir ouerblawin,
 Exercit in service of thy excellence;
 Hope hes me hecht ane gudely recompence.

Quhen thow wes young, I bure thé in myne arme,
 Full tenderlie, till thow begouth to gang;
 And in thy bed oft happit thé full warme;
 With lute in hand, syne sweitly to thé sang;
 Sum tyme in dancing feirely I flang,
 And sum time playand fairfis on the flure,
 And sum time of mine office takand cure.

And sumtyme lyk ane feind transfigurate,
 And sumtime like the greisly gaist of Gy,
 In divers formis oft times disfigurate,
 And sumtime disagyfit full plesandly.
 Sa sen thy birth, I haif continuallie
 Bene occupyit, and ay to thy plesour;
 And sum time stewart, coppar, and carvour;

Thy purs-maister and secreit thesaurar,
 Thy ischar ay sen thy nativitie;
 And of thy chalmer cheif cubicular,
 Quhilk to this hour hes keipit my lawtie;
 Loving be to the bleffit Trinitie,
 That sic ane wretchit worme hes maide sa abill,
 Till sic ane prince to be sa agreabill.

Bot now thow art be influence naturall,
 Hie of ingyne, and richt inquisitive,
 Of antike storyis, and deidis martiall;
 Mair pleasandly the time for till our-drive,
 I have at lenth the storyis done describe
 Of Hector, Arthur, and gentill Julius,
 Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius,

Of Jason and Medea, all at lenth
 Of Hercules the actis honorabill,
 And of Sampson the supernatural strenth,
 And of leil luffaris storeis amiabill.
 And oft tymes have I fenyit mony fabill
 Of Troylus the sorrow and the joy,
 And siegeis all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy;

The prophecies of Rymour, Beid, and Marling,
 And of mony uther plesand history,
 Of the reid Ettin, and the Gyre Carling,
 Comfortand thé quhan that I saw thé fory:
 Now with the support of the King of Glorie,
 I fall thee schaw ane storie of the new,
 The quhilk afoir I never to thé schew.

Bot humblie I beseik thine Excellence,
 With ornate termis, thocht I can nocht expres
 This sempill mater for laik of eloquence;
 Yit nochtwithstanding all my besynes,
 With hart and hand my mind I fall addres,
 As I best can and most compendius.
 Now I begin, the matter hapnit thus:

The Prolog.

INTO the kalendis of Januarie,
 Quhen fresche Phœbus be moving circulair.
 From Capricorne was enterit in Aquarie,
 With blastis that the branchis maid full bair:

The

The snaw and sleit perturbit all the air,
And flemit Flora from everie bank and bus,
Throuch support of the austeir Eolus ;

Eftir that I the lang wynteris nicht
Had lyne walking in my bed alone ;
Throw hevy thocht that na way sleip I micht,
Remembring of divers thingis gone.
So up I rois and cleithit me anone :
Be this fair Titan with his lemis licht,
Ouer all the land had spred his baner bricht.

With cloke and hude I dresfit me belyve,
With dowbill schone and mittanis on my handis ;
Howbeit the air was richt penetrative,
Yit fure I furth, lanfing our thort the landis
Toward the fey, to sport me on the sandis ;
Because unblomit was baith bank and bray.
And sa I was passing by the way,

I met dame Flora in dule weid difagyfit,
Quhilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With stalwart stormis hir sweitnefs was suprisit :
Hir hevinly hewis war turnit into sabill,
Quhilk umquhile war to luffaris amiabill ;
Fled from the froist the tender flouris I saw,
Under dame Natures mantle lurking law.

The small fowlis in flockis saw I flee,
To Nature makand lamentatioun :
Thay lichted down beside me on ane tree :
Of thair complaint I had compassioun.
And with ane piteous exclamation,
They said, Blessit be Somer with his flouris,
And waryit be thou Winter with thy schouris.

Allace, Aurora, the fillie lark can cry,
Quhair hes thow left thy balmy liquour sweit
That us rejosit quhen mounting in the sky ?
Thy silver droppis are turnit into sleit.

O fair Phœbus, quhair is thy holsum heit?
 Quhy tholis thow thy hevinly plesand face,
 With mystie vapouris to be obscurit, allace?

Quhair art thou May with June thy sifter schene,
 Weill bordourit with daiseis of delyte?
 And gentill July with thy mantill grene,
 Enamilit with rosis reid and quhite?
 Now auld and cauld Januar in despite,
 Reffis from us all pastime and plesure;
 Allace! quhat gentle hart may this indure?

Ouerfyllit ar with cloudis odious,
 The goldin skyis of the orient;
 Changing in sorrow our sang melodious,
 Quhilk we had wont to sing with gude intent,
 Refoundand to the hevinnis firmament;
 Bot now our day is changit into nicht.
 With that they rais, and flew furth my sight.

Pensive in hart, passing full soberly,
 Unto the fey forwart I fure anone.
 The fey was furth, the sand was smoith and dry,
 Than up and doun I musit mine alone,
 Till that I spyit a little cave of stane,
 Heich in ane craig, upwart I did approche
 But tarying, and clamb up in the roch.

And purposit for passing of the time,
 Me to defend from ociositie,
 With pen and paper to register in ryme,
 Some mery mater of antiquitie;
 Bot idlenes, ground of iniquitie,
 Scho maid fa dull my spreitis me within,
 That I wist nocht at quhat end to begin.

Bot fat still in that cave, quhair I micht see
 The weltering of the wallis up and doun;
 And this fals warldis instabilitie,
 Unto that fey makand comparifoun,

And

And of this warldis wretchit variatioun ;
 To thame that fixis all their haill intent,
 Confidering quha maist had, suld maist repent.

Sa with my hude my heid I happit warme ;
 And in my cloik I fauldit baith my feit ;
 I thocht my corps with cauld suld tak na harme,
 My mittanis held my handis weill in heit,
 The skowland craig me coverit from the sleit ;
 Thair still I sat my banis for to rest,
 Till Morpheus with sleip my spreit opprest.

Sa throw the bousteous blastis of Eolus,
 And throw my waiking on the nicht befoir,
 And through the feyis moving marvellous
 By Neptunus with monie rowt and roir,
 Constranit I was to sleip withoutten moir,
 And quhat I dreamit in concludion,
 I fall yow tell ane marvellous visioun.

THE DREME.

ME thocht ane lady of portrature perfite,
 Did salute me with bening countenance :
 And I quhilk of hir presence had delite,
 Till hir agane maid humbil reverence,
 And hir demandit, saving hir plesance,
 Quhat was hir name ? Scho answerit courtesly,
 Dame Remembrance, scho said, callit am I,

Quhilk cummin is for pastime and plesour,
 Of thee, and for to beir thee companie,
 Becaus I see thy spreit without mesour
 Sa fair perturbit by melancholie,
 Causing thy corps to wax baith cauld and drie :
 Thairfoir get up, and gang anone with me.
 Sa war we baith, in twinkling of an ee,

Down

Down throw the eirth in middis of the center,
 Or euer I wist, into the lawest hell :
 And in that cairful cove quhen we did enter,
 Yowting and yowling we hard with monie yell,
 In flamme of fyre richt furious and fell,
 Was cryand mony cairful creture,
 Blasphemand God, and waryand Nature.

Thair saw we divers Papis and Empriouris,
 Without recover mony cairful Kingis,
 There saw we mony wrangous conquerouris,
 Withoutten richt reiffaris of uthers ringis :
 The men of kirk lay boundin into bingis.
 Thair saw we mony cairful Cardinal,
 And Archbischoppis in thair pontifical.

Proud and perversst prelatis out of number,
 Priouris, abbotis, and false flatterand freiris ;
 To specify thame all it war ane cumber,
 Regular chanonis, churl monkis and Chartereiris,
 Curious clerkis, and priestis seculeiris,
 Thair was sum fort of ilk religioun,
 In haly kirk quhilk did abusioun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance,
 The caus of thir prelatis punitioun :
 Scho said, The caus of thair unhappy chance,
 Was covetice, lust and ambitioun,
 The quhilk now garris thame lack fruitioun
 Of God, and here eternally mon dwell,
 Into this painful poisonit pit of hell.

Als thay did nocht instruct the ignorent,
 Provokand thame to penitence by preiching :
 Bot servit warldly princes insolent,
 And war promovit be thair fenyit fleiching,
 Nocht for thair science, wisdom, nor teiching.
 By Simonie was thair promotioun,
 Mair for deneiris, nor for devotioun.

Ane uther caus of the puntoun
 Of thir unhappy prelatis impudent,
 Thay maid not equall distributioun
 Of haly kirkis patrimony, and rent;
 Bot temporally thay have it all mispent,
 Quhilkis fuld have bin tripartit into three:
 First, to uphald the kirk in honestie;

The secund part to sustene thair estaitis.
 The thrid part to be gevin to the puris.
 Bot thay dispone that geir all uther gaitis,
 On cartis and dice, on harlatry and huris.
 Thir caitives tuke na compt of thair awin curis,
 Thair kirkis reuin, their ladyis clenely cled,
 And richely rewlit baith at burd and bed.

Their bastard bairnis proudly they providit,
 The kirk geir largely thay did on them spend;
 In their defaltis thair subditis wer misguidit,
 And countit not their God for to offend,
 Quhilk cart them lack grace at their latter end.
 Rewland that rout, I saw in caipis of brass,
 Simon Magus, and bischop Caiphas.

Bischop Annas, and the tratour Judas,
 Machomeit that propheit poysonabill:
 Chore, Dathan and Abiron thair was,
 Heretikes we saw innumerabill,
 It was ane sicht richt wondrous lamentabill,
 How that thay lay into the flammis fleiting,
 With cairful cryis, girning and greiting.

Religious men war punischit panefullie,
 For vane glory als for inobedienc,
 Brekand thair Constitutionis wilfullie:
 Nocht having thair ouer-men in reverence,
 To knaw thair rewl thay maid na diligence;
 Unlesumly thay usit property,
 Passing the boundis of wilful poverty.

Full foir weiping, with voices lamentabill,
 They cryit lowd, O Empriour Constantine,
 We may wite thy profession poisonabill,
 Of all our greit punitioun and pine ;
 Howbeit thy purpois was till ane gude fine,
 Thow baneist from us trew devotioun,
 Havand sic ee to our promotioun.

Then we beheld ane den full dolorous,
 Quhair that princes and lordis temporall
 Wer cruciat with panis rigorous.
 But to expreme thair panis in speciall
 It dois exceid all my memoriall ;
 Inportabill pane thay had but comforting ;
 Thair blude royal maid them na supporting.

Sum cative kingis for cruel oppressioun,
 And uther sum for thair wrangous conquest,
 War condampnit thay and thair succeffion ;
 Sum for public adultery and incest ;
 Sum lat thair pepil never leif in rest,
 Delyting sa in plesour sensual,
 Quhairfoir thair pane was there perpetual.

Thair was the cursit Empriour Nero,
 Of everilk vice the horribill veschell.
 Thair was Pharao, with divers princes mo,
 Oppressouris of the bairnis of Israel ;
 Herod, with mony mo than I can tell,
 Ponce Pylate was there hangit by the hals,
 With unjust judges, for thair sentence fals.

Dukis, Marqueffis, Erlis, Barrounis, and Knichtis,
 With thay princes war punist panefully,
 Participant they war of their unrichtis.
 Fordwart we went, and let thir lordis ly,
 And saw quhair ladyis lamentabilly,
 Like wod lyounis war cairfully cryand,
 In flam of fyre richt furiously firyand.

Emprices,

Emprices, Quenis, and ladyis of honouris,
 Mony duches, and countes full of cair,
 Thay peirfit mine heart, thay tender creatures,
 Sa pynit in that pit full of dispair,
 Plungit in pane with mony rewful rair;
 Sum for thair pride, sum for adulterie,
 Sum for their tisting men to licherie;

Sum had bin cruell and malicious,
 Sum for making of wrangous heritouris,
 For to reheirs thair lyfis vicious,
 It war bot tary to the auditouris :
 Of licherie thay war the verray luris,
 With thair provocative impudicitie,
 Brocht mony ane man to infelicitie.

Sum wemen for thair pusilianimitie,
 Ouer-set with schame thay did thame never schrive,
 Of secreit finnis done in quietie,
 And sum repentit never in thair lyve,
 Quhairfoir but reuth thay ruffeis did them ryve
 Rigourously without compassioun,
 Greit was thair dule and lamentatioun.

That we war maid they cryit oft, Allace !
 Thus tormentyt with panis intollerabill;
 We mendit nocht quhen we had time and space,
 But tuke in eirth our lustis delectabill;
 Quhairfoir with feindis uglie and horribill,
 We ar condampnit for evermair, allace !
 Eternallie withoutten hope of grace.

Quhair is the meit and drink delicious,
 With quhilk we fed our cairful cariounis :
 Gold, silver, filk, and peirlis precious,
 Our riches, rentis, and our possessiounis ?
 Witthoutten hope of our remissiounis,
 Allace ! our panis ar insufferabill,
 And our tormentis to compt innumerabill.

Than we beheld quhere mony ane thousand
 Commoun pepill lay flichterand in the fyre :
 Of everilk state thair was ane bailful band :
 Thair micht be fene mony sorrowful fyre,
 Sum for invy sufferit, and sum for ire ;
 And sum for laik of restitution
 Of wrangous geir without remission.

Manefworn merchandis for thair wrangous winning,
 Hurdaris of gold, and commoun okkeraris :
 Fals men of law in cautelis richt cunning ;
 Theiffis, revaris, and publict oppressaris ;
 Sum part thair was of unleil labouraris,
 Craftismen there saw we out of number ;
 Of ilk stait to declair, it war ane cumber.

And als lang sum for me is till indite,
 Of this presoun the panis in special :
 The heit, the cauld, the dolour and despite,
 Quhairfoir I speik of thame in generall,
 That dulie den, that furnes infernall
 Quhais rewaird is rew without remeid,
 Ever deand, and never to be deid.

Hounger and thrift, insteid of meit and drink ;
 And for thair claithing, taidis and scorpionis :
 That dark mansioun is tapeffit with stink,
 Thay see nathing bot horribill visounis :
 Thay heir bot scorne and derisionis,
 Of foul feindis, and blasphematiounis.
 Thair feiling is importabil passiounis.

For melodie, miserabill murning ;
 Thair was no solace, bot dolour infinite,
 In bailful beddis bitterly burning,
 With sobbing, ficing, sorrow, and with fite ;
 Thair conscience thair hartis sa did bite :
 To heir thame flyte, it was ane case of cair,
 Sa in despite plungit into despair.

A lytil

A lytil above that dolorous doungeoun,
 We enterit in ane cuntry full of cair,
 Quhair that we saw mony ane legioun,
 Greitand and gowland with mony ruthfull rair:
 Quhat place is that, quod I, of blis fa bair?
 cho answerit, and said Purgatorie,
 Quhilk purgis faulis or thay cum to glorie.

I see na plesour here, bot mekill pane:
 Quhairfoir, said I, leif we this fort in thrall,
 I purpois never to cum heir agane.
 Bot yit I do beleve, and ever fall,
 That the trew kirk can na way erre at all;
 Sic thing to be, greit clerkis dois conclude,
 Howbeit my hope standis maist in Christis blude.

Above that, in the thrid prefoun anone,
 We enterit in ane place of perdition,
 Quhair mony babbis war makand drery mone,
 Becaus thay wantit the fruitioun
 Of God, quhilk was ane greit punitioun.
 Of baptism, thay wantit the ansenye,
 Upward we went, and left that mirthles menyie.

Intill ane volt above that place of pane,
 Unto the quhilk bot sudgeorne we ascendit,
 That was the lymb in the quhilk did remane
 Our foirfatheris, becaus Adam offendit,
 Eitand the frute the quhilk was defendit;
 Mony ane yeir thay dwelt in that doungeoun,
 In mirkness and in desolatioun.

Than throw the eirth of nature cauld and dry,
 Glaid to eschaip those places perrillous:
 We haistit us richt wonder spedily,
 Yit we beheld the secretis marvellous,
 The mynis of gold and stanis precious:
 Of silver, and of everilk fyne metell,
 Quhilk to declair, it war our lang to dwell.

Up throw the water schortly we intendit,
 Quhilk invirounis the Eirth withoutin dout ;
 Sine throw the air schortly we ascendit,
 His regiounis throuch behalding in and out,
 Quhilk eirth and water closis round about,
 Syne schortly upwart throw the fyre we went,
 Quhilk was the hiest and hottest element.

Quhen we had all thir elementis ouirpast,
 That is to say, Earth, Water, Air, and Fyre,
 Upwart we went withoutten ony rest,
 To see the hevinnis was our maist desyre :
 But or we micht win to the hevinnis empyre,
 It behovit us to pass the way full evin,
 Up throw the spheiris of the planetis fevin.

First to the Mone, and veseit all hir spheir,
 Quene of the sey, and bewty of the nicht,
 Of nature wak and cauld, and nathing cleir,
 For of hirself scho hes none uther licht,
 Bot the reflex of Phœbus bemis bricht,
 The twelf signes scho passis round about,
 In aucht and twenty dayis withouttin dout.

Than we ascendit to Mercurious,
 Quhilk poetis callis god of eloquence ;
 Richt doctour-like with termis delicious,
 In airt expert, and full of sapience.
 It was plesour to paus on his prudence ;
 Payntouris, poetis are subject to his cure,
 And hote and dry he is of his nature.

And als as cunning astrologis sayis,
 He dois compleit his cours naturally,
 In three hundreth and aucht and threttie dayis.
 Syne upwart we ascendit haistely
 To fair Venus, quhair scho richt lustely
 Was set into a fait of silver schene,
 That fresch Goddes, that lusty luffis quene.

It peircit mine hart her blenkis amorous,
Albeit that sumtime scho is changeabill;
With countenance, and cheir full dolorous;
Quhylumis richt plesand, glaid and delectabill;
Sum time constant, and sum time variabill;
Yit hir bewty resplendent as the fyre,
Swagis the wraith of Mars, that God of ire.

This plesand planeit, gif I can richt deiscribe,
Scho is baith hot and wak of hir nature:
That is the caus scho is provocative
Till al them that ar subject to hir cure.
Till Venus warkis that thay may indure,
As scho completis hir coursis naturall,
In twelf monethis withoutin ony fail.

Than past we to the spheir of Phœbus bricht,
That lusty lamp and lanterne of the hevin,
And glaider of the sterris with his licht,
And principall of all the planeitis sevin,
And set in middis of them all full evin,
As Roy royal rolling in his spheir,
Full plesandly into his goldin cheir.

Quhose influence and vertew excellent,
Gevis the life to everilk eirthly thing;
That prince of everilk planeit precellent,
Dois foster flouris, and garris herbis spring
Throw the cauld eirth, and causes birdis sing:
And als his regular moving in the hevin,
Is just under the zodiack full evin.

For to discribe his diademe royall,
Bordourit about with stanis shining bricht;
His goldin cart or throne imperiall,
The four steidis that drawis it full richt,
I leif to poetis, becaus I have na slicht:
Bot of his nature he is hote and dry,
Compleatand in ane yeir his cours trewly.

Than

Than up to Mars in hy we haistit us,
 Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder,
 His face flammand as fyre richt furious,
 His boist and brag mair auful than the thunder,
 Maid all the hevin most like to schaik in funder :
 Quha wald behald his countenance and feir,
 Micht call him weill the God of men of weir.

With colour reid, and luke malicious,
 Richt colerik of his complexioun,
 Aufteir, angrie, sweir and seditious,
 Principall caus of the destruction,
 Of mony gude and nobill regioun,
 War nocht Venus his ire dois mitigate,
 This warld of peace wald be full desolate.

This god of greif withoutten fudgeorning,
 In yeiris twa his cours he dois compleit.
 Than past we up quhair Juppiter the king,
 Sat in his spheir richt amiabill and sweit,
 Complexionat with waknefs and with heit.
 That plesand prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
 Provokis peace, and banissis debate.

The auld poetis by superstitioun,
 Held Juppiter the father principall
 Of all thair Goddis, in conclusioun ;
 For his prerogativis in speciall,
 Als by his vertew into generall,
 To auld Saturne he makis resistance,
 Quhen in his malice he wald wirk vengeance.

Thus Juppiter withoutin fudgeorning,
 Passis throw all the twelf signis full evin,
 In yeiris twelf: and than bot tarying,
 We past unto the hiest of the sevin,
 Till Saturnus, quhilk troublis all the hevin ;
 With hevy cheir, and colour pail as leid,
 In him we saw bot dolour to the deid.

And

And cauld and dry he is of his nature,
Foule like ane oule, of evill conditioun,
Richt unplefand he is of portratoure,
His intoxicate dispositioun,
It puttis all thing to perditoun:
Ground of feiknes and melancholious,
Perverst and puir, baith fals and invious.

His qualitie I cannot love bot lack,
As for this moving naturally bot weir,
About the signes of all the Zodiack,
He dois compleit his cours in thretie yeir:
And sa we left him in his frostie spheir.
Upwart we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we come to the firmament.

The quhilk was fixit full of sterris bricht,
Of figour round, richt plesand and perfite:
Quhais influence and richt excellent sicht,
And quhais number may not be put in write;
Yit cunning clerkis dois naturally indite,
How that he dois compleit his cours but weir,
In the space of seven and thretie thousand yeir.

Than the nynt spheir and movar principall,
Of all the laif, we veseit all that Hevin,
Quhais dayly motioun is continuall,
Baith firmament and all the planetis sevin,
From eist to west, garring thame ga full evin,
Into the space of four and twenty houris.
Yit by the mind of the astronomouris

The sevin planetis into thair proper spheiris,
From west to eist thay move naturally:
Sum swift, sum slow, as to thair kind effeiris,
As I have schawin afore specially:
Quhose motioun caufis continually,
Richt melodious harmonie and found,
And all throw moving of thir planeitis round.

Than

Than mountit we with richt fervent desyre,
 Up throw the hevin callit the CrySTALLINE :
 And sa we enterit into the Hevin Empyre,
 Quhilk to descryve it passis mine ingine ;
 Quhair God into his haly throne devyne,
 Regnis into his gloir inestimabill,
 With angels cleir quhilkis ar innumerabill.

In ordouris nyne thir spreitis glorious
 Are devydit, the quhilks excellently,
 Makis loving with found melodious,
 Singand *Sanctus*, richt wonder feverently.
 Thir ordouris nyne thay ar full plesandly
 Devidit into hierarchies thre,
 And thre ordouris in everilk hierarchie.

The lawest ordour is the angellis bricht,
 As messingers send to this law regioun ;
 The secund ordour archangellis full of micht,
 Virteous potestatis, Principatis of renown ;
 The sext is callit Domination ;
 The sevint Thronus, the aucht in Cherubin ;
 The nynt and hiest callit Seraphin,

And nixt unto the bleffit Trinitie,
 In his triumphand throne imperial,
 Thre intill Ane, and ane substance in Thre ;
 Quhais indivisibil effence eternall,
 The rude ingyne of mankind is too small
 Til comprehend ; quhais power infinite,
 And devyne nature, na creatur can write,

Sa my ingyne is not sufficient,
 For to treit of his heich divinity :
 Al mortal men are insufficient
 Til consider thay Thre in unitie.
 Sic subtel mater I mon on neid lat be ;
 To study on my creid it war full fair,
 And lat doctouris of sic maters declair.

Than

Than we beheld the blyffit Humanitie
 Of Christ sitting into his sege royal,
 At the richt hand of the Devinitie :
 With ane excellent Court celestial,
 Quhais exercitioun continual
 Was in loving thair Prince with reverance ;
 And on this wise thay keipit ordinance.

Nixt to the throne we saw the Quene of Quenis,
 Weill companyit with ladyis of delyte :
 Sweit was the sang of thase bleffit virginis,
 Na mortal man thair solace may indyte.
 The angellis bricht in number infynyte,
 Everilk ordour in their awin degree,
 War officiaris unto the Deitie.

Patriarkis and propheitis honourabill,
 Collateral counfallouris in his Consistory :
 Evangelistis, Apostillis venerabill,
 War capitannis unto the King of glory.
 Quhilk chiftane-like had won the victory,
 Of that triumphand Court celestiallyl :
 Sanct Peter was lieutenand generall.

The martyris war as nobill stalwart knichtis,
 Discomfitouris of cruel batellis thré,
 The flesh, the warld, the feind and all his michts.
 Confessouris, doctouris in devinity,
 As chappell-clarkis unto the Deity ;
 And last we saw infinite multitude,
 Makand service unto his Celsitude.

Quhilkis by the hie divine permissioun,
 Felicity they had invariabill ;
 And of his Godhead cleir cognitioun,
 And compleit peace they had interminabill ;
 Their glore and honor was inseparabill :
 That pleasand place repleit of pulchritude,
 Unmeasurabill it was of magnitude.

There is plenty of all plesouris perfite,
Evident brichtnefs but obscurity,
Withoutten dolour, ulcore and delyte;
Withoutten rancour, perfite cherity;
Withoutten hounger, satiability:
O happy ar the faullis predestinate,
Quhen faull and body falbe glorificate.

Thir marvellous mirthis for to declair
By arithmetike, thay ar innumerabill.
The portraitour of that palice preclair
By geometrie it is inmesurabill.
By rethorike als inpronunciabill.
Thair is na eiris may heir, nor ene may fie,
Nor hart may think this thair felicitie.

Quhairto fuld I presume for to indite,
The quhilk Sanct Paul, that doctour sapient,
Can nocht expres, nor into paper write,
The hie excellent wark indeficient,
And perfite plesour ever permanent,
In prefence of that mighty King of gloir,
Quhilk was, and is, and falbe evermoir.

At Remembrance humbly I did inquire,
Gif I micht in that plesour still remane.
Scho said, Aganis refoun is thy desire;
Quhairfoir, my friend, thow mon retorne agane
Into the warld, quhair thow fall suffer pane,
And thoill the deith with cruel painis foir,
Or that thow cum to regne with him in gloir.

Then we returnit, fair aganis my will,
Down throw the spheiris of the hevinnis cleir;
Hir commandement behuiffit I fulfill,
With fory hart, wit ye, withoutten weir,
I wald full fane have taryit there all yeir;
But scho said to me, There is na remeid,
Or thow remane heir first thow mon be deid.

Quod

Quod I, I pray yow hartfully, madame,
 Sen we have had sic contemplatioun
 Of hevinlie plesures ; yit or we pass hame,
 Let us have sum consideratioun
 Of eirth, and of hir situatioun.
 Scho answerit and said, That salbe done.
 Sa war we baith brocht in the air full sone :

Quhair we micht se the Eirth all at ane sicht,
 But like ane moit as it appeirit to me,
 In the respect of the hevinnis bricht.
 I have marvell, quod I, how this may be,
 The Eirth semis of sa small quantitie :
 The leist sterne fixit in the firmament,
 Is mair than all the Eirth, be me judgement.

Scho sayis, Son, thow hes shawin the veritie,
 The smallest sterne fixit in the firmament,
 Indeid it is of greiter quantitie
 Than all the Eirth, efter the intent
 Of wise and cunning clarkis sapient.
 Quhat quantity is than the Eirth, quod I ?
 That fall I schaw, quod scho, to the shortly.

Efter the mindis of the astronomouris,
 And specially the author of the Spheir,
 And uther divers greit philosophouris,
 The quantity of the eirth circuleir,
 Is fyftie thousand liggis withoutten weir,
 Sevin hundreth and fyftie and no mo,
 Deviding ay ane leig in mylis two :

And everilk myle in aucht staidis deuide,
 Ilk staid an hundreth pais, twenty and fyve ;
 Ane pais fyve fute, quha wald than richt decide ;
 Ane fute four palmes, gif I can richt describe ;
 Ane palme four inch : and quhasa wald belive
 The circuite of the Eirth pas round about,
 Mon be considerit on this wise, but doubt,

Suppone

Suppone that thair war na impediment,
 Bot that the Eirth but perrell war and plane,
 Syne that ane persone war richt diligent,
 And yeid ilk day ten liggis in certane,
 He micht pas round about, and cum agane
 In four yeiris, sextene oulkis, and dayis two.
 Ga reid the author, and thow sal find it so.

The Divisioun of the Eirth.

THEN certainlie scho tuke me be the hand,
 And said, My sone, cum on thy waies with me.
 And sa scho gart me cleirly understand,
 How that the eirth trypartit was in three.
 In Aphricke, Europe and Asie,
 Efter the mind of the cosmographouris ;
 That is to say, the warldis descriptouris.

First, Asie contenit is in the Orient,
 And is weill mair than baith the uther twane.
 Aphrike and Europe in the Occident,
 And are devydit be ane sey certane,
 And that is callit the sey Mediterrane,
 Quhilk at the strait of Marrok hes entrie,
 That is betwix Spanye and Barbarie.

Towart the South-west lyis Aphrica ;
 And in the North-west Europa dois stand,
 And all the Eist contenis Asia,
 On this wise is devydit the firme land.
 It war mekill for me to tak on hand,
 These regiounis to declair in special,
 Yit fall I schaw thair names in general.

In mony divers famous regiounis,
 Is devidit this part of Asia,
 Weill plenischit with cities, towris and townis,
 The greit Inde and Mesopotamia,

Penthapolis,

Penthapolis, Persia, and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie ;

Sydon, Judea, and Palestina,
Upper Scythia, Tire and Galilee,
Hiberia, Bactria and Philestina,
Hircania, Campagina and Samarie.

In litill Asia standis Galathie,
Pamphilia, Isauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Arethusa, Assyria and Mede.

Secundly, we considerit Aphrica,
With mony fruitful famous regioun,
As Ethiopa and Tripolitana,
Zeuges, where standis the triumphand town
Of noble Carthage, that ciety of renown,
Garamentes, Nadabar and Lybia,
Egypt also and Mauritania.

Fezenfis, Numidie, and Thingitane,
Of Aphrike, thir ar the principal.
Than in Europe we considerit in certane,
Quhais regiounis schortly reheirs I fall.
Four principallis I find above them all,
Quhilkis are Spanye, Italie and France ;
Quhais sub-regiounis were mekill to avance.

Nouthur Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
Thusia, Histria, and Pannonia,
Denmark, Gotland, Grundland, and Almanie,
Pole, Hungary, Boeme, Norica, Rethia,
Teutonica, and mony divers ma.
And was in four devidit Italie,
Tuscane, Hethruria, Naplis and Champanie.

And sub-devidit findry uther wayis
As Lumbardie, Veneis and uther ma,
Calaber, Romanie, and Genowayis ;
In Greece, Epyrus, and Dalmatia,

Theffalie,

Theffalie, Attica, and Illyria,
 Achaya, Boetia, and Macedone,
 Archadie, Pieri, and Lacedemone.

And France we saw devidit into thré,
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane;
 And sub-devidit in Flanders, Picardie,
 Normandie, Gasconye, Burgunye, and Bretane;
 And utheris divers Dutcheries in certane,
 The quhilkis war to lang for to declair:
 Quharfoir of thame as now I speik na mair.

In Spanye yis Castillie and Arragone,
 Navarre, Galice, Portugal, and Granate.
 Than saw we famous ylis mony one,
 Quhilkis in the ocean sey was situate,
 Thame to discrive my wit was desolate;
 Of cosmographie I am not expert,
 For I did neuer studie in that art.

Yet I fall sum of thair names declair,
 As Madagascar, Gades, and Taprobane,
 And uther divers ylis gude and fair,
 Situate into the sey Miditerrane;
 As Cyper, Candie, Corfica, and Sardane,
 Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilia,
 Tapfus, Eolie, and mony uther ma.

But quha wald at lenth heir the descriptioun
 Of everilk yle, as weill as the firm land,
 And properteis of ever ilk regioun,
 To studie and to reid mon tak in hand,
 And the authentike warkis understand
 Of Plinius and worthy Ptholomie,
 Quhilkis war expert into cosmographie.

Thare fall they find the names and properteis
 Of every yle, and of ilk regioun.
 Than I inquirit of eirthly Paradeis,
 Of the quhilk Adam tynt possessioun:

Than

Than schew scho me the situatioun
Of that precelland place of delyte,
Quhais properteis wer lang for to endyte,

Of Paradyse.

THIS Paradyse of all plesour repleit,
Situate I saw to the Orient;
That glorious garth of every flouris did fleit,
The lustie lilleis, the rosis redolent,
Fresch hailsum frutes indeficient,
Baith herb and tree there growis ever grene,
Throw vertew of the temperate air serene.

The sweit hailsum aromatike odouris,
Proceeding from the herbis medicinal,
The hevinly hewis of the fragrant flouris,
It was ane sicht wonder celestially.

The perfectioun to shaw in special,
And joyis of the regioun devine,
Of mankind, it excedis the ingyne.

And als sa hie in situatioun,
Surmounting the mid regioun of the air;
Quhare na maner of perturbatioun
Of wedder may ascend sa hie as thair,
For fludis flowing from ane fountane fair,
As Tygris, Ganges, Euphrates and Nyle,
Quhilk in the Eist transcurris mony ane mile.

The country cloist is about full richt,
With wallis hie of hot and birning fyre,
And straitly keepit by an angel bricht,
Sen the departing of Adam our grandschyre,
Quhilk throw his crime incurrit Goddis ire,
And of that place tint the possessioun,
Baith from himself and his successioun.

Quhen

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance,
 All this foirfaid, had gart me understand,
 I prayit her of hir benevolence,
 To schaw to me the country of Scotland.
 Weill sone, scho said, that fall I tak on hand :
 Sa sudanly scho brocht me in certane,
 Evin just above the braid yle of Britane.

Quhilk standis north-west in the ocean sey,
 And devidit in famous regiounis two;
 The south part Ingland ane full riche countrey,
 Scotland be north, with mony yles mo,
 Be west Ingland, Ireland dois stand also,
 Quhais properteis I will nocht tak on hand
 To schaw at lenth, bot only of Scotland.

Of the Realme of Scotland.

QUHILK efter my sempill intendement,
 And as Remembrance did to me report,
 I fall declair the fuith and verraymant,
 As I best can, and into termis schort.
 Quhairfoir effecteously I yow exhort,
 Howbeit my writing be nocht to avance,
 Yit quhair I fail, excuse my ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouirsene this regioun,
 The quhilk of nature is baith gude and fair,
 I did propone ane lytil questioun,
 Beseikand hir the same for til declair.
 Quhat is the caus our boundis bin fa bair,
 Quod I, or quhat dois muse our misery?
 Or quhairfoir dois proceid our povertie?

For throw the support of your hie prudence,
 Of Scotland I persave the properteis ;
 And als consideris be Experience,
 Of this country the greit commoditeis ;

First,

First, the aboundance of fisches in our feis,
 And fruteful montanis for our bestiall,
 And for our cornis mony lustie vaill.

The rich rivers pleasand and profitabill,
 The lusty lochis, with fische of findry kindis;
 Hunting, halking, for Nobillis convenabill,
 Forestis full of da, ra, hartis and hyndis;
 The fresche fontanis quhais holfum crystal strandis
 Refreschis sa the flourischit grene meidis,
 Sa lack we nathing that to nature neidis.

Of everilk mettel we have the riche mynis,
 Baith gold, silver, and stanis precious;
 Albeit we lack the spices and the wynis,
 Or uther strange frute delicious,
 We have als gude, and mair neidfull for us,
 Meit, drink, fyre, claithis, there micht be gart abound,
 Quhilk ellis is not in the Mapamound.

Mair fairar men, nor of greiter ingyne,
 Nor of mair strenth, greit deidis to indure:
 Quhairfoir I pray yow, that ye wald defyne
 The principal caus quhairfoir we are sa puir?
 For I marvel greitly, I yow assure,
 Considering the pepill and the ground,
 That riches suld not in this realme abound.

My sone, scho said, be my discretioun,
 I fall mak answer, as I understand.
 I say to thee, under confessioun,
 The falt is not, I dar weill tak on hand,
 Nouthar into the pepill, nor the land.
 As for the land, it laikis na uther thing
 But labour, and the pepillis governing.

Than quhair lyis our inprosperity,
 Quod I, I pray yow hartfully, madame,
 Ye wald declair to me the verity;
 Or quha fall beir of our barrat the blame?

For, be my trouth, to see I think greit schame
So plesand pepill, and fa fair ane land,
And fa few verteous deidis tane on hand.

Quod scho, I fall efter my judgement,
Declair sum causis into generall;
And into termis schort schaw my intent,
And fine transcend into mair speciall:
Sa this is my conclusioun finall,
Wanting of justice, policie and peace,
Ar caus of this unhappinefs, allace!

It is difficill riches to encrese
Quhair pollicie makis na residence;
And pollicie may never have entres,
Bot quhair that justice dois diligence,
To puneis quhair there may be found offence.
Justice may nocht have dominatioun,
Bot quhair peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the caus that wald I understand,
That we suld want justice and policie,
Mair than dois France, Italy, or Ingland?
Madam, quod I, schaw me the veritie,
Sen we have many lawis in this cuntrie,
Quhy lack we lawis exercitioun,
Quha suld put justice to execution?

Quhairin dois stand our principal remeid?
Or quha may mak amendis of this mischeif?
Quod scho, I find the falt into the heid;
For thay in quhom dois ly our hail releif,
I find them rute and ground of all our greif;
For quhen the heidis ar not diligent,
The memberis mon on neid be negligent.

Sa I conclude, the causis principal
Of all the troubill of this natioun,
Ar into the princes into special,
The quhilkis hes the gubernatioun,

And

And of the pepil dominatioun;
 Quhais continual exercitioun
 Suld be in justice execution.

For quhen the sleuthfull hird dois slug and sleip,
 Taking na cure in keiping of his flock,
 Quha will gang seirch amang sic hirdis sheip,
 May abil find mony puir scabbit crock,
 And going wyld at large withoutin lock;
 Then Lupus cummis, and Laurence in a ling,
 And dois but reuth the fillie scheip doun thring.

Bot the gud hird, wakrife and diligent,
 Dois sé that all his flockis ar rewlit richt,
 To quhais quhiffel ar all obedient;
 And gif the wolfis cummis be day or nicht,
 Thame to devoir, than ar thay put to flicht,
 Houndit and flane be thair weill dantit doggis,
 Sa ar thay sure baith of yowis, lambis and hoggis.

Sa I conclude throw the negligence
 Of our infatuate heidis insolent,
 Is caus of all this realmis indigence,
 Quhilk in justice have not bene diligent;
 Bot to gude counfall inobedient,
 Havand small ee unto the Common-weill,
 But to their singlar profit everilk deill.

For quhen thir wolfis by oppressioun,
 The puir pepil but petie dois opprefs,
 Than suld the princes mak punitioun,
 And caus thay rebaldis for to mak redrefs,
 That riches micht, and policie increfs:
 Bot richt difficil it is to mak remeid,
 Quhen that the falt is fa into the heid.

*The Complaint of JOHNE THE COMMOUN-WEILL;
schewing the miserable stait of Scotland.*

AND thus as we wer talking to and fro,
We saw ane bousteous beirn cum ouer the bent,
But hors, on fute als fast as he micht go,
Quhais raiment was all raggit, revin and rent,
With visage lene, as he had fastit Lent :
And fordwart fast his wayis he did avance,
With ane richt melancholius countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pyke-staff in his hand,
As he had bin purposit to pass fra hame.
Quod I, Gude man, I wald fane understand,
Gif that ye plesit to wit quhat wer your name ?
Quod he, My sone, of that I think greit schame;
Bot sen thou wald of my name have ane feill,
Forsuith thay call me *Johne the Commoun-weill*.

Sir *Commoun-weill*, quha hes yow sa disguisit ?
Quod I, or quha makis yow sa miserabill ?
I have marvel to se you sa supprisit,
'The quhilk that I have sene sa honorabill ;
To all the world ye have bin profitabill,
And weill honourit in everilk natioun ;
How happinis now your tribulation ?

Allace ! quod he, thou seis how it dois stand
With me, and how I am disherisit,
Of all my grace, and mon pas of Scotland,
And ga quhair I befor was cherisit.
Remane I heir, I am bot perisit,
For there is few to me that takis tent,
That garris me ga sa raggit, revin and rent.

My tender freindis are all put to the flicht,
For policie is fled agane in France ;
My sifter Justice almaist hes tynt hir sight,
That scho cannot hald evinly the balance,

Plane

Plane Wrang is captain now of ordinance,
The quhilk debarris lawtie and reffoun,
And small remeid is found for oppin treffoun.

Into the South, allace ! I was neir flain,
Ouir all the land I culd find na releif.
Almaist betwix the Mers and Lochmabane,
I culd not knaw ane leil man be ane theif.
To schaw their reif, thift, murthour and mischeif,
And vicious warkis, it wald infect the air,
And als langsum to me for till declair.

Into the Hieland I culd find na remeid,
Bot suddanlie I was put to exile :
Thay sweir fwingeouris they tuke of me na heid,
Nor amangis thame let me remane ane quhile.
Als in the out-yles, and in Argyle,
Unthrif, sweirness, falsset, povertie and strife,
Pat Policie in danger of hir life.

In the Law-land I came to seik refuge,
And purposit thare to mak my residence ;
Bot singular profit gart me sone deluge,
And did me greit injuris and offence ;
And said to me, Swyth, harlote ! hie thee hence,
And in this cuntrie see thow tak na curis,
Sa lang as myne authority induris.

And now I may mak na langer debait,
Nor I walt not quhome to I fuld bemene :
For I have soucht throw all the spiritual stait,
Quhilk tuke na compt for to heir me complene :
Their officiaris thay held me at disdene,
For Simonie he rewlis up all that rout,
And Covetice that carle gart bar me out.

Pryde hes chaist from them Humilitie,
Devotion is fled unto the frieir is ;
Sensual plesour hes banischit Chastitie :
Lordis of religioun thay go like Seculeiris,

Taking

Taking mair compt in telling their denieris,
Nor thay do of thair Constitutioun :
Thus ar thay blindit be ambitioune.

Our gentilmen ar all degenerate :
Liberalitie and lawtie baith ar lost,
And covetice with lordis laureate ;
Knichtly curage turnit in brag and boist ;
The civil weir misgydis everie hoist :
Thair is nocht ellis, bot ilk man for himself,
That garris me ga thus baneist like an elf.

Thairfoir adew, I may na langer tary :
Fareweil, quod I, and with sanct John to borrow.
(But wit ye weill my hart wes wonder fary,
Quhen Common-weill fa foppit was in sorrow.)
Yit efter the nicht cummis the glaid morrow ;
Quhairfoir, I pray you, schaw me in certane,
Quhen that ye purpois for to cum agane ?

That question it salbe sone decydit,
Quod he, thare fall no Scot have comforting
Of me untill I see the countrie gydit
Be wisdome of ane gude auld prudent king,
Quhilk fall delite him mair above all thing,
To put justice to executioun,
And on strang traitouris mak punitioun.

Als yit to thee I say ane uther thing.
I see richt weill that proverb is full true,
Wo to the realm that hes our yong ane king.
With that he turnit his back and said, Adew.
Our firth and fell richt fast fra me he flew :
Quhais departing to me was displeand.
With that Remembrance tuke me be the hand,

And sone me thocht scho brocht me to the roche,
And to the cove quhair I began to sleip ;
With that ane schip did spedely approche,
Full plesandly sailing upon the deip,

And

And fyne did flaik hir faillis, and 'gan to creip,
Toward the land, anent quhair that I lay;
Bot wit ye weill, I gat ane fellow fray.

All hir greit cannounis scho lat crak at anis,
Doun schuke the stremaris from the top-castell;
Thay sparit not the poulder nor the flanis:
Thay schot thair boitis, and doun thair ankeris fell:
Thair marinaris thay did sa yout and yell;
Than haistilie I stert out of my Dreame,
Half in ane fray, and spedely past hame.

And lichtly dynit with list and appetite,
Syne efter past into ane oritore,
And tuke my pen, and thair began to write
All the vision that I have schawin afoir.
Schir, of my Dreame, as now thow gettis no moir.
Bot I beseik God for to send thee grace,
To reule thy realme in unitie and pace.

The Exhortation to the Kingis Grace.

SCHIR, sen that God of his preordinance,
Hes grantit thé to have the governance
Of his pepil, and create thé ane king,
Fail not to prent in thy remembrance,
That he will nocht excus thy ignorance,
Gif thow be rakelss in thy governing;
Quhairfoir dres thé above all uther thing,
Of his lawis to keep the observance.
An if thow schaip lang in royaltie to ring,

Thank him that hes commandit dame Nature,
To prent thé of sa plesand portrature.
Hir giftis may be cleirly on thé knawin:
Till dame Fortoun thow neidis na procurature,
For scho hes largelie kythit on thé hir cure;
Hir gratitude scho hes unto thé schawin:

And

And sen that thow mon fcheir as thow hes fawin,
Have all thy hope in God thy Creatour,
And ask him grace, that thow may be his awin.

And then confider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernatioun
Of this kingrik thow art predestinate.
Thou may weill wit by trew narratioun,
Quhat sorrow and quhat tribulation
Hes bin in this puir realme infortunate.
Now comfort them that hes bin desolate,
And of thy pepill have compaffioun,
Sen thow be God art fa preordinate.

Tak manly courage, and leif thy insolence,
And use counfal of noble dame Prudence;
Found thé firmly on faith and fortitude;
Draw to the Court justice and temperance,
And to the Common-weill have attendance.
And also I beseik thy celsitude,
Hait vicious men, and lufe them that ar gude,
And ilk flatterar thow flem fra thy presence,
And fals report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equall justice baith to greit and small,
And be exampill to thy pepill all,
Exercing verteous deidis honorabill.
Be not ane wreche for oucht that may befall;
To that unhappy vice an thow be thrall,
To all men thou shal be abominabill.
Kingis nor knichtis ar neuer convenabill
To reule the pepill, be they not liberall,
Was neuer yit na wreche to honour abill.

And tak exampil of the wretchit ending,
Quhilk made Mydas of Thrace, the mighty king,
That to his goddis maid invocatioun,
Throw gredines, that all substantiall thing
That euer he tuitchit, fuld turne but tarying

Into

Into fine gold ; he gat his supplicatioun :
 All that he tuitchit but dilatioun
 Turnit in gold, baith meit, drink and cleithing,
 And deit for hounger, but recreatioun.

And I beseik thy Majestie ferene,
 From lechery thow keip thy body clene.
 Taist neuer that intoxicat poyfoun ;
 From that unhappy sensuall sin abstene,
 Til that thow get ane lustie plesand Quene ;
 Than tak thy plesour with my benissoun ;
 Tak tent how pridefull Tarquine tint his croun,
 For the deforsing of Lucrece the schene,
 And was deprivit and baneist Romes toun.

And in despite of his lecherous leving,
 The Romainis wald be subject to na king,
 Mony lang yeir, as storyis dois record ;
 Till Julius throw verteous governing,
 And princely courage 'gan on thame to ring,
 And chosin of Romanis Empriour and Lord.
 Quhairfoir, my Soverane, into thy mind remord,
 That vicious life makis oft an euil ending,
 Without it be throw special grace restord.

And gif thow wald thy fame and honor grew,
 Use counsal of thy prudent Lordis trew ;
 And se thou nocht presumptuously pretend
 Thine awin particular weill for til ensew.
 Wirk with counfall, sa fall thow never rew.
 Remember of thy freindis the fatal end,
 Quhilkis to gude counsal wald not condiscend,
 Till bitter deith, allace ! did thame persew.
 From sic unhap, I pray God thee defend.

And finallie, remember thow mon die,
 And suddanly pas of this mortal fé,
 And art not sicker of thy life twa houris.
 Sea thare is nane from that sentence may flie,

T

King,

King, quene, nor knicht, of law estait nor hie,
 Bot all mon thoill of Deith the bitter schouris.
 Quhare bin thay gane thin Papis and Empriouris ?
 Bene thay nocht deid ? Sa fall it fare on thee.
 Is na remeid, strenth, richis, nor honouris.

And sa for conclusioun,
 Mak your provisioun,
 To get the infusioun
 Of his hie grace,
 Quhilk bled with effusioun,
 With scorne and derisioun,
 And deit with confusioun
 Confirmand our peace. *Amen.*

P. 140. The picture of *Johne the Commoun-Weill* is here drawn with a masterly hand, and cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most careless observer. According to a late historian of Scotland, Arbuthnot probably caught from it the first hint of his celebrated John Bull. It shews how deeply Sir DAVID was penetrated with a sense of the deplorable state of the country during the minority of his Royal Master; and evidently contains the seeds of his dramatic *Moralities*; to the operation of which may chiefly be ascribed the establishment of the Reformation in Scotland.—The characters of Lady *Sensual*, Lady *Chastity*, Dame *Humility*, &c. we find mentioned next in the 'Complaint of the Papingo,' (undoubtedly written after the 'Dream;') again in the 'Complaint to the King;' and in various other succeeding pieces. In short he conjures them up on all occasions, when they were likely to serve his grand purpose of Reformation.

THE COMPLAINT OF SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY, OF THE
MOUNT, DIRECTIT TO THE KINGIS GRACE.

— seems evidently to allude to the King's progress through the North of Scotland in 1533; and to the restoration of peace with England in May 1534, as recent events. We may therefore suppose it to have been written either in this latter, or the succeeding year.

JAMES V. a Prince of an avaricious disposition, could hardly fail to consider the latter part of this Address as an indecent, or rather a most provoking piece of jocularity; and his answer, doubtless, in the same satirical style, we may be almost assured is what LINDSAY in the next succeeding poem calls "The King's Flyting;" now unfortunately lost.

SCHIR, I beseik thy Excellence,
Heir my Complaint with patience:
My dolent hart dois me constraine
Of my infortune to complaine;
Albeit I stand in greit doutance,
Quhome I fall wyte of my mischance,
Quhidder Saturnus crueltie,
Regnand in my nativitie,
Be bad aspect quhilk wirkis vengeance,
Or utheris hevinly influence;

Or

Or gif I be predestinate,
In Court to be infortunate,
Quhilk hes fa lang in service bene,
Continually with King and Quene,
And enterit to thy Majestie,
The day of thy nativitie :
Quhairthrow my freindis bene eschamit,
And be my fais I am defamit,
Seand that I am nocht regardit,
Nor with my brether of Court rewairdit ;
Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,
That feikis nocht sum recompence.
Quhen divers men dois me demand,
Quhy gettis thow nocht sum peice of land,
As weill as uther men hes gotten ?
Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
With sic extreme discomforting,
That I can mak na answering.
I wald sum wise man did me teiche,
Quhiddel that I suld flatter or fleiche :
I will nocht flyt—that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy Celsitude :
And to flatter, I am defamit ;
Lack I rewaird, than am I schamit :
But I hope thow sall do as weill,
As did the father of fameill,
Of quhome Christ makis mentioun,
Quhilk for ane certane pensoun,
Feit men to wirk in his vineyard :
Bot quha come last gat first rewaird,
Quhairthrow the first men war displeisit,
But he thame prudently appeisit :
For thouch the last men first war servit,
Yit gat the first quhat thay deservit.
Sa am I sure thy Majestie
Sall anis reward me or I die,

And

And rub the roust off my ingine,
 Quhilk bin for langour like to tyne :
 Althoch I beir nocht like ane baird,
 Lang service yairnis ay rewaird.
 I can nocht wyte thine Excellence,
 That I sa lang want recompense ;
 Had I solystit like the lave,
 My rewaird had nocht bin to crave :
 But now I may weill understand,
 A dumb man yit wan never land ;
 And in the Court men gettis na thing
 Withoutin oportune asking.
 Allace ! my sleuth and schamefulness
 Debarrit me fra me all grediness ;
 Gredy men that are diligent,
 Richt oft obtenis thair intent,
 And failyeis nocht to conques landis,
 And namely at yong Princes handis.
 But I tuke never no uther cure
 In special, but for thy plesure :
 And now I am na mair despaird,
 Bot I fall get princely rewaird.
 The quhilk to me fall be mair gloir,
 Nor thame thow did rewaird befoir.
 Men quhilk dois ask ocht at ane king,
 Suld ask his Grace ane nobil thing,
 To his Excellence honourabill,
 And to the asker profitabill :
 Thocht I be in my asking lidder,
 I pray thy Grace for to confidder,
 Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,
 And hes gevin mony rich rewairdis
 To thame quhilk was full far to feik,
 Quhen I lay nichtlie be thy cheik.

I tak the Quenis Grace, thy mother,
 My lord Chancellor, and mony uther,

Thy

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Thy nureis, and thy auld maistrefs,
I tak thame all to beir witnefs;
Old Willie Dillie wer he on lyve,
My life full weill he culd discryve,
How as ane chapman beiris his pack,
I bure thy Grace upon my back:
And sum times strydingis on my nek,
Danfand with mony bend and bek.
The first syllabis that thow did mute,
Was *Pa Da Lyn* upon the lute.
Than playit I twenty springis perqueir
Quhilk was greit plesure for to heir.
Fra play thow let me never rest;
But *Gynkertoun* thow luist ay best.
And ay quhen thou came from the scule,
Then I behuiffit to play the fule:
As I at lenth into my DREME,
My findrie service did expreme.
Thoch it bene better, as sayis the wise,
“Hap at the Court nor gude service;”
I wait thow luiffit me better than,
Nor now sum wife dois hir gude-man;
Than men till uther did record
That Lyndesay wald be maid ane lord.
Thow hes maid lordis, Schir, by St. Geil,
Of sum that hes nocht servit sa weill.

To yow, my lordis, that standis by,
I fall yow schaw the causis quhy;
Gif ye list tary, I fall tell
How my infortune thus befell.
I prayit daylie on my kné,
My young Maister that I micht fé,
Of eild in his estait royall,
Havand power imperiall;
Than traistit I without demand,
To be promovit to sum land;

Bot

Bot myne asking I got our sone,
Because ane clipse fell in the mone,
The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir,
Than did my purpose ryn arreir,
The quhilk war langsum till declair.
And als myne hart is wounder fair,
Quhen I have in remembrance,
The suddan change to my mischance.
The king was not twelf yeiris of age,
Quhan new rewlaris came in thair rage,
For Commoun-weil makand na cair,
Bot for thair profite singulair.

Imprudently like witlefs fules,
Thay tuke the young prince from the sculis,
Quhere he under obedience,
Was learnand vertew and science,
And hastiliepat in his hand,
The governance of all Scotland :
As quha wald in ane stormie blast,
Quhen marinaris been all agast,
Throw danger of the seis rage,
Wald tak ane child of tender age,
Quhilk never had bin on the sey,
And gar his bidding all obey,
Geving him hail the governall,
To ship, marchand, and marinall,
For dreid of rockis, and foir land,
To put the ruther in his hand :
Without Goddis grace is na refuge,
Gif thare be danger ye may judge.
I give thame to the devil of hell,
Quhilk first devisit that counsel ;
I wil nocht say that it was tressoun,
But I dar sweir it was na reffoun.
I pray God lat me neuer see ring
Into this realme sa young ane king.

I may not tarie to decide it,
 How than the Court ane quhile was gydit,
 By thame that partlie tuke on hand,
 To gyde the king and all Scotland :
 And als langsum for to declair,
 Thair facund flattering wordis fair.

Schir, sum wald say, your Majestie,
 Sal now ga to your libertie ;
 Ye sal to na man be coactit,
 Nor to the scule na mair subjectit.
 We think thame verray naturall fulis,
 That leiris ouer mekil at the sculis ;
 Schir, ye mon leir to ryn ane speir,
 And gyde yow like ane man of weir :
 For we fall put sic men about yow,
 That all the warld and ma fall dout yow.
 Than to his Grace they put ane gaird,
 Quhilk hastilie gat their rewaird.
 Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
 Thay did solist his Majestie.
 Sum gart him ravell at the raket,
 Sum harlit him to the hurlie-bakket ;
 And sum to schaw thair courtlie corfis,
 Wald ryde to Leith and ryn thair horfis,
 And wichtlie wallop ouer the sandis ;
 Thay nouthir spairit spurris nor wandis :
 Castand galmoundis with bendis and beckis ;
 For wantones sum brak thair neckis ;
 Thair was na play bot cartis and dice,
 And ay Schir Flatterie bure the price ;
 Roundand and rowkand ane till ane uther,
 Tak thow my part, quod he, my brother,
 And mak betwix us ficker bandis,
 Quhen ocht fall vaik amang our handis,
 That ilk man stand to help his fallow.
 I hald thairto, man, be Alhallow,

Sua thow fische nocht within my boundis.—
 That fall I not, be Goddis woundis,
 Quod he, bot erar tak thy part.—
 Sa fall I thine, be Goddis hart;
 And gif the thesaurer be our freind,
 Than fall we get baith tak and teind;
 Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang us,
 Bot we fall part the pelf amang us.
 Bot haist us quhile the king is young,
 And lat ilk man keip weill his tounge,
 And in ilk quarter have ane spy,
 Us till advertise haistily,
 Quhen ony casualiteis
 Sall happen into our countreis.
 Lat us mak sure provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretioun.
 Na mair he waits than dois ane sanct.
 Quhat thing it bin to have or want:
 Sa or he be of perfite age,
 We fall be ficker of our wage,
 And syne lat ilk ane carl crave uther.
 That mouth speik mair, quod he, my bruther;
 For, God nor I rax in ane raip,
 Thow micht give counfall to the Paip.

Thus laburit thay within few yeiris,
 That thay become fra paiges Peiris:
 Swa hastilie thay maid ane band,
 Sum gadderit gold, sum conquist land.
 Schir, sum wald say, be sanct Deonis,
 Gif me sum fat benefyis,
 And all the profite ye fall have;
 Gif me the name, tak yow the lave.
 Bot be his bullis war weill cum hame,
 To mak service he wald think schame,
 Syne slip away withoutten moir,
 Quhen he had gottin quhat he lang for.

Methocht it was ane piteous thing,
 To fé that fair yong tender king,
 Of quhom thir gallandis stude na aw,
 To play with him ' Pluck at the craw ;'
 Thay become rich, I yow assure,
 Bot ay the Prince remainit pure.

Thair was few of that garrifoun,
 That learnit him ane gude lessoun ;
 Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter ;
 Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter.
 Quod ane, Devil stik me with ane knyfe,
 Bot, Schir, I knaw ane mayd in Fyfe,
 Ane of the lustiest wantoun lassis,
 Quhairto, Sir, by Goddis blude scho passis.
 Hald thy toung, brother, quod ane uther,
 I knaw ane fairer by fiftene futher ;
 Schir, quhen ye pleis to Linlithgow pas,
 Thair fall ye see ane lusty las.

Now trittill trattill, trow low,
 Quod the thrid man, thou dois bot mow,
 Quhen his Grace cummis to fair Stirling,
 Thair fall ye fé ane dayis darling.
 Schir, quod the fourt, tak my counsall,
 And go all to the hie bordell ;
 Thair may we loup at libertie,
 Withoutten ony gravitie.

Thus everilk man said for himself,
 And did amang thame part the pelf,
 Bot I, allace ! or euir I wist,
 Was trampit doun into the dust ;
 With hevy charge withouttin moir,
 Bot I wist never yit quhairfoir ;
 And haistilie befoir my face,
 Ane other slippit in my place :
 Quhilk full lichtlie gat his rewaird,
 And styllit was the ancient laird.

That time I micht mak na defence,
Bot tuke perforce in patience;
Prayand to send them ane mischance
That had the Court in governance:
The quhilk aganis me did maling,
Contrair the plesure of the king:
For weill I knew his Graces mind
Was ever to me trew and kind;
And contrair their intentioun,
Gart pay me weill my penfioun;
Thocht I ane quhile wantit presence,
He leit me have na indigence.
Quhen I durst nowther peip nor luke,
Yit wald I hide me in ane nuke,
And sé those uncouth vaniteis,
How thay like onie besie beis,
Did occupy their goldin houris,
With help of thair new governouris;
Bot my complaint for to compleit,
I gat the fowr, and thay the sweit,
And Johne Makrerie, the kingis fule,
Gat doubil garmentis agane yule;
Yit in his maist triumphand gloir,
For his rewaird gat the grandgoir;
Now in the Court fendil he gois,
In dreid men stramp upon his tois.
As I that time durst not be sene,
In open Court for baith my ene;
Allace! I have not time to tary,
To schaw you all the ferie farie,
How those that had the governance,
Amang themselfis raisit variance.
And quha maist to my skaith consentit,
Within few yeiris full fair repentit,
Quhen thay culd mak me na remeid;
For thay war harlit out be the heid:

And

And utheris tuke the governing,
Weill wors than thay in al kin thing.
Thay Lordis tuke na mair regaird,
Bot quha micht purches best rewaird :
Sum to thair freindis gat benefeis,
And uther fum gat Bifchopreis :
For every Lord as he thocht best,
Brocht in ane bird to fill the nest,
To be ane watcheman to his marrow,
They gan to draw at the cat harrow.
The proudest prelatis of the kirk,
Were fane to hyde them in the mirk.
That time sa failyeit was thair ficht,
Sensyn thay may not thoil the licht
Of Christis trew Gospell to be fene ;
So blindit is thair corporall ene
With warldly lustis sensuall,
Taking in realmis the governall ;
Baith gyding Court and Sessioun,
Contrair to thair professioun ;
Quhair of I think thay suld have schame,
Of spirituall preistis to tak the name ;
For Esaias into his wark,
Callis thame like doggis that cannot bark,
That callit are preistis, and can not preiche,
Nor Christis law to the pepill teiche ;
Gif for to preich bin thair professioun,
Quhy suld thay mell with Court or Sessioun,
Except it war in spirituall thingis ?
Referring unto Lordis and Kingis
Temporal caufis to be decydit.
Gif thay thair spiritual office gydit,
Ilk man micht say thay did thair partis.
Bot gif thay can play at the cartis,
And mollit *Moylie* on ane mule,
Thocht thay had never fene the scule,

Yit at this day, as weill as than,
Bene made of sic ane spiritual man.
Princes that sic prelatis promovis,
Account thairrof to give behovis :
Quhilk fall not pas but punischment,
Except thay mend and fair repent ;
And with dew ministratioun,
Wirk efter thair vocation.

I wis that thing quhilk will not be,
The perverst prelatis ar sa hie,
From time that thay bene callit Lordis,
Thay are occasion of discordis :
And largelie will propynis hecht,
To gar ilk Lord with uther fecht,
Gif for thair part it may availl :
Swa to the purpois of my taill,
That time in Court rais greit debait,
And everilk Lord did strive for stait,
That all the realme micht mak na redding,
Quhill on ilk side there was blude schedding,
And feildit uther in land or burgh,
At Lithgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.
But to deploir I think greit pane,
Of nobilmen that thair was flane :
And als langsum to be reportit,
Of thame quhilk to the Court resortit,
Of tyrannis, traitouris, and transgressouris,
And common publict plane oppressouris ;
Men mordreiffaris, and commoun theifis,
Into that Court gat thair releifis.
There was few Lordis in all thir landis,
Bot till new Regentis made thair bandis :
Than rais ane reik or euer I wist,
The quhilk gart all their bandis brist.
Than thay alane quhilk had the gyding,
Thay could not keip thair seit fra flyding :

Bot

Bot of thair lyfis thay had sic dreid,
That thay war fane to trot ouer Tweid.

Now, potent Prince, I say to thee,
I thank the halie Trinitie,
That I have leuit to se this day,
That all the warld is went away,
And thow to na man is subjectit,
Nor to sic counfallouris coactit.

The four greit verteous cardinalis,
I se thame with the principallis :
For Justice haldis hir sword on hie,
With her baliance of equitie,
And in this realme hes maid sic ordour,
Baith throw the Hieland and the Bordour,
That Oppressioun and all his fallowis,
Are hangit heich upon the gallowis.

Dame Prudence hes thee be the heid,
And Temperance dois thy brydill leid.
I see dame Force mak assistance,
Beirand the targe of assurance,
And lusty lady Chastitie,
Hath banischit Sensualitie.

Dame Riches takis on thee sic cure,
I pray God that scho lang indure,
That Poverty dar nocht be fene,
Into thy hous for baith her ene,
Bot fra thy Grace fled mony mylis,
Amangis the huntaris in the ylis.
Diffimulance dar nocht schaw hir face,
Quhilk wount was to begyle thy Grace.

Follie is fled out of the toun,
Quhilk ay was contrair to reffoun :
Policie and Peice beginnis to plant,
That verteous men can na thing want ;
And all sleuthfull idill lownis,
Sall fetterit be in the gailyeownis.

John

John Upon Land bene blyth, I trow,
 Because the rash busch keipis his kow :
 Swa is there nocht I understand,
 Without gude order in this land,
 Except the Spiritualitie,
 Prayand thy Grace thairto have eie :
 Caus thame mak ministratioun,
 Conforme to thair vocation :
 To preich with unfenyeit intentis,
 And trewlie use the sacramentis,
 After Christis institutiounis,
 Leving their vane traditiounis,
 Quhilk dois the fillie scheip illude.
 Quhom for Christ Jesus sched his blude :
 And superstitious pilgramages,
 Prayand to gravin images,
 Expres aganis the Lordis command :
 I do thy Grace till understand,
 Gif thow to mennis lawis assent,
 Aganis the Lordis commandement,
 As Jeroboam and mony mo,
 Princes of Israel also,
 Assentaris to Idolatrie,
 Quhilk puneist war richt piteouslie,
 And sa from thair realmes war rutit out,
 Sa fall thow be withoutin doubt,
 Baith here and hyne withoutin moir,
 And lack the everlasting gloir.
 And gif thow wil thine hart incline,
 And keip his bliffit law divine,
 As did the faithful patriarkis,
 Baith in thair wordis, and in thair warkis :
 And did mony faithfull Kingis
 Of Israell during thair ringis ;
 As king David and Salomone,
 Quha imagis wald suffer none,

In thair riche tempellis for to stand,
Becaus it was nocht Goddis command;
Bot destroyit all idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thow may fé,
Quhais riche rewaird was heavenly blis,
Quhilk fall be thine, thow doand this.
Sen thow hes chofin sic ane gaird,
Now am I sure to get rewaird :
And sen thow art the richest king,
That ever in this realme did ring ;
Of gold and stonis precious,
Maist prudent and ingenious ;
And hes thine honour done avance,
In Scotland, Inngland, and in France,
Be martial deidis honorabill,
And art to everie vertew abill,
I wait thy Grace will nocht misken me,
Bot thow will outhir give or len me.
Wald thy Grace len to me ane day,
Of gold ane thousand pound or tway,
And I fall fix with gude intent,
Thy Grace ane day of payment,
With feilit obligatioun,
Under this protestatioun :
Quhen the Bais and the yle of May,
Beis fet upon the mont Sinay ;
Quhen the Lowmound beside Falkland,
Beis listit to Northumberland :
Quhen kirkmen yarnis na dignitie,
Nor wyfis na foveranitie ;
Winter but froist, snaw, wind or rane,
Than fall I give thy gold agane.
Or I fall mak to thee payment,
After the day of Judgement,
Within ane moneth at the leist,
Quhen St Peter fall mak ane feist

To

To all the fischaris of Abirlady
Sua thow have mine acquittance redy ;
Failyeand thairof, be Sanct Phillane,
Thy Grace gettis never ane groat agane.
Gif thow be nocht content of this,
I mon requeist the King of blis,
That he to me have sum regaird,
And caus thy Grace me to rewaird :
For David king of Israell,
Quhilk was the greit propheit royal,
Sayis, God has haill at his command,
The hartis of princes in his hand ;
Even as he list thame for to turne,
That mon thay do without fudgeorne ;
Sum till exalt to dignitie,
And sum to deprive in povertie ;
Sum time of layit men to mak Lordis,
And sum time Lordis to bind in cordis ;
Or thame all utterlie destroy,
As pleisis God that royall Roy :
For thow art bot ane instrument,
Of that greit King Omnipotent.
Sa quhen it pleisis his Excellence,
Thy Grace fall mak me recompence ;
Or he fall caus me stand content,
Of quiet life, and sober rent ;
And tak me in my letter age,
Unto my sempill hermitage ;
To spend that my eldaris wun,
As auld Diogenes in his tun.
Of this Complaint, with mind full meik,
Thy Grace's answeir I beseik.

THE ANSWER QUHILK SIR DAVID LYNDESAY MAID TO
THE KINGIS FLYTING ;

— probably in the year 1535 ; from the circumstance mentioned in the last stanza, relative to a marriage which was then expected to take place between JAMES V. and a Princess of France. The King's Flyting, we may conjecture to have been some ludicrous invective returned in answer to the latter part of SIR DAVID'S COMPLAINT ; where he petitions his Majesty for the loan of a thousand pounds, to be paid one month after the Resurrection : But that it touched also in a familiar stile upon certain affairs of gallantry, is manifest from the meretricious aspect of SIR DAVID'S reply, drawn from him by command of the King.

REDOUTIT Roy ! your ragment I haif red,
Quhilk dois perturb my dull intendement.
From your Flyting, wald God that I war fred,
Or ellis sum tygeris toung wer to me lent.
Sir, pardon me thocht I be impatient,
Quhilk bene sa with your prunyeand pen detractit,
And rude report from Venus Court dejectit.

Lustie Ladyis that your libell on lukis,
My companie dois hald habominabill ;
Commandand me, Beir cumpanie to the cukis.
Maist lyk ane Devill thay hald me detestabill ;

Thy

Thay baneis me, sayand, I am not abill
Them to compleis, or preis to thair prefence.
Upon your pen I cry ane lowd vengeance.

War I ane poeit, I fuld preis with my pen
To wrek me on your vennemous wryting.
Bot I mon do as dog dois in his den,
Fald baith my feit, or flé far from your flyting.
The mekil Devil may not indure your dyting;
Quhairfoir, *Cor mundum crea in me* I cry,
Proclamand yow the prince of poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertenis me not to pley;
Bot sen your Grace hes gevin me sic command
To mak answer, it must neides me obey.
Thocht ye be strang now like ane Elephant,
And into Venus warkis maist vailyeand,
The day will cum, and that within few yeiris,
That ye will draw at lafer with your feiris.

Quhat can ye say farther, bot I am failyeit
In Venus warkis? I grant, Sir, that is trew;
The time hes bin, I was better artailyeit
Nor I am now; bot yit full fair I rew
That euer I did Mouth-thankles sa perfew.
Quhairfoir tak tent on your fine powder mair,
And waist it not, bot gif ye wit weil quhair.

Thoch ye rin rudely like ane restles ram,
Schuttand your bolt at monie findrie schellis,
Beleif richt weil, it is ane byding gam.
Quhairfoir, bewar with doubling of the bellis,
For mony ane dois haist thair awin faul knellis;
And specially quhen that the woll gais dry,
Syne cannot get agane sic stuf to by.

I give your Counsaill to the feind of Hell,
That wald not of ane Princess yow provide,
Thoiland yow rin schuttand from schel to schel,
Waistand your corps, lettand the tyme our-flyde;

For,

For, lyke ane busteous bull ye rin and ride
Royatoune like ane rude Rubeatour,
Ay lukkand like ane furious fornicatour.

On ladrounis for to lowp ye will not lat,
Howbeit the caribaldis crie the corinoch;
Remember how besyde the masking fat
Ye caist ane quene ouirthort a stinking troch,
That fiend with fuffilling of her roistit hoch,
Caist doun the fat, quhairthrow drink, draf and juggis
Cum rudelie rinnand doun about your luggis.

Wald God the Lady that luffit yow best
Had sene yow thair ly fwatterand like twa fwine;
Bot to indyte how that duddroun was drest,
Drowpit with dreggis, quhinperand with mony quhrine;
That proces to report, it war ane pyne.
On your behalf I thank God times ten scoir,
That yow preservit fra Gut, and fra Grandgoir.

Now, Schir, fairweil! becaus I cannot flyte;
And thocht I culd, I war not till avance
Aganis your ornate meter to indyte;
Bot yit be war with labouring of your lance;
Sum sayis, thair cummis ane buckler out of France
Quhilk will indure your dintis, thoch thay be dure,
Fairweil! of flowand Rethorik the flour.

ANE SUPPLICATION DIRECTIT FROM SCHIR DAVID
LINDESAY TO THE KINGIS GRACE, IN CONTEMP-
TION OF SYDE TAILLIS AND MUSSALIT FACES.

[*This seems to be a continuation of the same familiar unpolished correspondence; the reader is therefore cautioned to recollect what sort of entertainment is to be expected from the nature of the subject, and the delicacy of the correspondents. Those, however, who search for faithful and lively representations of former times must here, as in the pictures of Ostade and Teniers, overlook what they cannot approve, and accept of the homely apology offered by Sir DAVID himself:*

“ Of stinkand weidis maculate

“ Na man may weive ane rois chaplate.”]

SCHIR ! Thocht your Grace hes put greit ordour
Baith in the Hie-land and the Bordour,
Yit mak I supplicatioun
To have sum reformatioun
Of ane small fault quhilk is not tressoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to resoun.
Becaus the mater bin sa vyle,
It may not have an ornate style:
Quhairfoir I pray your Excellence,
To heir me with greit pacience.
Of stinkand weidis maculate,
Na man may weive ane rois chaplate.
Soverane, I mene of thir syde taillis,
Quhilk throw the dust and dubbis traillis,

Three quarteris lang behind thair heillis,
Exprefs agane all Common-weillis :
Thocht Bifchoppis in thair pontificallis,
Have men for to beir up thair taillis,
For dignity of thair office ;
Richt fa ane Quene, or ane Emprice,
(Howbeit thay use fic gravitie,)
Conformand to thair majestie.
Thocht thair rob royallis be upborn,
I think it but ane verray scorn,
That every lady of the land,
Suld have hir tail fa fyde trailland ;
Albeit thay bin of hie estait,
The Quene thay suld not counterfait.
Quhairneuer thay go it may be sene,
How kirk and calsay thay soun clene.
The images into the Kirk,
May think of thair fyde taillis great irk ;
For quhen the wedder bin maist fair,
The dust fleis hieest in the air,
And all thair facis dois begarie ;
Gif thay culd speik, thay wald them warie,
To see I think ane plesand sicht,
Of Italie the ladyis bricht,
In thair cleithing maist triumphand,
Abuve all uther Christin land.
Yit quhen thay travel throw the townis,
Men feis thair feit beneth thair gownis,
Four inche above thair proper heillis,
Circulat about as round as quheillis ;
Quhairthrow thair dois na powder ryis,
Thair fair quhite limmis to surpryis.
Bot I think maist abusoun,
To see men of religioun,
To beir thair taillis throw the streit,
That folkis may behald thair feit :

I trow sanct Bernard, nor sanct Blais,
Gart never man beir up thair clais,
Peter nor Paul, nor sanct Androw,
Gart neuer beir up thair taillis I trow.
But I lauch best to see ane Nun,
Gar beir hir taill abuve hir bun,
For nathing ellis, as I suppois,
But for to schaw hir lillie quhite hois:
In all thair reulis thay will not find
Quha fuld beir up thair taillis behind.
But I have maist into dispite,
Puir claggokis cled in roiploch quhite,
Quhilk hes scant twa merkes for thair feis,
Will have twa ellis beneth thair kneis:
Kittok that clekkit was yistrene
The morn will counterfait the Quene.
Ane mureland Meg that milkit the yowis,
Claggit with clay above the howis:
In barne or byre scho will nocht byde,
Without hir kirtill tail be fyde.
In borrowis wanton burgeffis wyffis,
Quha may have fydest taillis stryffis,
Weill bordourit with velvoit fine:
Bot followand them it is ane pine,
In Simmer quhen the streitis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abuve the skyis;
Nane may go neir thame at thair eis,
Without thay cover mouth and neis,
From the powder to keip thair ene:
Consider gif thair cloffis bin clene.
Betwix thair cleving and thair kneis,
Quha micht behald thair swety theis,
Begairit all with dirt and dust,
It war aneuch to stanche the lust
Of ony man that saw them naikit:
I think sic giglottis are bot glaikit,

Without

Without profit to have sic pride,
 Harland thair claggit taillis fa fide,
 I wald thai burrowstownis bairnis had breikis,
 To keip sic mist from malkinnis cheikis ;
 I dreid that malkin die for drouth,
 Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
 I think maist pane after ane rane,
 To see them toukit up agane ;
 Than quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
 Thair faldingis flappis about thair feit :
 Thair laithly lyming furthward flypit,
 That hes the muck and midding wypit :
 Thay waist mair claith within few yeiris,
 Nor wald claith fifty score of freiris.
 Quhen Marioun from the midding gois,
 Fra hir morn-darg scho strypis the nois,
 And all the day quhaireuer scho go,
 Sic liquour scho likkis up also,
 The turcumis of hir taill I trow
 Micht be ane supper till ane fow.
 I ken ane man quhilk swoir greit aithis,
 How he did lift ane Kittokis claithis,
 And wald have done, I wait not quhat,
 But sone remeid of luve he gat :
 He thocht na schame to mak it wittin,
 How hir syde tail was all beskittin.
 Of filth sic flewer straik to his hart,
 That he behovit for till depart.
 Quod scho, Gude Sir, methink ye rew.
 Quod he, Your taill makis sic ane stew,
 That be Sanct Bryde I may nocht byde it ;
 Ye war not wise that wald not hide it.

Of taillis I will na mair indite,
 For dreid sum Duddroun me despite :
 Notwithstanding I will conclude,
 That of fide tails can cum na gude,

Syder nor may thair hanclethis hide,
 The remanent proceidis of pride,
 And pride proceidis of the Devill:
 Thus alway thay proceid of evill.

Ane uther fault, Sir, may be fene,
 Thay hyde thair face all bot thair ene.
 Quhen gentil men biddis them gude-day,
 Without reverence thay slide away,
 That nane may knaw, I yow assure,
 Ane honest woman be ane hure.
 Without thair nakit face I see,
 Thay get na ma gude dayis of me.
 Hails ane Frenche lady quhen ye pleis,
 Scho will discover mouth and neis,
 And with ane humbill countenance,
 With visage bair mak reverence.
 Quhen our ladyis dois ride in rane,
 Suld na man have them at disdaine,
 Thoch thay be coverit mouth and neis,
 In that case thay will nane displeis;
 Or quhen thay go to quyet places,
 I thame excuse to hide thair faces,
 Quhen thay wald mak collatioun
 With ony lustie companyeoun,
 Thocht thay be hid than to the ene:
 Ye may confider quhat I mene.
 But in the kirk and market places,
 I think thay suld not hide thair faces.
 Without thir faultis be sone amendit,
 My flyting, Sir, fall neuer be endit.
 Bot wald your Grace my counsail tak,
 Ane proclamatioun ye suld mak,
 Baith throw the land and borrowstownis,
 To shaw thair face, and cut thair gownis.
 Nane suld fra these exemptit be,
 Except the Quenis majestie.

Becaus this mater is not fair,
 Of rethorik it mon be bair.
 Wemen will say, this is na bourdis,
 To wryte sic vile and filthie wordis :
 But wald thay clenge thair filthie taillis,
 Quhilk our the myris and middingis traillis,
 Than fuld my wryting clengit be,
 Na uther mendis thay get of me.
 The fuith fuld not be haldin clos,
Veritas non quærit angulos.
 I wait gude wemen that bene wise,
 This rurall rhyme will nocht dispryfe ;
 Nane will me blame, I yow assure,
 Except ane wantoun glorious hure ;
 Quhais flyting I feir not ane flie.
 Fareweill ! ye get na mair of me.

Quod David Lyndesay

In contempt of fyde taillis,
 That duddrounis and dountibouris
 Throw the dubbis traillis.

See page 29 ; and of Volume I. page 382. Cambden reports that Queen Anne, wife to King Richard II. first brought into fashion high head-dresses and long trained gowns. Alas ! (says the good *Parson* in Chaucer) may not a man see in our days (1360) the sinful costly array of cloathing ; not only the cost of enbrouding, the disgusing, endenting or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending ; but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so much pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, with the superfluitee in lenth of the foresaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, as well of man as of woman that all thilke trailing is veraily consumed and rotten, rather than it is yeven to the poure to kepe hem fro the distemperance of the firmament.

THE COMPLAINT AND PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN OF THE
KINGIS AULD HOUND, CALLIT BASCHE ; DIRECT TO
BAWTIE, THE KINGIS BEST BELOVIT DOG, AND HIS
COMPANYEOUNIS : MAID AT COMMAND OF KING JAMES
THE FYFT, BY SIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MOUNT,
KNICHT, ALIAS LYOUN KING OF ARMES.

*Whether our Author, under the names of Bawtie, Luf-
fra, &c. means to point out any set of new favour-
ites at Court cannot now be affirmed with certainty.
BALLENDE, Archdean of Moray, in his Prologue
to Boyce's History of Scotland, describes himself as
serving the King, with heart and hand, in the situa-
tion of Clerk of his Accounts, and in*

*. everie uther thing
That micht him pleis in onie maner best.*

*This seems to bear a resemblance to the office held
and described by LINDSAY, probably his predecessour,
who mentions BALLENDE (in 1530) as having late-
ly started up with a prospect of attaining to high
"authority" in the Court. His father was Director
of Chancery in 1538, and Justice Clerk in 1540.
He himself filled the same offices in 1544 and 1547 ;
and probably they were not the first which he held in
the Law department. Against this measure of invest-
ing clergymen with judicial power in civil matters,
LINDSAY sharply inveighs in his " COMPLAINT ;"
and some allusions of a similar nature are to be found
in this Complaint of Basche, (i. e. himself,) most of
them addressed particularly to Bawtie :*

" Thairfoir, Bawtie ! luke best about," &c.

And again,

" Gude Brother Bawtie ! Hald thee even," &c.

*The reader is left to judge whether any thing can be
inferred*

*inferred from this ; or from the similarity of names.
It is offered merely as a conjecture.*

ALLACE ! to quhome fuld I complaine,
In my extreme necessitie ?
Or quhome to fuld I mak my maine ?
In Court na dog will do for me.
Befekand sum for charitie,
To beir my supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,
Now or the King pas of the toun.

I have followit the Court sa lang,
Quhill in gude faith, I may na mair :
The countrie knawis I may not gang,
I am sa cruikit, auld and fair,
That I wait not quhair to repair :
For quhen I had authoritie,
I thocht me sa familiar,
I never dred necessitie.

I rew the day that Geordie Steill,
Brocht Bawtie to the Kingis presence ;
I pray God lat him neuer do weill,
Sen syne I gat na audience ;
For Bawtie now gettis sic credence,
That he lyis on the Kingis nicht-gown,
Quhair I perforce for my offence,
Mon in the clois ly like ane lown.

For I have bene ay to this hour,
Ane wyrriar of lamb and hog,
A tyrane and ane tulyeour,
A murreffar of mony dog.
Fyve foullis I chaist out throw ane scrog,
Quhairfoir thair motheris did me warie,
For thay war all drownit in ane bog,
Speir at John Gordoun of Pitcarrie ;

Quhilk

Quhilk in his hous did bring me up,
And usit me to slay the deir :
Sweit milk and meal he gart me sup,
That craft I leirit sone perqueir.

All uther vertew ran areir,
Quhen I began to bark and flyte :
For thare was nouthir monk nor freir,
Nor wyfe, nor barne, bot I wald byte.

Quhen to the King the cais was knawin,
Of my unhappy hardines,
And all the fuith unto him schawin,
How everilk dog I did oppres,
Than gave his Grace command expres,
I suld be brocht to his presence :
Notwithstanding my wickitnes,
In Court I gat greit audience.

I schew my greit ingratitude
To the capitane of Badyeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me fude,
Twa yeir with uther houndis mo :
Bot quhen I saw that it was so
That I grew heich into the Court,
For his rewaird I wrocht him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.

Sa thay that gave me to the King,
I was thair mortal ennemie,
I tuke cure of na kind of thing,
But pleis the Kingis Majesty ;
Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falseit, and plane oppressioun,
He gave command that I suld be
Hangit without confessioun.

And yit becaus that I was auld,
His Grace thocht pitie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhair I wald,
Then set my fais for to fang me,

And

And every boucheour dog doun dang me.
 Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
 Than in the Court ilk wicht did wrang me;
 And this I gat for my rewaird.

I had wirreit black Mackefoun,
 War nocht the rebaldis cam and red:
 Bot he was flemit of the toun.
 From time the King saw how I bled,
 He gart lay me upon ane bed,
 For with ane knyfe I was mischevit;
 This Mackefoun, for feir he fled,
 Ane lang time or he was relevit.

And Patrick Striviling in Argyle,
 I bure him backwart to the ground,
 And had him flane within ane quhyle,
 War not the helping of ane hound:
 Yit gat he mony bludie wound,
 As yit his skin will schaw the markis,
 Find me ane dog quhaireuer ye found,
 Hes maid fa mony bludie farkis.

Gude-brother Lanceman! Lyndfayis dog,
 Quhilk ay hes keipit thy lawtie,
 And never wirryit lamb nor hog,
 Pray Luffra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
 Of me, Bagfche, to have pitie,
 And provide me ane portioun
 In Dumfermeling, quhair I may drie
 Penance for mine extortoun.

Get be thair solistatioun,
 Ane letter from the Kingis Grace,
 That I may have collatioun,
 With fyre and candell in the place.
 But I will leif schort time, allace!
 Lack I gude fresch flesch for my gammis:
 Betwix As-Wednesday and Pace,
 I mon have leif to wyrrie lambs.

Bawtie

Bawtie ! confider weill this bill,
 And reid this cedul that I fend yow,
 And everilk point thairof fulfill,
 And now in time of mis amend yow.
 I pray yow that yow not pretend yow
 To clim our hie, nor do na wrang :
 But from your fais with richt defend yow,
 And tak exampill how I gang.

I was that na man durst cum neir me,
 Nor put me furth of my ludging ;
 Na dog durst from my denner sker me,
 Quhen I was tender with the King.
 Now everilk tyke dois me down thring,
 The quhilk before by me wer wrangit ;
 And sweiris I serve na uther thing,
 But in ane helter to be hangit.

Thoch ye be hamely with the King,
 Ye Lufra, Scudlar, and Bawtie !
 Bewar that ye do not down thring
 Your nichtbouris throw authoritie :
 And your exampil mak be me ;
 And beleve weill ye ar bot doggis ;
 Thoch ye stand in the hiest gree,
 Sé ye bite nouthur lambs nor hoggis.

Thocht ye have now greit audience,
 Sé that by you nane be opprest ;
 Ye will be punischt for your offence,
 From time the King be weill confest :
 Thair is na dog that hes transgreft
 Throw crueltie, if he may fang him,
 His majesty wald tak na rest,
 Till on ane gallows he gar hang him.

I was als far ben as ye are,
 And had in Court as greit credence,
 And ay pretendit to be hiear ;
 But quhen the Kingis Excellence

Did knaw my falsset and offence,
And my pridefull presumptioun,
I gat na uther recompence,
But hoyit and houndit of the town.

Was never sa unkind ane corse,
As quhen I had authoritie :
Of my freindis I tuke na force,
The quhilk befoir had done for me.
This proverb is of veritie,
Quhilk I hard red intill ane letter,
Hieft in Court, nixt the widdie,
Without he gyde him all the better,

I tuke na mair count of ane lord,
Nor I did of ane kitcheng knaif ;
Thoch everie day I maid discord,
I was set up abuve the laif ;
The gentil hound was to me slaif ;
And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed,
The filly ratches wald I raif,
Thus for my ill deidis was I dred.

Thairfoir, Bawtie ! luke best about,
Quhen thow art hieeft with the King ;
For than thow standis in greitest dout,
Be thow not gude in governing.
Put na puir tyke fra his steiding,
Nor yet na filly ratches raif,
He fittis above that seis all thing,
And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

Quhen I cam stepand ben the flure,
All ratches greit rowme to me red ;
I of na creature tuke cure,
Bot lay upon the Kingis bed ;
With claith of gold thoch it wer spred ;
For feir ilk freik wald stand on far ;
Be everilk dog I was sa dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar.

Gude brother, Bawtie, beir thé evin ;
Thocht with thy Prince thow be potent,
It cryis ane vengeance from the hevin,
For to oppres the innocent :
In welth be than maist diligent,
And do na wrang to dog nor bitche,
As I have, quhilk I now repent.
Na messane raif to mak thé rich.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundis,
Ask na rewaird, Sir, at the King,
Quhilk may do hurt to uther houndis ;
Expres aganis Goddis bidding.
Chais na puir tyke fra his midding,
Throw cast of Court, nor Kingis requeist :
And of thyself presume nathing,
Without thow ar ane brutall beist.

Traist weill thair is na oppressour,
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
Ane tyrane, nor ane transgressour,
That fall now of the King get gude ;
Fra time furth that his Celsitude,
Dois cleirly knaw the veritie,
Bot he is flemit, for to conclude,
Or hangit heich upon ane tré.

Thoch ye be cuplit all togidder,
With filk and foulis of silver fyne.
Ane dog may cum out of Balquhiddier,
And gar you leid ane lawer tryne :
Than fall your plesure turn in pyne,
Quhen ane strange hunter blawis his horn,
And all your credence gar you tyne,
Than fall your labour be forlorn.

I say na mair, gude freindis, adew !
In dreid we never meit agane :
That euer I kend the Court, I rew,
Was never wicht sa will of wane.

Let na dog now serve our Soverane,
 Without he be of gude conditioun :
 Be he pervers, I tell you plane,
 He hes neid of ane gude remissioun.

That I am on this way mischevit,
 The Earl of Huntlie I may warie.
 He weind weill I had bene relievit,
 Quhen to the Court he gart me carie :
 Wald God I war now in Pitcarie,
 Becaus I have bene sa ill deidy :
 Adew, I dar na langer tarie,
 I dreid I waif intil ane widdie.

P. 172. *Geordie Steill*, is called by KNOX, "the King's grittest flatterer, and grittest enemy to God, (*that is, to the Reformation*) that was in his Court. He droppit of his hors, and died without word on that same day that in oppin audience of monie, the said George had refused his portioun of Christis Kingdome, gif the prayeris of the Virgin Mary sould nocht prevail to bring him thairto.—Mony of the Kingis minions were pensioners to Preistis; among quhom OLIPHER SINCLAIR, yit remaining enemy to God was the principall."

BELLENDEN was the nephew of OLIVER SINCLAIR, the King's favourite General, and through his influence, or that of *Geordie Steill*, may have been first introduced to Court, and placed in the very situation which had been held by SIR DAVID LINDSAY. There in a short time, he "greatly augmentit his boundis," as here expressed by our Poet, adding to the estate of Auchinoul, the barony of Broughton, with the superiority of the Canongate and North Leith, having therein about two thousand vassals. This change of fortune might contribute not a little to invigorate the efforts of SIR DAVID in the work of Reformation.

Remissioun, occurring repeatedly in this poem, signifies the King's pardon, or rather absolution, which in Scotland before the year 1540, was in general very easily obtained for all crimes short of wilfull murder or treason; such as theft, robbery, mutilation, slaughter, ravishing of women, burning houses, or stack-yards, &c. even without satisfaction to the parties injured. This, however, in 1593 was made an indispensable requisite.

THE DEPLORATIOUN OF THE DEITH OF QUENE MAGDA-
LENE.

JAMES V. was married at Paris to MAGDALENE, eldest daughter of FRANCIS I. King of France, on the 1st of January 1537. “When the Queen came in Scottish ground, (on the 26th of May, says PITSCOTTIE,) she bowed and inclined herself to the earth; and taking the muilts thereof, kissed them; syne thanked GOD that he had brought her safely throw the sea with her husband; and syne passed to the Abbay of Halie-rude-house to the King’s Palace, there to remane till her triumph of Entress was made. But the public joy was soon altered, and merriness was changed to sadness and mourning; for the Queen departed this life that same day fourty dayes that she landed, being the 5th of July; quhairthrow all the play that suld have bein made was turnit into soul masses and dirigies, and thair yeid sic mourning through the countrie, and Lamentatioun, that it was greit petie for to see”.

O CRUELL Deith! to greit is thy puissance
Devourar of all eirthlie leving thingis;
Adam! we may yow wyte of this mischance.
In thy default this cruell tyrane ringis,
And spairis nouthir Empriour nor Kingis;
And now, allace! hes rest furth of this land,
The flour of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father

Father Adam, allace ! that thow abusit
 Thy frie will, being obedient.
 Thow cheisit deith, and lasting lyfe refusit :
 Thy succeffoun, allace ! that may repent
 That thow hes maid mankind sa impotent,
 That it may mak to Deith na resistance ;
 Exempill is our Quene, the flour of France.

O dreidfull dragoun, with thy dulefull dart,
 Quhilk did not spair of Feminine the flour,
 Bot cruellie did peirs her throw the hart,
 And wald not give her respite for ane hour,
 To remane with her Prince and paramour,
 That scho at laسر might have tane licence :
 Scotland on the may cry ane lowd vengeance.

Thow leit Mathusalem leif nyne hundreth yeir,
 Thre scoir and nyne : bot in thy furious rage
 Thow did devoir this young Princess, but peir,
 Or scho was compleit sevintene yeir of age.
 Gredie gormand ! Quhy did thow not asswage
 Thy furious rage contrair that lustie Quene,
 Till we sum frute had of hir body sene.

O dame Nature ! thow did na diligence
 Contrair this theif, quha all the world confoundis,
 Had thow with naturall targes maid defence,
 That brybour had not cummin within hir boundis.
 Scho had bin savit from sic mortall stoundis
 This monie ane yeir : bot quhair was thy discretioun,
 That leit her pas til we had sene succeffoun.

O Venus, with thy blind sone Cupido !
 Fy on you baith, that maid na resistance :
 Into your Court ye never had sic two,
 Sa leil luiffaris without dissimulance,
 As JAMES THE FYFT, and MAGDALENE of France.
 Discending baith of blude emperiall,
 To quhom in love I find na peregall.

For as Leander swame out throw the flude
 To his fair Hero monie nichtis,
 Sa did this Prince throw bullering stremis,
 With Erlis, Baronis, Squyeris, and with knichtis wud,
 Contrair Neptune, Eole, and thair michtis,
 And left this realme in greit desperance
 To seik his lufe, the first dochter of France.

And scho like prudent Quene Penelopé,
 Full constantly wald change him for na uther;
 And for his plesour left hir awin cuntrie,
 Without regard to father or to mother,
 Taking na cure of sifter nor of brother;
 But schortly tuke hir leave, and left them all,
 For lufe of him to quhome luif maid hir thrall.

O dame Fortune! quhair was thy greit comfort
 To hir to quhome thow was sa favourabill?
 Thy sliding giftis maid hir na support.
 Hir hie image, nor riches intellabill,
 I sie thy puissance bin but variabill,
 Quhen hir Father, the maist hie Christian King,
 Til his deir child micht mak na supporting.

The potent Prince, hir lustie lufe and knicht,
 With his maist hardie Nobillis of Scotland,
 Contrair that bailfull brybour had na micht.
 Thoch all the men had bin at his command,
 Of France, Flanders, Italie, and Ingland,
 With fiftie thousand million of trefour,
 Micht not prolong that Ladyis life ane hour.

O Paris! of all citeis principall,
 Quha did reffaif our Prince with laud and glory,
 Solempnitlie throw arkis triumphall,
 Quhilk day bin digne to put in memory;
 For, as Pompey efter his victory
 Was into Rome reffavit with greit joy,
 Sa thow reffavit our richt redoutit Roy.

Bot,

Bot, at his mariage, maid upon the morne,
 Sic folace, and solempnizatioun,
 Was never sene afoir sen Christ was borne,
 Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun.
 Thair seillit was the confirmatioun
 Of the weil keipit ancient alliance
 Maid betwix Scotland and the realme of France.

Never did I sé ane day mair glorious,
 Sa monie in sa riche abilyementis
 Of filk and gold, with stanis precious.
 Sic banketting, sic found of instrumentis,
 With sang and dance, and martiall tornamentis ;
 Bot, like ane storme efter ane plesand morrow,
 Sone was our folace chengit into forrow.

O tratour Deith ! quhome nane may contramand,
 Thow micht have sene the preparatioun
 Maid be the Thré Estatis of Scotland,
 With greit comfort and consolatioun.
 In everilk citie, castel, towre, and toun,
 And how ilk Nobill set his haill intent
 To be excellent in abilyement.

Theif ! Saw thow not the greit preparativis
 Of Edinburgh the nobil famous toun ?
 Thow saw the pepil labouring for thair livis,
 To mak triumphe with trump and clarioun.
 Sic plesour was neuer in this regioun
 As fuld have bin the day of hir entrace,
 With greit propynis gevin till hir Grace.

Thow saw makand richt coistlie scaffalding,
 Depantit weill with gold and asure fine,
 Reddy preparit for the upsetting ;
 With fontanis flowing, water cleir, and wine,
 Disagyfit folkis like creatures divine,
 On ilk scaffald to play ane findrie storie,
 Bot all in greiting turnit thow that glorie,

Thow

Thow saw monie ane fresche galland
Weill ordorit for reffaving of thair Quene;
Ilk craftisman, with bent bow in his hand,
Full galyartlie in schort cleithing of grene;
The honest burges cled thow fuld have sene,
Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grayne,
For till have met the Lady Soverane.

Provest, Bailyeis, and Lordis of the toun,
The fenatouris in ordour consequent,
Cled into filk of purpure blak and brown;
Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
With mony knichtly Barroun and Baurent,
In filk and gold, in colouris comfortabill.
Bot thow, allace! al turnit into sabill.

Syne all the Lordis of religioun,
And Princes of the preistis venerabill,
Full plesandly in thair processoun,
With all the cunning Clerkis honorabill;
Bot thifteously, thow tyrane treffonabill!
All thair greit solace, and solemniteis
Thow turnit into dulefull *Dirigeis*.

Syne nixt in ordour passing throw the toun,
Thow fuld have hard the din of instrumentis,
Of tabrone, trumpet, schalme and clarion,
With reird redoundant throw the elementis.
The herauldis, with thair aufull vestimentis,
With maissaris upon ather of thair handis,
To rewle the preis with burneist silver wandis.

Syne last of all, in ordour triumphall,
That maist illuster Princess honorabill,
With hir the lustie Ladeis of Scotland,
Quhilk fuld have bin ane sicht maist delectabill,
Hir rayment to reheirs I am not abill;
Of gold, and perle, and precious stanis bricht,
Twinkling like sternis in ane frostie nicht.

Under

Under ane pale of gold scho fuld have past,
 Be burgeffis borne, clothit in filkis fyne,
 The greit Maister of houshald als thair last,
 With him in ordour all the Kingis tryne ;
 Quhais ordinance war langsum till defyne ;
 On this maner scho passing throw the toun,
 Suld have reffavit monie benifoun

Of virginis, and of burges wyfis,
 Quhilk fuld have bin ane sicht celestiall,
Vive la Royne, cryand for thair lyfis,
 With ane harmonious found angelicall ;
 In every corner miithis musicall.
 Bot thow, Tyrane ! in quhom is found na grace,
 Our *Alleluya* hes turnit in *Allace*.

Thow fuld have hard the ornate oratouris
 Makand hir Hienes salutatioun ;
 Baith of the clergy, toun and counsalouris,
 With monie notabil narratioun.
 Thow fuld have sene hir coronatioun
 In the fair Abbay of the Haly-rude,
 In presence of ane mirthful multitude.

Sic banketting, sic aufull tornamentis,
 On hors and fute the time quhilk fuld have bene ;
 Sic Chapell royall, with sic instrumentis,
 And craftie musik, singing from the splene,
 In this cuntrie was never hard nor sene :
 Bot all this solempnitie and gam
 Turnit thow hes in *Requiem æternam*.

Inconstant World ! thy freindschip I defy,
 Sen strenth, nor wisdome, riches, nor honour,
 Vertew, nor bewty nane may certify,
 Within thy boundis for to remane ane hour.
 Quhat vails it to be King or Empriour,
 Sen princely puissance may not be exemit
 From Deith, quhais dolour can not be expremitt ?

Sen

Sen man in eirth hes na place permanent,
 Bot all mon pas be that horribill port,
 Lat us pas to the Lord omnipotent,
 That dulefull day to be our greit comfort.
 That in his realme we may with him resort;
 (Quhilkis from the Hel with his blude ranfomit bene,)
 With MAGDALENE, umquhile of Scotland Quene.

O Deith! thoch thow the body may devoir
 Of every man, yit hes thow na puissance
 Of thair vertew for to consume the gloir,
 As falbe fene of MAGDALENE of France,
 Umquhile our Quene, quhom poetis fall avance,
 And put hir in perpetuall memorie,
 Sa fall hir fame of thee have victorie.

Thoch thow hes flane the hevinlie flour of France,
 Quhilk impit was into the Thriffill kene,
 Quhairin all Scotland saw thair haill plesance,
 And maid the Lyoun rejosit fra the splene.
 Thoch rute be pullit from the levis grene,
 The smell of it fall, in despite of thé,
 Keip ay twa realmis in peice and amitie.

VOL. II.

A a

THE

PITSCOTTIE, in his gossiping way, makes a great parade of the French King's liberality upon the occasion of this marriage. In particular he tells us, that Francis "gart prepare twa greit ships, with canons, culverings, moyens, double falcons, and all kind of uther ordinance; with their puder, billets, &c.; the one of them callit *The Merissher*, and the other *The Salamander*, and presentit them to the King of Scotland, who at that tyme had twa of his awin, *the Marivell* and *the Great Lyoun*, lustie shipis of weir. The King then presented him with a dozen of the best horses in his cuirie; twenty stand of harness, gilt and enammiled; syne he callit his doughter MAGDALENE, and gart her pas to his wardrobe and take of cloth of gold, velvet, satin, silk, &c. as she pleisit; with hingers of tapestrie work, pailles of silk and gold, &c.; syne he gave her greit gifts of chaines, with all kinds of precious stanes that micht be gottin for gold or silver; such substance (*in short*) was never fene in Scotland in no man's tyme!"

How comes he to forget the hundred thousand crowns of the Sun, mentioned by other contemporary historians?

THE JUSTING BETUIX JAMES WATSOUN, AND JOHNE
BARBOUR, SERVITOURIS TO KING JAMES THE FYFT.

LINDSAY *the Historian* informs, us, that “MARY OF
“GUISE, the second spouse of JAMES V. made her
“landing in Scotland at the place called Fyfeness, near
“Balcomy, (June or July 1538,) and was there
“met by the King and haill Lordis spirituall and
“temporall, by whom she was immediately conducted
“to Saint Andrews. There the Court remained the
“space of forty days, with great merriness and game;
“as JUSTING, running at the lists, ARCHERY, hunting,
“hawking, with singing and dancing in maskery, and
“playing; and all other princely game according to
“a King and a Queen.” We may reasonably suppose
this Justing between BARBOUR and WATSON to have
taken place on that occasion. SIR DAVID LINDSAY
was the contriver of a triumphal arch, erected for the
Queen’s entry into Saint Andrews; and probably was
also the composer of “certain orations and exhorta-
“tions there addressed by him to the Royal Bride, in-
“structing her how to serve her God, obey her hus-
“band, and keep her body clean, according to God’s
“will and commandments.”

IN St Androis, on Witson Monunday,
Twa Campiounis thair manheid to assay,
Past to the barres, enarmit heid and handis,
Was never sene sic justing in na landis.

In presence of the Kingis Grace, and Quene,
 Quhair monie lustie ladie micht be sene,
 Monie ane knicht, barroun, and baurent
 Come for til fé that aufull tornament.

The ane of thame was gentill James Watfoun,
 And Johne Barbour, that gentill campoun ;
 Unto the King thay war familiaris,
 And of his chalmer baith cubicularis.

James was ane man of greit intelligence,
 And Medecinar full of experience ;
 And Johne Barbour, he was ane nobill leche ;
 Cruikit carlingis he wald gar thame get speiche.

From time thay enterit war into the feild,
 Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
 And wichtlie waifit in the wind thair heillis,
 Hobland like cadgeris rydand on thair creillis :
 Bot ather ran at uther with sic haift,
 That thay culd neuer thair speir get in the raift ;
 Quhen gentill James trowit best with Johne to meit,
 His speir did fall amang his horsis feit :

I am richt sure gude James had bene undone,
 War not that Johne his mark tuke be the mone.
 Quod John, howbeit thow thinkis my leggis likerokkis,
 My speir is gude, now keip thé fra my knokkis.
 Tary, quod James, ane quhile—for be my thrift,
 The feind ane thing I can fé, bot the list.

Na mair can I, quod Johne, be Goddis Creid,
 I fé na thing except the stepill heid ;
 Yit thocht thy branis be lik twa barrow trammis,
 Defend thé, man—Than ran thay to lyk rammis.
 At that rude rink, James had bene strikken doun,
 War not that Johne for feirnes fell in fwoun.
 And richt sa James to Johne had done greit deir,
 War not twixt his hors feit he brak his speir.

Quod James to Johne, yit for your ladyeis saikis,
 Lat us togidder strike thré markit straikis.

I had,

I had, quod Johne, that sal on thé be wrokin—
 Bot as he spurrit his hors, his speir was brokin :
 Fra time with speiris nane culd his marrow meit,
 James drew ane sword with ane richt auful spreit,
 And ran til Johne to have raucht him a rout.
 Johnes sword was rouffit, and wald na way cum out.
 Than James leit drife at Johne with baith his fyftis.
 He mist the man, and dang upon the lyftis ;
 And with that straik he trowit that Johne was flane ;
 His sword stak fast, he gat it neuer agane.
 Be this gude Johne had gottin out his sword,
 And ran to James with monie aufull worde :
 My furiousnes, forsuith, now fall thow find :
 Straikand at James, his sword flew in the wind.
 Than gentill James began to crak greit wordis,
 Allace ! quod he, this day for falt of swordis.
 Than ather ran at uther with new races,
 With gluiffis of plait thay dang at utheris faces.
 Quha wan the feild, na creature culd name,
 Till at the last Johne cryit, Fy redd for schame—
 Yea, redd, quod James, for that is my desyre,
 It is ane hour sen I began to tyre ;
 Be thay sa endit had that royall rink,
 Into the feild micht na man stand for stink ;
 Than everie man that stude on far cryit, Fy,
 Sayand adew, for dirt partis company :
 Thair hors harnes, and all geir was sa gude,
 Loving to God, that day was sched na blude.

KITTEIS

During the time of this forty days festival at St. Andrews, it seems more than probable that some other poems of a similar nature would be produced by the Court minstrels, as Bellenden, or Stewart. Even the King himself might venture to exhibit a specimen of his abilities in this ludicrous stile of composition.

KITTEIS CONFESSIOUN, COMPYLIT (AS IS BELEVIT) BY
SIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MOUNT,

— written with the intention of exposing the dissolute practices of the Clergy in the article of private Confession; and ascertained to belong to this period, from these lines:

Quod he, Hard ye na Inglis buikis?
Quod scho, my maister on thame luikis.
Quod he, Quhat said he of the King?
Quod scho, Of gude he spak na thing.

No books on the subject of religion were printed in Scotland during the reign of JAMES V. but a variety of them appeared in that of his successor. By the *Inglisch Buikis* here mentioned, we are to understand TYNDAL'S *New Testament*, eight or ten editions of which were printed abroad, and privately sold in England between the years 1526 and 1535;—"by reason whereof, (says a contemporary historian,) many things came to light." For presuming to use a copy of this book, and for teaching the people to repeat the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, H. FOREST, Vicar of Dolour, was burnt at Edinburgh in 1534. This seems to be a key to the latter couplet of these lines. In 1543, a few months after the death of the King, an Act was made by the Lords of Articles, to permit the use of the New and Auld Testaments in the Inglis or Scotis language.

THE Curate, Kittie culd confes,
And scho tauld on baith mair and les.
Quhen scho was talkand as scho wist,
The Curate Kittie wald have kist;
But yit ane countenance he bure,
Degest, devoit, deigne and demure;
And fine began hir to examine:
He was best at the efter game.
Quod he, Have ye ony wrangous geir?
Quod scho, I staw ane pek of beir.
Quod he, That fuld restorit be:
Thairfoir deliver it to me,
Tibbie and Peter bad me speir,
By my conscience thay fall it heir.
Quod he, leve ye in licherie?
Quod scho, Willie Leno mollit me.
Quod he, his wyfe that fall I tell,
To mak hir quentance with mysell.
Quod he, ken ye na heresie?
I wait not quhat that is, quod sche.
Quod he, hard ye na Inglis buikis?
Quod scho, my maister on them luikis.
Quod he, the bischop fall that knaw;
For I am sworn that for to schaw.
Quod he, quhat said he of the King?
Quod scho, of gude he spak na thing.
Quod he, his Grace of that fall wit,
For he fall lois his life for it.
Quhen scho in mind did mair revolve,
Quod he, I can not you absolve;
But to my chalmer cum at evin,
Absolvit for to be, and schrevin.

Quod

Quod fcho, I will pas to ane uther ;—
Syne I met with Sir Androwis brother,
And he full clenelie did me fchrive ;
Bot he was fumthing talkative,
And speirit mony a strange cace ;
How that my lufe did me embrace,
Quhat day, how oft, quhat fort, and quhair.
Quod he, I wald I had bin thair.—
He me absolvit for ane plack,
Thocht he with me na price wald mak ;
And mekil Latin he did mummil,
I hard na thing but hummil mummil.
He fchew me nocht of Goddis word,
Quhilk fcharper is than onie fword,
And deip intil our hartis dois prent,
Our fin, quhairthrow we do repent.
He pat me nathing into fear,
Quhairthrow I fuld my fin forbeir ;
He fchew me not the malediction
Of God for fin, nor the affliction,
Nor in this life the greit mischeif
Ordaind to punifch hure and theif.
He fchew me not of hellis pane
That I micht feir, and vice refrane ;
He counsellit me not to abftene,
And leid an holy life and clene :
Of Christis blude na thing he knew,
Nor of his promifes full trew,
That fasis all that will beleve,
That Satan fall us never greve.
He teichit me not for to traift
The comfort of the Halie Gaiſt ;
And bad me not to Chriſt be kynde,
To keip his law with hart and mynde,
And love and thank his greit mercie,
From fin and hell that favit me,

And

And love my nichtbour as mysel,
 Of this nathing he culd me tell ;
 Bot gave me penance ilk ane day,
 Ane *Ave Marie* for to say ;
 On Fridayis five na flesche to eit,
 Bot butter and eggis are better meit ;
 And with ane plack to buy ane Mefs
 From drounkin Sir Johne Latin-lefs.—
 Quod he, ane plack I will gar Sandy
 Give thee agane ; with handy dandy
 Syne into pilgramage to pass.
 (The verray way to wantonefs.)
 Of all this penance I was glaid,
 I had them all perqueir, I said :
 To moll and steil I ken the price,
 I fall it set on cinq and fyce.

Bot he my counsaill culd not keip,
 He made him be the fyre to sleip,
 Syne cryit, Colleris, beif and coillis,
 Hois and schone with doubil foillis,
 Caikis and candil, creishe and salt,
 Curnis of meil, and luiffullis of malt,
 Wollin and lynning, werp and woft ;
 Dame ! keip the keyis of your woll loft :
 Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif,
 And sua with us thay play the knaif ;
 Freiris sweir by thair professioun,
 Nane can be safe but confessioun,
 And garris all men understand,
 That it is Goddis awin command ;
 Yet it is not but mennis dreme,
 The pepil to confound and schame ;
 It is nocht ellis but mennis law,
 Maid mennis mindis for to knaw,
 Quhairthrow thay file thame as thay will,
 And makis thair law conform theretill,

Sittand

Sittand in mennis conscience,
 Abuve Goddis magnificence,
 And dois the pepil teich and tyfte
 To serve the Pape the Antichriste.

To the greit God Omnipotent,
 Confess thy fin, and thee repent,
 And traist in Christ, as wrytis Paul,
 Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy faul.
 For nane can the absolve but he,
 Nor tak away thy fin from thee.
 Gif of gude counsaill thou hes neid,
 Or hes not leirnit weill thy creid,
 Or wickit vices regne in thee,
 The quhilk thow can not mortifie;
 Or be in desperatioun,
 And wald have consolatioun;
 Than to ane preichour trew thow pas,
 And schaw thy fin and thy trespas.
 Thou neidis not to schaw him all,
 Nor tell thy fin baith greit and small,
 Quhilk is impossibil to be,
 But schaw the vice that troubillis thé,
 And he fall of thy faul have reuth,
 And thé instruct into the treuth;
 And with the word of veritie,
 Sall comfort and fall counsaill thé:
 The sacramentis schaw thé at lenth,
 Thy lytil faith to stark and strenth;
 And how thow fuld them richtly use,
 And all hypocrisie refuse.

Confessioun first was ordainit fré,
 In this fort in the Kirk to be:
 Swa to confes as I descryve,
 Was in the gude Kirk primityve,
 Swa was confessioun ordainit first,
 Thoch CODRUS kyte fuld cleif and birft.

On a subject not unconnected with this observe the forcible words of PITSCOTTIE: "DAVID STRAITON, a Priest, was burnt about the same
 " time with FOREST, for having taken unto himself ane wyfe; for, thay
 " wald thole no preist to mary; but gif he had used thene ten thousand
 " hures, he had not bein brent." The King, however, in 1535, must
 have had in view some plan of reformation: for there is a statute of
 that year preserved by KEITH, bearing " that the unhonesty and mis-
 " reule of kirk-men, baith in wit, knowlege and maneris, is the cause
 " that kirk and kirk-men are lichtlieit and contemptit; therefore the
 " King exhortis and prays all archbishops, bishops, ordinaries, and uther
 " prelates to reform themselves, their obedientiars and kirk-men under
 " them, in habit, and maneris, &c.; otherwise the King's Grace shall
 " find remeid theirfoir at the Pope's Holiness, &c." Upon another
 occasion he is reported by KNOX to have expressed himself to the Cler-
 gy in the following impressive terms: " Pack yow Jeswellis: get ye to
 " your charges, and reform your awin lyffis, and be not instruments of
 " discord betwix my nobilitie and me; or ellis I vow to God I fall re-
 " form you; not as the King of Denmark does by imprisonment; ney-
 " ther yit as the King of Ingland by hanging and heiding: bot I fall
 " reforme you *by schairp qubingers.*" In 1549, the Clergy began to pay
 some attention to these admonitions, and in a provincial council enact-
 ed no fewer than fifty-three canons for establishing decency and good
 order. But they came too late. The men who had rendered themselves
 odious by their conduct, were by that time rendered contemptible by
 the satirical writings of Sir DAVID LINDSAY, whose war against Anti-
 christ is thus mentioned in a dramatic dialogue, written by a brother
 of Queen ANNE BULLEYN, and printed in 1564: " Nexte to CHAUCER,
 " LIDGATE and BARTLEY, in a blacke chaire of gette ston, in a
 " coate of armes fatte an ancienne Knight, bearyng upon his breast a
 " white lion, with a crown of riche gold on his hedde: his name was
 " Sir DAVIE LINSE, uppon the Mounte, with a hammer of strong
 " steele in his hande, breaking asonder the counterfeicte crosse kaies
 " of Rome, forged by Antichrist." Chiefly in order to stop Sir DAVID's
 torrent of acrimonious satire, the above mentioned Council enacted,
 " That every Ordinary shall in his diocese enquire who conceals in his
 " house any *books of rymes or vulgar ballads*, scandalising the clergy,
 " or ridiculing and calumniating their dependants or constitutions; or
 " any *infamous book or books containing any heresy*; and when discovered
 " they shall be prohibited under the penalties in the Acts of Parliament
 " (1535, see KEITH), and shall be confiscated and burnt, and all per-
 " sons shall be prohibited from using, selling, printing, or reading them
 " under the like penalties."

THE HISTORIE OF ANE NOBIL AND VAILYEAND SQUYER,
WILLIAM MELDRUM, UMQUHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE
AND BYNNIS. COMPYLIT BE SIR DAVID LYNDESAY
OF THE MONT.

*Prologue—MELDRUM's passage til Cragfergus—He
killis twa soldiers ; and savis ane ladie, quha offers
to wed him—He joinis the Frensch armie aganis HEN-
RIE VIII. of Ingland in Picardie—Defetis TALBART
an Inglis campioun—Returnand to Scotland he dis-
comfits an Inglis captan on the sea—Travelland in
Strathern, he lugis in ane castel, and luvis the ladie—
Thair amouris—Another castel of the lady's beand
takin by MACFARLANE, MELDRUM segis it, and taks
MACFARLANE prissonour—Returnis to the ladie, quha
beris till him ane dochter—His ladie marryit till an-
uther—MELDRUM made scherif depute of Fife, and
deis agit.*

QUHA that antique floreis reidis,
Confidder may the famous deidis,
Of our nobill progenitouris,
Quhilk fuld to us be richt mirrouris ;
Thair verteous deidis to enfew,
And vicious leving to eschew.
Sic men bene put into memorie
That deith fuld not confound thair glorie.
Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
Thair verteous deidis bene present ;

Poetis

Poetis thair honour to avance
 Hes put thame in remembrance.
 Sum wryt of preclair conquerouris,
 And sum of vailyeand emperouris :
 And sum of nobill michtie kingis,
 That royallie did reull their ringis.
 And sum of campiounis, and of knichtis
 That bauldlie did defend thair richtis ;
 Quhilk vailyeandlie did stand in flour,
 For the defence of thair honour.
 And sum of squyeris douchtie deidis,
 That wounders wrocht in weirlie weidis.
 Sum wryt of deidis amorous ;
 As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
 How that he luifit Cressida :
 Of Jason and of Medea.
 With help of Cleo I intend,
 Sa Minerve wuld me sapience fend,
 Ane nobill squyer to discryfe,
 Quhais doughtines during his lyfe,
 I knaw myself, thairof I wryte,
 And all his deidis I dar indyte :
 And secreitis that I did not knaw,
 That nobill squyer did me schaw.
 Sa I intend the best I can,
 Descryve the deidis and the man :
 Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
 Full plesantlie without reprufe.

Now to my purpose will I pas,
 And shaw you how the squyer was
 Ane gentilman of Scotland borne ;
 So was his father him beforne :
 Of nobilnes lineallie discendit,
 Quhilks thair gude fame hes euer defendit.
 Gude WILLIAME MELDRUM he was namit,
 Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamit.

Stalwart

Stalwart and stout in everie stryfe,
 And borne within the schyre of Fyfe.
 To Cleische and Bynnis richt heritour,
 Quhilk stude for lufe in monie stour.

He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
 Quhen he began his vassalage :
 Proportionat weill of mid stature,
 Feirie, and wicht, and micht indure
 Ouirset travell, baith nicht and day,
 Richt hardie baith in ernist and play :
 Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
 And stude weill ay in his ladies grace :
 For he was wounder amiabill,
 And in all deidis honourabill.
 And ay his honour did avance,
 In England first, and syne in France.
 And thair his manheid did assail,
 Under the kingis greit admirall.
 Quhen the greit navie of Scotland,
 Passit to the sey aganis Ingland. †

And as thay passit be Ireland coist,
 The admirall gart land his oist :
 And set Craigfergus into fyre,
 And faisit nouthar barne nor byre.
 It was greit petie for to heir,
 Of the pepill the bailfull cheir
 And how the land folk wer spuilyeit,
 And wemen under fate wer fuilyeit.

Bot this young squyer bauld and wicht
 Savit all wemen quhair he micht :
 Als preistis and freiris he did save.
 Till at the last he did persave
 Behind ane garding amiabill,
 Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill :
 And on that voce he followit fast,
 Till he did see her at the last,

Spuilyeit,

Spuilyeit, naikeit as scho was borne ;
Twa men of weir were hir beforne :
Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,
Partand the spuilyie thame betwene.

Ane fairer woman nor scho wes,
He had not fene in onie place.
Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,
Sayand, " For him that heryit hell,
" Help me, fweit Sir, I am ane mayd."

Than softlie to the men he said :
" I pray yow give againe hir fark,
" And tak to yow all other wark."

Hir kirtill was of scarlot reid,
Of gold ane garland on hir heid,
Decorit with enamelyne ;
Bilt and brochis of silver fyne.
Of yallow taftais wes hir fark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark :
Richt craftelie with gold and filk.
Than said the ladie quhyte as milk,
" Except my fark no thing I crave,
" Let thame go hence with all the lave."

Quod thay to hir, " Be Sanct Fillane,
" Of this ye get nathing agane."

Then said the squyer courteslie
" Gude freindis I pray yow hartfullie,
" Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
" Restoir to hir againe hir geir,
" Or be greit God that all hes wrocht,
" That spuilyie sal be full deir bocht."

Quod thay to him, " We thé defy ;"
And drew thair swordis haistely :
And straik at him with sa greit ire,
That from his harnes flew the fyre.
With duntis sa darflie on him dang,
That he was never in sic ane thrang.

But

But he him manfullie defendit,
 And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
 And hat the ane upon the heid,
 That to the ground he fell down deid :
 For to the teith he did him cleif ;
 Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif !
 Than with the uther hand for hand,
 He beit him with his birneist brand :
 The uther was baith stout and strang,
 And on the squyer darflie dang.
 And than the squyer wrocht greit wonder
 Ay till his sword did shaik in funder :
 Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair,
 And did him cleik be the collair,
 And evin in at the collarbane,
 At the first straik he hes him flane :
 He founderit fordward to the ground.
 Yit was the squyer haill and found :
 For quhy, he was sa weill enarmit,
 He did escaip fra thame unharmit.

And quhen he saw thay wer baith flane,
 He to that ladie past agane :

Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,
 And said, “ Tak your abulyement :”
 And scho him thankit full humillie,
 And put hir claithis on spedilie.
 Than kisset he that ladie fair,
 And tuik his leif at hir but mair.

Be that the taburne and trumpet blew
 And everie man to shipburd drew,
 Syne weyit their ankeris, and maid sail,
 This navie with the admirall,
 And landit in bauld Brytane,
 This admirall was Erle of Arrane, ‡

Quhilk

‡ He commanded the land-forces.

Quhilk was baith wyfe and vailyeand,
Of the blude royall of Scotland :
Accompanyit with monie ane knicht,
Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht,
Among the laif this young squyar,
Was with him richt familiar :
And throw his verteous diligence,
Of that lord he got sic credence :
That quhen his courage he did ken,
Gaif him cure of fyve hundreth men :
Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
Reddie at his commandement.

It wer to lang for to declair,
The douchtie deidis that he did thair :
Becaus he was sa courageous,
Ladies of him wer amorous.
He was ane menyeoun for ane dame,
Meik in chalmer lyk ane lame.
Bot in the feild ane campioun,
Rampand lyke ane wyld lyoun ;
Weill practikit with speir and scheild ;
And with the formest in the feild.
No chiftane was amangis thame all,
In expensis mair liberall.
In everilk play he wan the pryfe :
With that he was verteous and wyfe.
And so becaus he was weill pruisit,
With euerie man he was weill luifit.

HARY the aucht king of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand :
With his trinnphant ordinance,
Makand weir on the realme of France.
The king of France his greit armie
Lay neir hand by in Picardie :

Quhair

Quhair aither uther did affail,
Howbeit thair was na fet battaill :
Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
Quhair men of armis brak monie stinging.

Quhen to the squyer Meldrum
Wer tauld thir novellis all and sum :
He thocht he wald vesie the weiris,
And waillit furth ane hundred speiris :
And futemen quhilk wer bauld and stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.

Quhen he come to the king of France,
He wes sone put in ordinance :
Richt so was all his companie,
That on him waitit continuallie.
Thair was into the Inglis oist,
Ane campoun that blew greit boist :
He was ane stout man and ane strang,
Quhilk boist wald with his conduct gang
Outthrow the greit armie of France,
His valiantnes for to avance :
And Maister TALBART was his name ;
Of Scottis and Frenche quhilk spak disdane.
And on his bonnet usit to beir,
Of silver fine, takinnis of weir.
And proclamatiounis he gart maik,
That he wald for his ladies saik,
With any gentilman of France,
To fecht with him with speir or lance.
Bot no Frenche man in all that land
With him durst battell hand for hand.
Than lyke ane weiriour vailyeand,
He enterit in the Scottis band :
And quhen the squyer Meldrum,
Hard tell, this campoun wes cum,
Richt haistelie he past him till,
Demanding him quhat was his will.

" Forfuith I can find none (quod he)
 " On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me."
 Than said he, " Sir, it wer greit schame,
 " Without battell ye suld pafs hame.
 " Thairfoir to God I mak ane vow,
 " The morne my self fall fecht with yow,
 " Outher on horiback or on fute,
 " Your crakkis I count thame not ane cute.
 " I fall be fund into the field,
 " Armit on hors with speir and scheild."
 Maister Talbart said, " My gude chylde,
 " It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld :
 " Thow ar to young and hes no micht,
 " To fecht with me that is so wicht.
 " To speik to me thow suld have feir,
 " For I have sik practik in weir,
 " That I wald not effeir it be,
 " To mak debait aganis sic thre :
 " For I have stand in monie stour,
 " And ay defendit my honour.
 " Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell the,
 " Sic interpryfis to lat be."

Than said this squyer to the knicht,
 " I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht :
 " Young David was far les than I,
 " Quhen with Goliath manfullie,
 " Withouthin outhir speir or scheild,
 " He faucht ; and slew him in the feild.
 " I traist that God sal be my gyde,
 " And give me grace to stanch thy pryde :
 " Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne
 " Traist weill I fall yow meit the morne :
 " Beside Montruill upon the grene,
 " Befoir ten houris I sal be sene.
 " And gif ye wyn me in the feild,
 " Baith hors and geir I fall yow yeild :

" Sa

“ Sa that siclyke ye do to me.”

“ That I fall do, be god (quod he)

“ And thairto I give the my hand.”

And swa betwene theme maid an band,

That thay fuld meit upon the morne.

Bot Talbart maid at him bot scorne ;

Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde,

Syne hamewart to his oist culd ryde ;

And shew the brethren of his land,

How ane young Scot had tane on hand,

To fecht with him beside Montruill ;

“ Bot I traist he fall prufe the fuill.”

Quod thay, “ The morne that fall we ken,

“ The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.”

Quod he, “ I compt thame not ane cute,

“ He fall returne upon his fute :

“ And leif with me his armour bricht,

“ For weill I wait he has no micht,

“ On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.”

Quod thay, “ The morne that fall we se.”

Quhan to Monsour de Obenie

Reportit was the veritie,

How that the squyer had tane on hand,

To fecht with Talbart hand for hand,

His greit courage he did commend,

Sine haistelie did for him send.

And quhen he come befoir the lord,

The veritie he did record :

How for the honour of Scotland,

That battell he had tane on hand,

“ And sen it givis me in my hart,

“ Get I ane hors to take my part,

“ My traist is sa in Goddis grace,

“ To leif him lyand in the place.

“ Howbeit he stalwart be and stout,

“ My lord of him I have na dout.”

Than

Than fend the lord out throw the land,
And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand,
To his prefence be brocht in haist,
And bad the squyer cheis him the best.
Of that the squyer was rejoisit,
And cheisit the best as he suppoisit :
And lap on him delyverlie ;
Was never hors ran mair plesantlie,
With speir and sword at his command,
And was the best of all the land.

He tuik his leif and went to rest ;
Syne airlie in the morne him drest,
Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid,
All weill enarmit, saif the heid.
He lap upon his cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his stirroppis richt ;
His speir and scheild and helme wes borne
With squyeris that raid him beforne :
Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
Ane quaif of gold to heild his hair.

This lord of him tuik sa greit joy,
That he himself wald him convoy :
With him ane hundreth men of armes,
That thair suld no man do him harmes.
The squyer buir into his scheild,
Ane otter in ane silver feild.
His hors was bairdit full richelie,
Coverit with satyne cramesie.
Than forward raid this Campioun,
With sound of trumpet and clarioun,
And spedilie spurrit our the bent,
Lyke Mars the God Armipotent.

Thus leif we rydand our squyar,
And speik of Maister Talbart mair :
Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow,
And no manner of geir to borrow :

Hors,

Hors, harnes, speir, nor sheild,
 Bot was ay reddie for the feild :
 And had sic practik into weir,
 Of our squyer he tuik na feir :
 And said unto his companyeoun,
 Or he come furth of his paillyeoun,
 “ This nicht I saw into my dreame,
 “ Quhilk to reheirs I think greit schame :
 “ Me thocht I saw cum fra the see,
 “ Ane greit otter rydand to me,
 “ The quhilk was blak, with ane lang taill,
 “ And cruellie did me affail ;
 “ And bait me till he gart me bleid,
 “ And drew me backward fra my steid.
 “ Quhat this fuld mene I cannot say,
 “ Bot I was never in sic ane fray.”

His fellow said, “ Think ye not schame,
 “ For to gif credence till ane dreame ?
 “ Ye knaw it is aganis our faith ;
 “ Thairfoir go dres yow in your graith,
 “ And think weil throw your hie courage,
 “ This day ye fall wyn vassalage.”

Then drest he him into his geir,
 Wantounlie like ane man of weir,
 Quhilk had baith hardines and fors ;
 And lichtlie lap upon his hors.
 His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
 And coverit was richt courtfullie
 With browderit wark, and velvot grene.
 Sanct George's croce thair micht be sene
 On hors, harnes, and all his geir.
 Than raid he furth withouttin weir,
 Convoyit with his capitan,
 And with monie ane Inglisman,
 Arrayit all with armis bricht ;
 Micht no man see ane fairer sight.

Than

Than clariounis and trumpettis blew ;
 And weiriouris monie hither drew ;
 On everie fide come monie man,
 To behald quha the battell wan :
 The feild was in ane medow grene,
 Quhair everie man micht weel be fene.
 The heraldis put tham sa in ordour,
 That no man past within the bordour ;
 Nor preiffit to cum within the grene,
 Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene.
 The ordour and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.

Quhen thir twa nobilmen of weir,
 Wer weill accowterit in their geir,
 And in thair handis strang burdournis ;
 Than trumpotis blew and clariounis :
 And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
 " Now let thame go ! God shaw the richt ! "

Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,
 And ran to uther with sic fors,
 That baith thair speiris in findrie flaw ;
 Then said they all that stude on raw :
 " Ane better cours, than they twa ran,
 " Was not sene sen the world began."

Than baith the parties wer rejoisit ;
 The campiounis ane quhyle repoisit,
 Till they had gottin speiris new ;
 Than with triumph the trumpettis blew :
 And they with all the force thay can
 Wounder rudelie at either ran ;
 And straik at uther with sa greit ire,
 That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.
 Thair speiris war sa teuch and strang,
 That aither uther to eirth down dang :
 Baith hors and man, with speir and scheild,
 Than flatlings lay into the field.

Than

Than Maister Talbart was eschamit,
 “ Forsuith for ever I am defamit !”
 And said this, “ I had rather die,
 “ Without that I revengit be.”

Our young squyer, sic was his hap,
 Was first on fute ; and on he lap
 Upon his hors without support :
 Of that the Scottis take gude comfort,
 Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie
 Loup on his hors sa galyeardie.
 The squyer listit his visair,
 Ane lytill space to take the air.
 Thay bad him wyne, and he it drank,
 And humillie he did thame thank.
 Be that Talbart on hors mountit,
 And of our squyer lytill countit.
 And cryit, “ Gif he darst undertaik,
 “ To run anis for his ladies saik.”
 The squyer answerit hie on hicht,
 “ That fall I do be Marie bricht :
 “ I am content all day to ryn,
 “ Till ane of us the honour wyn.”

Of that Talbart was weill content ;
 And ane greit spier in hand he hent.
 The squyer in his hand he thrang
 His speir, quhilk was baith greit and lang :
 With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
 Of quhilk he was appleisit weill.
 That plesand feild was lang and braid,
 Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid :
 And everie man micht have gude sight ;
 And thair was monie weirlyke knight.
 Sum man of everie natioun,
 Was in that congregatioun.
 Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
 And thay twa campiounis egeirlye,

Thay

Thay spurrit thair hors with speir on breist
 Pertlie to preif thair pith thay priest :
 That round rinkroume wes at utterance.
 Bot Talbartis hors with ane mischance
 He utterit, and to ryn was laith ;
 Quhairof Talbart was wonder wraith.
 The squyer furth his rink he ran,
 Commendit weill with everie man ;
 And him dischargeit of his speir,
 Honestlie lyke ane man of weir.
 Becaus that rink they ran in vane,
 Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
 Till he had gottin ane better steid ;
 Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid.
 Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
 As brym as he had bene ane beir ;
 And bowtit forward with ane bend,
 And ran on to the ringis end,
 And saw his hors was at command ;
 Than wes he blyith, I understand,
 Traistand na mair to ryn in vane,
 Than all the trumpettis blew agane.

Be that with all the force they can,
 Thay richt rudelie at uther ran.
 Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
 Quhilk foundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
 And nane of thame thair marrow mist ;
 Sir Talbartis speir in funder brist.
 Bot the squyer with his burdoun,
 Sir Talbart to the eirth dang down.
 That straik was with sic micht and fors,
 That on the ground lay man and hors ;
 And throw the brydell hand him bair,
 And in the breist ane span and mair.
 Throw curras, and throw gluifis of plait,
 That Talbart may mak na debait.

The trencheour of the squyeris speir,
Stak still into Sir Talbartis geir.

Than everie man into that steid
Did all beleve that he was deid.
The squyer lap richt haistelie,
From his cursour deliverlie,
And to Sir Talbart maid support,
And humillie did him comfort.
Quhen Talbart saw into his scheild,
Ane otter in ane silver feild

“ This race (said he) I may fair rew,

“ For I see weill my dreame was trew.

“ Me thocht ane otter gart me bleid,

“ And buir me backward from my steid.

“ And heir I vow to God soverane,

“ That I fall never just agane.”

And sweitlie to the squyer said,

“ Thow knawis the cunning that we maid,

“ Quhilk of us twa suld tyne the feild,

“ He suld baith hors and armour yeild,

“ Till him that wan : quhairfoir I will,

“ My hors and harnes geve the till.”

Then said the squyer courteouslie,

“ Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.

“ Of yow forsuith nathing I crave,

“ For I have gottin that I wald have.

With everie man he was commendit,

Sa vailyeandlie he him defendit.

The capitane of the Inglis band

Take the young squyer be the hand ;

And led him to the pailyeoun,

And gart him mak collatioun.

Quhen Talbartis woundis wer bund up fast,

The Inglis capitane to him past :

And prudentlie did him comfort,

Syne said, “ Brother, I yow exhort

" To tak the squyer be the hand."
 And sa he did at his command ;
 And said, " This bene but chance of armes ;"
 With that he braisfit him in his armes.
 Sayand, " Hartlie I yow forgeve."
 And then the squyer tuik his leve ;
 Commendit weill with everie man ;
 Than wichtlie on his hors he wan :
 With monie ane nobill man convoyit.
 Leve we thair Talbart fair annoyit.
 Sum fayis of that discomfitour,
 He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
 That he departit of that land,
 And never was sene into Ingland.

Quhen to the king the cace wes knawin,
 And all the suith unto him shawin ;
 How this squyer sa manfullie,
 On Sutheroun wan the victorie
 He put him into ordinance,
 And sa he did remane in France
 Ane certane tyme for his plesour,
 Weill estemit in greit honour,
 Quhair he did monie ane nobill deid.
 With that, rich, wantoun in his weid,
 Quhen ladies knew his hie conrage,
 He was desyrit in marriage
 By ane lady of greit rent ;
 Bot youth maid him sa insolent,
 That he in France wald not remane,
 Bot come to Scotland hame agane.
 Thocht Frenche ladies did for him murne,
 The Scottis were glad of his returne.

At everie lord he tuke his leve,
 Bot his departing did them greve.
 For he was luifit with all wichtis,
 Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.

Scottis

Scottis capitanes did him convoy,
Thocht his departing did thame noy.
At Deip he maid him for to sail,
Quhair he furnischt ane gay veschaill,
For his self and men of weir,
With artailie, hakbut, bow, and speir.
And furneist hir with gude victuall,
With the best wyne that he could waill.

And quhain the schip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid.
Quhill he gat wind of the Southeist,
Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist;
And syne maid sail, and fordwart past,
Ane day at morne till at the last
Of ane greit sail thay gat ane sicht;
And Phæbus schew his bemis bricht,
Into the morning richt airlie.
Than past the skipper spedelie,
Up to the top with richt greit feir,
And saw it wes ane man of weir;
And cryit, "I see nocht ellis perdie,
"Bot we mon outhur fecht or fle."

The squyer was in his bed lyand,
Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this the Inglis artailye,
Lyke hailshot maid on thame assailye:
And floppit throw thair fechting faillis,
And divers dang out ouer the waillis.
The Scottis agane with all thair micht,
Of gunnis than thay leit fle ane flicht:
Be thay micht weill see quhair thay wair,
Heidis and armes flew in the air.
The Scottis schip scho wes sa law,
That monie gunnis out ouer hir flaw,
Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit down.
Bot the Inglis greit Galyeoun,

Fornent thame stude, lyke ane castell,
 That the Scottis gunnis nicht na way fail,
 Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,
 With monie ane flop, for all hir pride,
 That monie ane kest wer on thair bakkis:
 Than rais the reik with ugie crakkis,
 Quhilk on the sey maid sic ane sound,
 That in the air it did redound:

And men nicht weill wit on the land,
 That shippis wer on the sey fechtand.

Be this thegyder straik the shippis,
 And ather on uther laid thair clippis.
 And than began the strang battaill,
 Ilk man his marrow did assail.

Sa rudelie thay did rush togidder,
 That nane nicht hald thair feit for flidder.

Sum with halbert, and sum with speir;
 Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir.

Out of the top the grundin dartis,
 Did divers peirs outthrow the hartis.

Everie man did his diligence,
 Upon his fo to work vengeance.

Ruschand on uther with routtis rude,
 That our the wallis ran the blude.

The Inglis capitane cryit hie,
 "Swyith yeild yow, doggis! or ye fall die."

"And do ye not, I make ane vow,

"That Scotland sal be quyte of yow."

Than peirtlie answerit the squyar,

And said, "O tratour Tavernar!

"I lat the wit, thow hes na nicht,

"This day to put us to the flicht."

Than derflie ay at uther dang;

The squyer thrustit throw the thrang,

And in the Inglis schip he lap,

And hat the capitane sic ane flap

Upou

Upon his heid, till he fell down,
 Welterand intill ane deidlie fwoun.
 And quhen the Scottis saw the squyer,
 Had striken down that rank revyer;
 They left thair awin schip standand waist,
 And in the Inglis schip in haist
 They followit all thair capitane;
 And sone wes monie Southeroun flane.
 Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
 The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer,
 That thay wer fane to lief the feild,
 Cryand mercie, than did thame yeild.

Yit wes the squyer straikand fast,
 At the capitane; quho at the last
 Quhen he persavit no remeid,
 Outher to yeild or to be deid,
 Cryit, "O gentill capitane,
 "Thoill me not for to be flane.
 "My lyfe to yow sal be mair pryse,
 "Nor fall my deith ane thowfsand syse.
 "For ye may get, as I suppois,
 "Three thousand nobillis of the rois
 "Of me, and of my companie;
 "Thairfoir I cry yow loud mercie.
 "Except my lyfe, nothing I craif,
 "Tak yow the schip and all the laif.
 "I yeild to yow baith sword and knyfe,
 "Thairfoir, gude maister, save my lyfe."

The squyer tuik him be the hand,
 And on his feit he gart him stand;
 And treittit him richt tenderly,
 And syne unto his men did cry,
 And gaif to thame richt strait command,
 To straik no moir, bot hald their hand.
 Than baith the captanes ran and red,
 And so thair wes na mair blude shed.

Than

Than all the laif thay did them yeild,
And to the Scottis gaif fword and shield,

Ane nobill leiche the squyer had,
Quhairof the Inglismen wes glaid;
To quhome the squyer gaif command,
The woundit men to tak on hand.

And so he did with diligence,
Quhairof he gat gude recompence.

Than quhen the woundit men wer drest,
And all the deand men confest,
And deid men cassin in the see,
Quhilk to behald was greit pitie;
Thair was flane of Inglis band,
Fyve scoir of men I understand;
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene.
And of the Scottis were flane fyftene.

And quhen the Inglis capitane
Saw, how his men wer tane and flane;
And how the Scottis sa few in number,
Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer;
He grew intill ane frenesy;
Sayand, "Fals fortoun! I the defy.

"For I belevit this day at morne,
"That he was not in Scotland borne,
"That durst have met me hand for hand,
"Within the boundis of my brand."

The squyer bad him mak gud cheir,
And said, "it was bot chance of weir;
"Greit conquerouris, I yow assure,
"Hes hapnit siclike aventure.

"Thairfoir mak merrie, and go dyne,
"And let us prief the michtie wyne."

Sum drank wyne, and sum drank aill;
Syne put the shippis under fail.
And waillit furth of the Inglis band,
Twa hundreth men, and put on land,

Quyeitlie

Quyeitlie on the coist of Kent.
The laif in Scotland with him went.

The Inglis capitaine as I ges,
He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
And treitit him richt honestlie,
Togithir with his companie.
And held thame in that garrifoun,
Till thay had payit thair ranfoun.

Out throw the land than sprang the fame
That squyer Meldrum was cum hame.
Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
With everie man he was sa treitit :
That quhen he travellit throw the land,
Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
With greit solace ; till at the last,
Out throw Straitherne the squyer past.
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane castell he gat ane sicht,
Beside ane montane in ane vail ;
And than efter his greit travaill,
He purpoisit him to repos,
Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.

Of this triumphant plesand place,
Ane lustie ladie wes maistres.
Quhais lord was deid schor tyme befor,
Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
Bot yit scho tuke sum comforting,
To heir the plesant dulce talking
Of this young squyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in France.

This squyer, and the ladie gent,
Did wesche, and then to supper went.
During that nicht thair was nocht ellis,
Bot for to heir of his novellis.
Eneas quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not quene Dido greiter joy,

Quhen

Quhen he in Carthage did arryve,
 And did the feige of Troy descryve.
 The wonderis that he did reheirs
 Wer langsum for to put in vers,
 Bot quhilk this ladie did rejois ;
 Thay drank, and fyne went to repois.

He fand his chalmer weill arrayit,
 With dornik work on buird displayit.
 Of venisoun he had his waill,
 Gude aquavit , wyne and aill,
 With nobill confeittis, bran and geill ;
 And swa the squyer fuir richt weill.

Sa to heir mair of his narratioun,
 This ladie came to his collatioun.
 Sayand he was richt welcum hame,
 " Grandmercie than," (quod he) " madame."
 Thay past the time with ches and tabill,
 For he to everie game was abill.
 Than unto bed drew everie wicht,
 To chalmer went this ladie bricht,
 The quhilk this squyer did convoy :
 Syne till his bed he went with joy.
 That nicht he sleipit neuer ane wink,
 Bot still did on the ladie think ;
 Cupido, with his fyerie dart,
 Did peirs him so out throw the hart,
 That all the nicht he did bot murn it ;
 Sum tyme fat up, and sum tyme turnit ;
 Sichand with monie gant and grane,
 T  fair Venus makand his mane ;
 Sayand, " Ladie, quhat may this mene ?
 " I was ane fr  man lait yistrene :
 " And now ane cative bound and thrall,
 " For ane that I think flour of all.
 " I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
 " How for hir saik I am fa pynd.

" Wald

Wald God I had bene yit in France,
 “ Or I had hapnit sic mischance :
 “ To be subject or serviture
 “ Till ane, quhilk takis of me na cure.”

This ladie ludgit neirhand by,
 And hard the squyer prively
 With dreidfull hart makand his mone,
 With monie cairfull gant and grone :
 Hir hart fulfillit with petie
 Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie :
 And said, “ howbeit I suld be flane,
 “ He sall have lufe for lufe agane.
 “ Wald God I micht with my honour,
 “ Have him to be my paramour !”

This was the mirrie tyme of May ;
 Quhen this fair ladie, freshe and gay,
 Start up to take the hailsum air,
 With pantonis on hir feit ane pair :
 Airlie into ane cleir morning,
 Befoir fair Phœbus uprising.
 Kirtill alone withouttin klok ;
 And saw the squyer’s dure unlok.
 Scho slippit in or euer he wist,
 And fenyeitlie past till ane kist,
 And with her keyis oppinnit the lokkis,
 And maid hir to take furth ane boxe.

Bot that was not hir erand thair ;
 With that this lustie young squyair
 Saw this ladie so plesantlie,
 Cum to his chalmer quyetlie.
 In kyrtill of fyne damais brown,
 Hir goldin traissis hingand down ;
 Hir pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
 Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
 Lyke the quhyte lylie wes hir lyre,
 Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre.

Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
Quhairat the squyer did rejois ;
And said than, " now vailye quod vailye,
" Upon the ladie thow mak ane failye."

His courlyke kirtill was unlaiſt,
And ſone into his armis hir braiſt ;
And ſaid to hir, " Madame, gude-morne,
" Help me your man, that is forlorne.

" Without ye mak me ſum remeid,

" Withouttin dout, I am bot deid.

" Quhairfoir ye mon relief my harmes."

With that he hint hir in his armes,

And talkit with hir on the flure ;

Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.

" Squyer," (quod ſcho,) " quhat is your will ?

" Think ye my womanheid to ſpill ?

" Na, God forbid, it wer greit ſyn,

" My lord and ye wes neir of kyn.

" Quhairfoir I mak yow ſupplicatioun,

" Pas, and ſeik ane diſpenſatioun.

" Than ſall I wed yow with ane ring,

" Than may ye luif at your lyking.

" For ye ar young, luſtie and fair ;

" And als ye are your fatheris air.

" Thair is na ladie in all this land,

" May yow reſuſe to hir huſband.

" And gif ye luif me as ye ſay,

" Haiſt to diſpens the beſt ye may ;

" And thair to yow I geve my hand,

" I ſall yow take to my huſband."

(Quod he), " Quhill that I may indure,

" I vow to be your ſerviture.

" Bot I think greit vexatioun,

" To tarrie upon diſpenſatioun."

Than in his armis he did hir thiſt,

And aither uther ſweetlie kiſt.

And

And wame for wame thay uther braissit;
 With that hir kirtill wes unlaiffit.
 Than Cupido with his fyrie dartis,
 Inflammit fa thir luiferis hartis,
 Thay nicht na maner of way dissever;
 Nor ane nicht not part fra ane uther;
 Bot like wodbind thay wer baith wrappit.
 Thair tenderlie he has hir happit
 Full softlie up intill his bed;
 Judge ye gif he hir schankis shed.
 "Allace!" (quod scho) "quhat may this mene?"
 And with hir hair scho dight hir ene.

I can not tell how thay did play,
 Bot I beleve scho said not nay.
 He pleisit hir sa, as I hard fane,
 That he was welcum ay agene.
 Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist,
 And on his hand ane ring scho thrust.
 And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie,
 Ane ring set with ane riche rubie.
 In takin that their lufe for ever,
 Suld never from thir twa dissever.

And than scho passit unto hir chalmer,
 And fand hir madinnis sweit as lammer,
 Sleipand full sound; and nothing wist,
 How that thair ladie past to the kist.
 (Quod thay) "Madame, quhair have ye bene?"
 (Quod scho) "Into my gardine grene,
 "To heir the mirrie birdis sang.
 "I lat you wit, I thocht not lang,
 "Thocht I had taryit thair quhile none."
 (Quod thai) "Quhair wes your hois and schone?"
 "Quhy yeid ye with your bellie bair?"
 (Quod scho) "The morning wes fa fair,
 "For be him that deir Jesus fauld,
 "I felt na wayis ony manner of cauld."

(Quod

(Quod thay) "Madame, me think ye fweith."

(Quod fcho) "Ye see I sufferit heit.

"The dew did fa on flouris fleit,

"That baith my lymmis ar maid weit :

"Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,

"Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.

"Ryse and gar mak our denner reddie."

"That sal be done," (quod thay) "my ladie."

Efter that fcho had tane hir rest,

Scho rais ; and in hir chalmer drest :

And efter mes to denner went.

Than was the squyer diligent

To declair monie findrie storie,

Worthie to put in memorie.

Quhat fall we of thir luferis say ?

Bot all this time of lustie May ;

They past the tyme with joy and blis,

Full quietlie with monie ane kis.

Thair was na creature that knew,

Yit of thir luferis chalmer glew.

And sa he levit plesandlie,

Ane certane time with his ladie.

Sum time with haiking and hunting,

Sum time with wantoun hors rinning.

And sum time like ane man of weir,

Full galyardlie wald ryn ane speir.

He wan the pryse above thame all,

Baith at the buttis and the futeball.

Till everie solace he was abill,

At cartis, and dyce, at ches and tabill.

And gif ye list I fall yow tell,

How that he feigit ane castell.

Ane messinger come spedilie,

From the Lennox to that ladie.

And schew how that Makfarlyon,

And with him mony bauld baron,

Hir

Hir castell had tane perfors
 And nouthir left hir kow nor hors.
 And heryit all that land about.
 Quhairof the ladie had greit doubt.

Till hir squyer scho passit in hest,
 And schew him how scho wes opprest ;
 And how he waistit monie ane myle,
 Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.

And quhen the squyer Meldrum,
 Had hard thir novelis all and sum :
 Intill his hart thair grew sic ire,
 That all his bodie brint in fyre.
 And swoire it suld be full deir fald,
 Gif he micht find him in that hald.
 He and his men did them addres,
 Richt haistelie in thair harnes,
 Sum with bow, and sum with speir ;
 And he like Mars the God of weir,
 Come to the ladie and tuke his leif ;
 And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif :
 The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
 And said, " Madame I yow assure,
 " That worthie Lancelot du Laik,
 " Did never mair for his ladies faik,
 " Nor I fall do, or ellis de,
 " Without that ye revengit be."

Than in hir armes scho him braist,
 And he his leif did take in haist :
 And raid that day and all the nicht,
 Till on the morne he gat ane sicht
 Of that castell, baith fair and strang.
 Than in the middis his men amang :
 To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
 That he suld never in hart be glaid,
 Nor yit retorne furth of that land,
 Quhill that strenth were at his command.

All the tennentis of that ladie
Come to the squyer haistelie,
And maid aith of fidelitie,
That they fuld never fra him flie.

Quhen to Makfarland, wicht and bauld,
The veritie all haill wes tauld,
How the young squyer Meldrum,
Wes now into the cuntrie cum ;
Purpoifand to siege that place ;
Than vittallit he that fortres,
And fwoir he fuld that place defend,
Bauldlie untill his lysis end.
Be this the squyer wes arrayit,
With his baner bricht displayit ;
With culvering, hakbut, bow and speir,
Of Makfarland he tuke na feir ;
Bot like ane campoun courageous,
He cryit and said, " Gif our the houe !"
The capitane answerit heichly,
And said, " Tratour we thé defy.

" We fall remane this hous within,
" Into despyte of all thy kyn."

With that the archeris bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht
Amang the squyeris companie ;
And thay agane richt manfullie,
With hakbute, bow, and culveryne.
Quhilk put Makfarlandis men to pyne.
And on their colleris laid full sikker ;
And thair began ane bailfull bikker.
Thair was bot schot and schot agane,
Till on ilk side thair wes men flane.

Than cryit the squyer courageous,
" Swyith lay the ledderis to the hous !"
And sa thay did, and clam belyfe,
As busie beis dois to thair hyfe.

Howbeit

Howbeit thair wes flane monie man,
 Yit wichtlie our the wallis thay wan.
 The squyer formest of them all,
 Plantit the banir our the wall :
 And than began the mortall fray,
 Thair was not ellis bot tak and slay.

Than Makfarland that maid the prais,
 From time he saw the squyeris face :
 Upon his kneis he did him yeild,
 Deliverand him baith speir and scheild,
 The squyer hartilie him refavit,
 Commandand that he suld be savit :
 And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
 Sa that na mair wes put to deid.
 In fre waird was Makfarland seifit,
 And let the laif gang quhair thay plaifit.
 And sa this squyer amorous,
 Seigit and wan the ladies hous.
 And left thairin ane capitane,
 Syne to Stratherne returnit agane :
 Quhair that he with his fair ladie,
 Resavit wes full plesantlie.
 And to tak rest did him convoy :
 Judge ye gif thair wes mirth and joy.
 Howbeit the chalmer dure wes cloisit,
 They did bot kis, as I suppoisit.
 Gif uther thing wes them betwene,
 Let them discover that luiferis bene :
 For I am not in lufe expart,
 And never studyit in that art.

Thus they remainit in merines,
 Beleifand never to have distres.
 And in that time this ladie fair,
 Ane douchter to the squyer bair.
 Of sic joy it is weill kend,
 That sorrow bene the fatall end ;

For

For jelousie and fals invie,
 Did him pursew richt cruellie.
 I mervell not thocht it be so,
 For they wer ever Luiferis fo :
 Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane flour,
 But ay defendit his honour.
 Ane cruell knicht dwelt neir hand by,
 Quhilk at this squyer had invy.
 Imaginand intill his hart,
 How he thir luiferis micht depart ;
 And wald have had hir maryand,
 Ane gentilman within his land,
 The quhilk to him was neir in blude.
 And the squyeris freindis did conclude,
 Becaus scho micht do him na gude,
 That scho suld tak her leif and go,
 Till hir cuntrie ; and scho did so :
 Bot thir luiferis met neuer agane,
 Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane.
 For scho aganis hir will wes maryit,
 Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.
 Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
 I micht weill writ ane uther quair.
 Bot at this time I may not mend it,
 Bot schaw you how the squyer endit.

Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
 That of this squyer hard record :
 And did desire richt hartfullie,
 To have him in his companie.
 And send for him with diligence,
 And he come with obedience.
 And lang time did with him remane,
 Of quhome this agit Lord was fane.
 Wyse men desiris commounlie
 Wyse men into thair companie,

For

For he had bene in monie ane land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland ;
Quhairfoir the lord gaif him the cure,
Of his household I yow assure.
And in his hall cheif Merischall
And auditour of his comptis all.

He was ane richt courticiane,
And in the law ane practiciane.
Quhairfoir during this lordis lyfe,
Schyref depute he was in Fyfe,
To everie man ane equall judge,
And of the pure he wes refuge.
To gold, to silver, or to rent,
This nobill squyer tuke litill tent.
Of all this warld na mair he craift,
Sa that his honour nicht be faift.
And ilk yeir for his ladie's faik,
Ane banket royall wald he maik.
And that he maid on the Sondag,
Precedand to Aschwednisday.
With wyld foull, venisoun and wyne :
With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne :
Of bran and geill thair wes na skant,
And ypocras he wald not want.
I have sene sittand at his tabill,
Lordis and lairdis honorabill,
With knichtis and monie ane gay squyar,
Quhilk wer to lang for to declair :
With mirth, musick, and menstrallie.
All this he did for his ladie.
And for hir faik during his lyfe,
Wald never be weddit to ane wyfe.

And quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit never of his courage.
Of ancient storyis for to tell,
Above all uther he did precell.

Sa that everilk creature,
To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.

Bot all his deidis honorabill,
For to descryve I am not abill.
Of everie man he was commendit,
And as he leivit, sa he endit
Plesandlie, quhill he nicht indure;
Till dolent deith come to his dure
And cruellie with his mortall dart,
He straik the squyer throw the hart.
His faull with joy angelicall,
Past to the hevin imperiall.

Thus at the Struther into Fyfe,
This nobill squyer loist his lyfe.
I pray to Christ for to convoy
All sic trew luiferis to his joy.
Say ye Amen for cheritie.
Adew! ye get na mair of me.

THE

The cruel disaster which befell poor MELDRUM, and partly no doubt occasioned the separation which took place between him and Lady GLENAIGIES, is thus related by PITSCOTTIE:—"At this time (1518) there was ane gentilman in Edinburgh named *William Meldrum*, laird of Binnis, who had in companie with him ane faire lady, called the Lady *Glenai-gies*, who was daughter to Mr *Richard Lawfone* of Humbie, provost of Edinburgh; the which lady had borne to this laird two bairnes, and (he) intended to mary her if he might have had the Pope's licence, because her husband befor and he was sib. Yit, notwithstanding, ane gentilman called *Luke Stirling* invyed this love and marriage betwixt thir two persons, thinkand to have the gentlewoman to himself in mariage, because he knew the laird might not have the Pope's licence. Therefore he solisted his brother son, the laird of Keir, with ane certane company of armed men, to set upon the laird of Binns, to take the lady from him by way of deed, and to that effect followed him betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and set on him beneath the Ruid Chapel with fyftie armed men; and he agane defended him with fyve in number, and fought cruelly with them, and slew the laird of Keir's principal servant, and hurt the laird that he was in perrel of his lyfe, and fix and twentie of his men; yet throw multiplication of his enemies he was overset and driven to the earth, and left lyand for dead, hought of his leggis, and stricken throw the bodie, and the knoppis of his elbowis stricken fra him: yit be the mickle power of God he escaiped the death, and all his men that were with him, and lived fyftie years thereafter."

THE TALES OF THRIE PRIESTIS OF PEBLIS.

In Wedderburne's "Complaint of Scotland," 1549, we find the following passage, fol. 101. b. "The Preist
" of Peblis speiris ane questione in ane beuk that he com-
" pilit: Quhy that burges bairnis thryvis nocht to the
" thrid ayr: Bot he micht have sperit as weil quhy that
" the successours of the comont pepil baytht to burgh and
" land THRYVIS nocht, &c." The author seems here to consider these tales as descriptive, not of any former, but of his own times; in short, as a recent production not yet known among the common people, and of course not entitled to a place in his list of popular tales. It is, indeed, full of allusions to the state of the country during the last years of the reign of JAMES V. and exhibits a view of what must then have been common topics of conversation; such as, the dissolute levity of the King; the frequent change of his confidential servants, with their boundless avarice and rapacity; the ignominious state into which the Nobility had lately fallen; and the reprehensible manner in which ecclesiastical benefices were disposed of. Lastly, the poem contains some passages, or modes of expression which we can hardly suppose the author would have hit upon before the publication of the English New Testament and Psalms; such as the "Priests coming in, not by the door, but at the window," their resemblance to "foxes in clothing of lamb-skin;" and a quotation from the Psalms, introduced by the King's fool. Printed copies of the New Testament might find their way into Scotland about the year 1533; so that we may fix the date of the Tales between that year and 1549; but rather, I should suppose, before the death of the King in 1542.—Mr Pinkerton, in his list of Scottish Poets, ascribes them to Dean David Steil, but he has published them anonymously in his valuable collection of Reprinted Poems.—

The

The author is not known. Neither does any probable conjecture arise from a resemblance in the stile or manner to the works of any cotemporary poet, except perhaps to those of JOHN ROLLAND of Dalkeith, who translated the Seven Sages of Rome, a collection of similar tales into similar verse, about the beginning of the next reign. It is not unlikely that the Preists of Peblis was originally a composition in prose, by some other hand. Some awkward passages are here omitted.

IN Peblis toun sum tyme, as I hard tell,
 The foirmest day of Februare, befell
 Thrie Preistis went unto collatioun,
 Into ane privie place of the said toun.
 Quhair that thay sat, richt soft and unfute fair ;
 Thay lufit nocht na rangald nor repair :
 And, gif I fall the suith reckon and say,
 I traist it was apoun Sanct Brydis day.
 Quhair that thay sat, full easilie and soft ;
 With monie lowd lauchter apoun lost.
 And, wit ye weil, thir thrie thay maid gude cheir ;
 To thame thair was na dainteis than too deir :
 With thrie caponis on a speit with creis,
 With monie uthir findrie dyvers meis.
 And thame to serve thay had nocht bot ane boy ;
 Fra cumpanie thay keipit thame sa coy,
 Thay lufit nocht with ladry, nor with lown,
 Nor with trumpouris to travel throw the toun ;
 Both with thame self quhat thay wald tel or crak ;
 Umquhyle fadlie ; umquhyle jangle and jak.
 Thus sat thir thrie besyde ane felloun fyre,
 Quhil thair caponis war roistit, lim and lyre.
 Befoir thame was sone set ane roundel bright,
 And with ane clene claith, finelie dicht,
 It was ouirfet ; and on it breid was layd.
 The eldest thus began the grace, and said,

And

And bliffit the breid with *Benedicite*,
With *dominus* Amen ; so mot it be.
And be thay drunkin had about ane quarte,
Than speak ane thus, that master was in arte,
And to his name their callit Johne was he,
And faid sen we ar heir preistis thrie,
Syne wantis nocht, be him that maid the mone,
Til us wee think ane tail fould cum in tone.
Than spake ane uther, to name hecht M. Archebald,
Now, be the hiest hevin, quod he, I hald
To tel ane tail, methink, I fould not tyre,
To hald my fute into this felloun fyre.
Than spak the thrid, to name hecht S. Williame,
To grit clargie I can not count nor clame ;
Nor yit I am not travellit, as ar ye,
In monie findrie land beyond the see.
Thairfoir we think it nouthar schame nor fin
Ane of yow twa the first tail to begyn.
Heir I protest, than spak maister Archebald,
Ane travellit clark suppois I be cald,
Presumpteuoslie I think nocht to presome,
As I that was nevir travellit bot to Rome.
To tel ane tail bot eirar I suppone,
The first tail tald mot be Maister Johne :
For he hath bene in monie uncouth land,
In Portingale, and in Civile the grand ;
In fyfe kinrikis of Spane al hes he bene ;
In foure christin, and ane heathin, I wene.
In Rome, Flanders, and in Venice toun ;
And other landis findrie up and down.
And for that he spak first of ane tail,
Thairfoir to begin he fould not fail.
Than speiks Maister Johne, now be the rude,
Me to begin ane tail sen ye conclude,
And I deny, than had I fair offendit.
The thing begun, the foner it is endit.

THE FIRST TAILE TAULD BE MR. JOHNE, OF A KING
AND HIS PARLIAMENT.

A King thair was sumtyme, and eik a Queene,
As monie in the land befoir had bene.
This king gart set ane plane Parleyment,
And for the lordis of his kinrik sent :
And, for the weilfair of his realme and gyde,
The thrie estaits concludit at that tyde.
The King gart cal to his palice al thrie,
The estaits ilkane in thair degrie.
The bishops first, with prelatis and abbotis,
With thair clarks fervants, and varlottis :
Into ane hall, was large, richt hie, and hudge,
Thir prelats all richt lustelie couth ludge.
Syne in ane hal, ful fair farrand,
He ludgit al the lordis of his land.
Syne in ane hal, was ondir that ful clene,
He harbourit al his burgeffis rich and bene.
Sa of thir thrie estaitis, al and sum,
In thir thrie hals he gart the wyfest cum.
And of thair mery cheir quhat mak I mair ?
Thay fuir als weil as onie folk micht fair.

The King himself cum to his burgeffis bene,
And thir wordis to thame carpis, I wene,
And sayis, Welcum burgeffis, my beild and blis !
Quhan ye fair weil I ma na mirthis mis.
Quhan that your shippis halds hail and found,
In riches, gudes and weilfair I abound.
Ye ar the caus of my lyfe, and my cheir,
Out of far landis your marchandice cums heir.
Bot ane thing is, for short, the caus quhy
Togidder heir yow gart cum have I :
To yow I have ane questioun to declair,
Quhy burges bairns thryvis not to the thrid air ?

Bot

Bot casts away it that thair eldars wan.
Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can ;
To yow I gif this question, al and sum,
For to declair againe the morne I cum.

Unto his lordis than cumen is the King,
Dois gladlie al he said baith old and ying :
My lustie lords, my leiges, and my lyfe,
I am in sturt quhan that ye ar in stryfe.
Quhan ye have peace, and quhan ye have plesaunce,
Than I am glade, and derflie may I daunce.
Ane heid dow not on bodie stand allane,
Forouten memberis, to be of micht and mane ;
For to uphald the bodie and the heid ;
And sickerlie to gar it stand in steid.
Thairfoir, my lordis, and my barrouns bald,
To me allhail ye ar help and uphald.
And now I will ye wit, with diligence,
Quhairfoir that I gart cum sic confluence :
And quhy ye lordis of my Parliament
I have gart cum, I will tell my intent.
Ane questioun I have, ye mon declair,
That in my minde is ever mair and mair ;
Quhairfoir, and quhy, and quhat is the cais,
Sa worthie lordis war in myne elders dayis ;
Sa full of fredome, worship, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to stand in everie stour.
And now in yow I find the hail contrair ?
Thairfoir this doubt and questioun ye declair.
And it declair, under the hiest pane ;
The morne this tyme quhen that I cum agane.

Than till his clergie came this nobil King ;
Welcum bishops he said, with my blissyng ;
Welcum my beidmen, my blesse, and al my beild :
To me ye ar baith helmeit, speir, and scheild.
For richt as Moyfes stude upon the mont,
Prayand to God of hevin, as he was wont ;

And

And richt sa, be your devoit orifoun,
Myne enemies fould be put to confusioun.
Ye ar the gaineft gait, and gyde, to God ;
Of al my realme ye ar the rewl and rod.
It that ye dome I think it fould be done ;
Quhan that ye shrink, I have ane founyé fone.
Thus be yow ane exampill men tais :
And as ye fay than al and fundrie sayis :
It that ye think richt, or yit reffoun,
To that I can nor na man have cheffoun.
And that ye think unreffoun, or wrang,
Wee al and findrie fings the famin fang.
Bot ane thing is I walde ye understude,
The caus into this place for to conclude,
Quhairfoir and quhy I gart yow hidder cum,
My clargie, and my clarks, al and sum ;
To yow I have na uther tail, nor theame,
Exceptand to yow bishops a probleame ;
Quhilk is to me ane questioun and dout ;
Out of my mind I wald ye put it out.
That is to fay, Quhairfoir and quhy
In auld times and days of ancestry,
Sa monie bischops war, and men of kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk.
And throw thair prayeris, maid to God of micht,
The dum men spak ; the blind men gat their ficht ;
The deif men heiring ; the cruikit gat thair feit ;
War nane in bail bot weill thay culd them beit.
To feik folks, or into fairnes fyne,
Til al thay wald be mendis, and medecyne.
And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye varie ;
As thay did than quhairfoir sa may not ye ;
Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than ?
Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can.

To

To the Burgeffis.

Upon the morne, eftir fervice and meit,
 The King come in, and fat doun in his fait,
 Into the hal, amang the Burges men ;
 With him ane clark, with ink, paper, and pen ;
 And bad them that thay fould, foroutin mair,
 His queftioun reid, affolye, and declair.
 And the Burgeffis, that this queftioun weil knew,
 Hes ordanit ane wyfe man, and ane trew,
 The queftioun to reid foroutin fail.
 And he ftude up, and this began his tail : —
 Excellent, hie, richt mighty prince, and King !
 Your hienes heir wald faine wit of this thing,
 Quhy burges bairnis thryvis not to the thrid air ;
 Can never thryve, bot of al baggis is bair
 Ay ever mair ; that is for to fay,
 It that thair eldars wan thay caft away.
 This queftion declair full weill I can :
 Thay begin not quhair thair faderis began.
 Bot, with ane heily hart, baith doft and derft,
 Thay ay begin quhair that thair fathers left.
 Of this mateir largelie to fpeik mair,
 Quhy that thay thryve not to the thrid air ;
 Becaus thair fatheris purelie can begin ;
 With hap, and halfpenny, and a lambs fkin ;
 And purelie ryn fra toun to toun on feit ;
 And than richt oft wetfhod, werie, and weit,
 Quhill at the laft, of monie fmals, couth mak
 This bonie pedder ane gude fute pak.
 At ilkane fair this chapman ay was fund ;
 Quhill that his pak was worth fourtie pund.
 To beir his pak, quhan that he faillit force,
 He bocht ful fone ane mekil ftalwart hors ;
 And at the laft fo worthelie up wan,
 He bocht ane cart to carie pot and pan ;

Baith Flanders cofferis, with counteris and kist ;
He wox ane grande rich man or onie wift.
And syne into the town, to sel and by,
He held a chop to sel his chaffery.
Than bocht he wol, and wyfelie couth it wey ;
And efter that sone saylit he the sey.
Than come he hame a verie potent man ;
And spoufit syne a michtie wyfe richt than.
He sailit ouer the sey sa oft and oft
Quhil at the last ane semelie ship he coft.
And waxe sa ful of warldis welth and win ;
His hands he wish in ane silver basin.
Foroutin gold or silver into hurde,
Wirth thrie thousand pund was his copburde.
Riche was his gounis with uther garments gay ;
For Sondag filk, for ilk day grene and gray.
His wyfe was cumlie cled in scarlet reid.
Scho had no dout of derth of ail nor breid.
And efter that, within a twentie yeir,
He sone gat up ane stelwart man, and steir.
And efter that this burges we of reid
Deit, as we mon do al indeid.
And fra he was deid than come his sone,
And enterit in the welth that he had wone.
He steppit not his steppis in the streit,
To win this welth ; nor for it was he meit.
Quhen he wald sleip, he wantit not a wink
To win this welth : na for it sweit na swink.
Thairfoir that lichtlie cums wil lichtlie ga.
To win this welth he had na work, nor wa.
To win this gude he had not ane il houre ;
Quhy fould he have the sweit, had not the foure ?
Upon his fingeris with riche rings on raw,
His mother tholit not the reik on him to blaw.
And wil not heir, for very schame and fin,
That enir his fader fald ane sheip skin.

He

He wald him sayne with Benedicite
 Quha spak of onie degrading of his grie.
 With twa men, and ane varlot at his bak;
 And ane libberly ful lytil to lak.
 With ane wald he wax baith wod and wraith
 Quha at him speirit how fald he the claith?
 At hafourt wald he derflie play at dyfe;
 And to the taverne eith he was to tyfe.
 Thus wist he never of wa, bot ay of weil,
 Quhil he had slielie slidden fra his seil;
 Syne to the court than can he mak repair,
 And fallow him syne to ane lordis air.
 He weits nocht for na warld's welth, nor win,
 Quhil drink and dyce have peurit him to the pin.
 He can not mak be craft to win ane eg;
 Quhat ferlie is thoch burges bairnes beg?
 And, Schir, this is the caus, as I declair,
 Quhy burges bairnis thrives not to the thrid air.
 Weil, quod the King, thow serves thy rewaird;
 For wyselie hes thow this questioun declaird.
 Schir clark! tak ink, with pen on paper wryte;
 And as he said thow dewlie put on dyte.

To the Lordes.

Than to his Lordis cum is this nobil king,
 Desyrand for to wit the solyeing
 Of this questioun, this probleame, and dout;
 The quhilk the lordis had all round about
 Avysetlie, as weil it sould accord,
 Thair langage layd apoun ane agit lord.
 The quhilk stude up, and richt wyselie did vail
 Unto the King, and thus began his taill:

Excellent hie, richt mighty Prince and sure!
 Ay at your call we ar, under your cure.
 And now sen ye have gart us hither cum,
 This dout for to declair, baith al and sum,

That

That is to say, the caus quhairfoir and quhy
Sic worthie lordis war in dayis gane by ;
Sa ful of fredome, worschip, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to stand in everie stour :
And now in us, ye meine ay mair and mair
Into your tyme ye find the hail contrair ?
Schir, this it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy :
Your Justice ar sa ful of fucquedry ;
Sa covetous, and ful of avarice,
That thay your lordis impairis of thair pryce.
Thay dyte your lordis, and heryis up your men :
The theif now fra the leillman quha can ken ?
Thay wryte up leill, and fals, baith al and fum ;
And dytes them als under ane pardoun.
Thus, be the husbandman never sa leil,
He dytit is, as ane theif is to steil.
Thay luke to nocht bot gif ane man have gude ;
And it I trow maun pay the Justice fude :
The theif ful weill he wil himself ouerby ;
Quhen the leill man into the lack wil ly.
The leil man for to compone wil nocht consent,
Becaus he waitis he is ane innocent.
Thus ar the husbandis dytit al but dout ;
And heryit quyte away al round about.
Sumtyme, quhen husbandmen went to the weir,
Thay had ane jack, ane bow, or els ane speir :
And now befoir quhair thay had ane bow,
Ful faine he is on bak to get ane fow.
And, for ane jak, and raggit cloke hes tane ;
Ane sword, sweir out, and roustie for the rane.
Quhat fould sic men to gang to ane hoist,
Lyker to beg than enemies to boist ?
And your lordis, fra thair tennantes be puir,
Of gold in kist na koffer has na cuir.
Fra thay be al puir that ar them ondir ;
Thoch tha be puir your lords, is na wonder :

For

For ritch husbands, and tenants of grit micht,
Helps ay thair lordis to hald thair richt.
And quhan your lords ar puir, thus to conclud,
Thay sel thair sonnes and airs for gold and gud ;
Unto ane mokrand carle, for dereft pryse,
That wist nevir yit of honour, nor gentryse.
This worship, and honour of linage,
Away it weirs thus for thair disparage.
Thair manheid, and thair menfe, this gait thay murle ;
In mariage thus unyte with ane churle.
The quhilk wist never of gentrie, na honour,
Of fredome, worship, vassalage, nor valour.
This is the caus dreidles, for withoutin dout,
Fra al your lordis how honour is al out.
And thus my lordis bade me to yow say,
How honour, fredome, and worschip, is away.

Than spak the King, your conclusion is quaint ;
And thairattour ye mak to us a plaint :
And in your sentence thus ye meine to say
Leil men ar hurt, and theifis gets away.
And thus methink ye meine justice is smuird ;
Your tennantis, and your leill husbands, ar puird :
And, quhan that thay ar puird, than ar ye pure.
The quhilk to yow is baith charge and cure ;
That ye for gold baith wed and wage ;
Ye sel your sones and aires in mariage
To cairls of kynde ; and, bot for thair riches,
In quhom is na nurture, nor nobilnes,
Fredome, worschip, manheid, nor honour,
The quhilk to us and yow is dishonour.
In sa mekil this schortly I conclud,
As ye that ar discendand of our blud,
For the quhilk thing I will ye understand,
With Goddis grace, we tak it apoun hand,
To fé for this as resoun can remeid ;
In tyme to cum thairof thair be na pleid.

With

With our Justice thair fal pas ane doctour,
 That lufis God, his faul, and our honour.
 The quhilk fal be ane doctour in the law,
 That fal the faith and veritie weil knaw :
 And fra hence furth he fal baith heir and fé
 Baith theif puneist, and leil men live in lie.
 For weil I wait thair can be na war thing
 Than covetyce in justice, or in king,
 Efter this tail in us ye fal not taint ;
 Nor yit of our justice to mak ane plaint.
 And afterwart sa did this King but cheffoun ;
 On him micht na man plenie of reffoun.
 Syne bad his clark, but onie variance,
 Wryte this in his buik of remembrance.

To the Clergie.

Than to the Clergie come this nobill King,
 Of his questioun to heir the absolving.
 And thay, as men of wisdome in al werk,
 Had layd thair speich upon ane cunning clerk.
 The quhilk in vane in scule had not tane grie ;
 In al science fevin he was an *A per se* :
 And in termis schort, and sentence fair,
 The questioun began for to declair.
 That is to say quhairfoir and quhy,
 In auld times and dayis of ancestry,
 Sa monie bischops war and men of kirk
 Sa grit wil had ay gude werkis to wirk ;
 And throw thair prayeris, maid to God of micht,
 The dum men spak ; the blind men gat thair sight ;
 The deif men heiring ; the cruikit gat thair feit ;
 Was nane in bail bot weil thay culd them beit.
 And quhairfoir now al that cuir can varie,
 Methink ye mene quhairfoir sa may not we ?
 And thus it is your quodlibet and dout,
 Ye geve to us, to reid, and gif it out.

And

This is the caus, richt michtie King! as schor, t,
 To your Hienes as we sal thus report.
 The lawit folkes this law wald never ceis
 But with thair use, quhen bischops war to cheis
 Unto the kirk thay gadret, auld and ying,
 With meik hart, fasting and praying;
 And prayit God, with wordis nocht in wait,
 To send them wit doun, be the halie Gaist,
 Quhan them amang was onie bishop deid,
 To send to them ane bishop in his steid.
 And yet amang us ar fund wayis thrie
 To cheis ane bischope, after ane othir die.
 That is to say the way of the halie Gaist,
 Quhilk takin is of micht and vertue maist.
 The secound is, by way of electioun,
 Ane parson for to cheis of perfectioun,
 In that cathedral kirk, and in that sé,
 In place quhair that bischope suld chosen be:
 And gif thair be nane abil thair that can
 That office weil steir, quhat sal thay than
 Bot to the thrid way to ga forthi?
 Quhilk is callit (*via scrutavi*)
 That is to say, in al the realme and land,
 Ane man to get for that office gainand.
 Bot thir thrie wayis, withoutin ony pleid,
 Ane sould we cheis after ane uther's deid.
 Bot, schir, now the contrair wee find,
 Quhilk puts al our hevines behind.
 Now sal thair nane, of thir wayis thrie,
 Be chosen now ane bischope for to be;
 Bot that your micht and Majestie wil mak
 Quhatever he be, to loife or yit to lak;
 Than heyly to sit on the rayne-bow.
 Thir bishops cums in at the north window;
 And not in at the dur, nor yit at the yet:
 Bot over waine and quheil in wil he get.

Gif

Gif he cummis not in at the dur,
Goddis pleuch may never hald the fur.
He is na hird to keip thay fely sheip;
Nocht bot ane tod in ane lambskin to creip.
How fould he kyth mirakil, and he sa evil?
Never bot by the dysmel, or the devil.
For, now on dayes, is nouthar riche nor pure
Sal get ane kirk, al throw his literature.
For science, for vertew, or for blude,
Gets nane the kirk; bot baith for gold and gude.
Thus, greit excellent King! the halie Gaist
Out of your men of gude away is chaist:
And, war not that doutles I yow declair,
That now as than wald hail baith feik and fair.
Sic wickednes this world is within,
That symonie is countit now na fin.
And thus is the caus, baith al and sum,
Quhy blind men ficht, na speiking gets the dum,
And thus is the caus, the suith to say,
Quhy halines fra kirkmen is away.

Than, quod the King, well understand I yow.
And heir to God I mak ane aith and vow;
And to my crown, and to my cuntrie to;
With kirk-gude fall I never have ado,
It to dispone to lytil or to large;
Kirkmen to kirk, sen they have al the charge.

Than had this nobil King lang tyme and space;
And in his tyme was mekil luk and grace.
His lordis honourit him efter thair degrie;
The husbands peice had and tranquillitie;
The kirk was frie quhil he was in his lyfe;
The burges fones began than for to thryfe.
And eftir lang was never king more wyfe:
And levit, and endit in God's servise.
And than spak all that fellowship, but fail,
God and Sanct Martyne quyte yow of your tail.

And

And than spak Maister Archebald, Now fallis me
 Gude tail or evil, (quhider that euer it be,)
 Thus, as I can, I sal it tel but hyre,
 To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.

THE SECOND TAILL TALD BE M. ARCHEBALD, OF THE
 AULD AND NEW SERVANTS.

A King thair was sumtyme, and eik a Queene,
 As monie in the land befoir had bene.
 The king was fair in persoun, fresh and fors;
 Ane feirie man on fute, or yit on hors.
 And neuertheles feil falts him befell:
 Hee luifit over weil yong counsell:
 Yong men he luifit to be him neist;
 Yong men to him thay war baith clark and preist.
 Hee lusit nane was ald, or ful of age;
 Sa did he nane of sad counsel nor sage.
 To sport and play, quhyle up, and quhylum down,
 To al lichtnes ay was he redie boun.
 Sa ouir the sey cummin thair was a clark,
 Of greit science, of voyce, word, and wark;
 And dresfit him, with al his besynes,
 Thus with this king to mak his recidens.
 Weil saw he with this king nicht na man byde,
 Bot thay that wald al sadnes set on syde.
 With club, and bel, and partie cote with eiris,
 He feinyeit him ane fule, fond in his feiris.
 French, and Dutche, and Italie yit als,
 Weil culd he speik, and Latine feinye fals.
 Unto the kirk he came, befoir the king,
 With club, and cote, and monie bel to ring.
Dieu gard fir king! I bid nocht hald in hiddil;
 I am to yow als sib as seif is to riddil.
 Betwixt us twa mot be als mekil grace,
 As frost and sna fra Yule is unto Pace.

Wait yee how the Frenche man sayis syne,
Nul bon, he sayis, *monseigneur, sans pyne*.
 With that he gave ane loud lauchter on loft :
 Honour, and eis, fir, quha may have for nocht ?
 Cum on thy way, fir king, now for Sanct Jame,
 Thow with me, or I with thee, gang hame.
 Now be Sanct Katherine, quod the king, and smyld,
 This fule hes monie waverand word, and wyld.
 Cum hame with mee : thow sal have drink ynouch.
Grand mercy ! quod the fuill agane, and leuch.
 Now quod the king, fra al dulnes and dule
 Wee may us keip, quhil that wee have this fuil.
 He feinyeit him a fuil in deid and word ;
 The wyfer man the better can he bourd.
 Quhil at the last this fuil was callit ay
 Fuil of fuiles, and that ilk man wald say.
 Thus was this fuil ay stil with the King,
 Quhil he had weil confidderit, in al thing,
 The conditions, use, maner, and the gyse,
 And coppyt weil the king on his best wyse.
 Sa fel it on a day this nobil king
 Unto ane cietie raid for his sporting :
 This fuil persavit weil the King wald pas,
 Unto ane uther cietie, as it was,
 He tuke his club, and ane table, in his hand,
 For to prevene the tyme he was gangand.
 Sa be the way ane woundit man fand he ;
 And with this fuil war runners, twa or thrie ;
 Sum of the court, and sum of the kitchene,
 And saw ane man, but Leiche or Medycene,
 Sa fair woundit micht nouthar ga nor fleir :
 At him this fuil con al the caus speir.
 He answered, and said, Rever and theif,
 Thou hes me hurt, and brocht me in mischief.
 With that his woundis war fillit ful of fleis,
 As euer in byke thair biggit onie beis.

Than

Than ane of thame, that had pitie, can pray
 That he mot skar thay felloun fleis away.
 Than spak the fuil and said, Lat them be, man,
 For thay ar ful; the hungry wil cum than.
 For thir dois nocht bot fit, as thou may se;
 For thay ar als ful as thay may be.
 Be thir away it is evil, and na gude,
 The hungrie fleis wil cum and souk his blude.
 The ofter that thir fleis away be cheift,
 The new fleis will mair of his blude waift:
 And draw his blude, and souk him fine sa fair;
 Thairfoir lat them alane; skar them na mair.
 The fair man him beheld, and him he demes,
 And said he was not sik a fuil as he semes.

Sone, after that ane lytil, came the King,
 With monie man can gladelie sport and sing;
 Ane cow of birks into his hand had he,
 To keip than weil his face fra midge and fle.
 For than war monie fleand up and doun,
 Throw kynd of yeir, and hait of that regioun.
 Sa luikit he ane lytil by the way,
 He saw the woundit man, quhair that he lay.
 And to him came he rydand, and can fraine,
 Quhat ailit him to ly and fairly graine?
 The man answered, I have sik sturt,
 For beith with theif and rever am I hurt.
 And yit, suppois I have all the pyne,
 The falt is yowris, fir King, and nathing myne.
 For, and with yow GUDE COUNSAL war ay cheif,
 Than wald ye stanche weill baith rever and theif.
 Have thow with thé, that can weil dance and sing,
 Thow raks not thoch thy realms weip and wring.
 With that the King the bob of birkis can wave,
 The fleis away out of his woundis to have:
 And than began the woundit man to grane,
 Do nocht sa, fir, allace I am flane.

How

How sayis thow, thow tell me quod the King,
 Quhy thow sayis sa, I ferly of this thing?
 And sa said al his men, that stude about,
 Thow wald be haill and thay war chasit out.
 The fair can say, be him that can us save,
 Your fule, fir King, hes mair wit than ye have.
 And weil I ken, be his phisnomie,
 He hes mair wit nor all your cumpanie.
 My tung is sweir, my bodie hes na strenth,
 Frane at your fule, he can tel yow at lenth;
 I am but deid, and I may speik na mair,
 Adew, fir! for I have said: weil mot ye fair.

Fra this fair man now cummin is the King,
 Havand in mynd great murmour and moving;
 And in his hart greit havines and thocht,
 Sa wantonly in vane al thing he wrocht;
 And how the cuntrie throw him was misfarne,
 Throw yong counfel; and wrocht ay as a barne.
 And yit, as he was droupand thus in dule,
 Of al and al he forleit of his fule:
 Quhat kynde of man this fuil with him sould be;
 And quhat this fair man be this fuil micht se.
 And quhat is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy,
 He was wyfer than al his cumpany.
 Quhan cummin was the king to that citie,
 Full fast than for his fule frainit he.
 And quhan the king was set down to his meit,
 Unto his fuil gart mak ane semely seit;
 Ane roundel with ane cleine claith had he,
 Neir quhair the king micht him heir and se.
 Than, quod the king, a lytil wie, and leuch,
 Sir fuill, ye ar lordly fet aneuch:
 Quhan ye ar ful, quhat cal thay yow, and how
 Sa hamely als ar ye with me now?
 Sir, to my name thay cal me fule Fictus,
 Befoir yow as ye may se me fit thus;

And

And of this cuntrie certes am I borne,
 With luk, and grace, and fortoun me beforne.
 Schir fuill, tell me gif that ye saw this day
 Ane woundit man ly grainand by the way?
 Ye, fir, forsuith sik ane man couth I fie:
 And in his wound was monie felloun fie.
 Now, quod the king, fir fuill, to me ye say
 Quhy skarrit ye not thay flies al away?
 Thocht ye it was ane deid of charitie,
 In seik mans wound for to leife ane fie?
 Sir, trow me weill, full suith it is I say,
 Better was stil thay fleis, than skarrit away;
 For gif sa be the fleis away ye skar;
 Than efter them cums hungriar be far.
 Thairfoir war better let them be, but dout,
 For the full fleis halds the hungrie out.
 The hungrie fie, that never had been thair,
 Scho fouks the mans wound sa wonder fair;
 And quhen the fleis ar ful than byde thay stil,
 And stops the hungrie beis to cum thairtil.
 Bot, fir, allace, methink sa do not ye;
 Ye ar sa licht and ful of vanitie:
 And sa weil lufis al new things to perfew;
 That ilk fessioun ye get ane servant new.
 Quhat wil the ane now say unto the uther?
 Now steir thy hand, myne awin deir brother;
 Win fast be tyme; and be nocht lidder:
 For wit thou weil, Hal binks ar ay flidder.
 Thairfoir now, quhither wrang it be or richt,
 Now gadder fast, quhil we have tyme and micht.
 Sé na man now to the King eirand speik,
 Bot gif we get ane bud; or ellis we sal it breik.
 And quhan thay ar full of sic wrang win,
 Thay get thair leif: and hungryar cums in.
 Sa sharp ar thay, and narrowlie can gadder,
 Thay pluck the puir, as thay war powand hadder.

And

And taks buds fra men baith neir and far ;
 And ay the last ar than the first far war.
 Justice, Crounar, Sarjand, and Justice Clark,
 Removes the auld, and new men ay thay mark.
 Thus fla thay al the puir men belly flaucht ;
 And fra the puir taks many felloun fraucht,
 And steirs them ; and wait the tyde wil gang.
 Syne efter that far hungrier cummis than.
 And thus gait ay the puir folk ar at under :
 This world to sink for sin quhat is it wonder ?
 Thairfoir now, be this exampil we may se,
 That ane new fervant is lyke ane hungrie fle.
 Than, quod the King, quhat say ye to our fule,
 Suppois that he had bene ane clark at scule ?
 To God now, quod the King, I mak ane vow,
 Ye ar not fik ane fule as ye fet yow.

Thus wonderit al, the King that sat about,
 And of this fule had ferly, dreid, and dout.
 Thoch he was fule in habit, to al feiris
 Ane wyfer speik thay hard neuer with thair eiris.
 Syne off his coate thay tirlit be the croun,
 And on him kest ane fyde clarkly gown ;
 And quhen this fyde gown on him micht be,
 Ane cunning clark and wyse than semit he.
 Syne efter sone ane Bishop thair was deid,
 Ful sone was he maid Bishop in his steid.
 And to the King and Queene he was ful leif ;
 And of thair inwart counsell ay maist cheif.

And than spak al the fallowship thus syne,
 God quyte yow, fir, your tail, and sant Martyne.
 Sir Williame than sayis, Now fallis me
 To tel ane tail ; thoch I be of yow thrie
 The febillest, and leist of literature ;
 Yit than, with all my diligence and cure,
 To tell ane taill now fik ane as I have :
 Of me methink you sould na uther crave.

THE THRID TAILL, TALD BE MAISTER WILLIAME, OF
ANE MAN QUHA HAD THRIE FREINDIS.

A KING thair is, and ever mair will be,
Thairfoir the King of kings him call we.
Thus he had a man, as hes mony,
Into this land, als riche as uther ony.
This man, that we of speik, had freinds thrie;
And lufit them nocht in ane degrie.
The first freind, quhil he was laid in delf,
He lufit ay far better than himself:
The nixt freind than alswail lufit he,
As he himself lufit in al degrie:
The thrid freind he lufit this and swa
In na degrie like to the tother twa;
Suppois he was ane friend to him in name,
To him as freind yit wald he never clame,
The tother twa his freindis war indeid
As he thocht quhen that he had onie neid.
Sa fell it on ane day sone efter than
This King he did fend about this rich man;
And sent to him his officer, but weir,
Thus but delay befoir him to compeir.
And with him count and give reckning of all
He had of him al tyme baith grit and small.
With that this officer past on gude speid,
And summond this riche man we of reid;
And al the cace to him he can record,
That he in haist sould cum to his awin Lord.
This rich man be he had hard this tail
Ful sad in mynd he wox baith wan and pail.
And to himself he said, seichand ful fair,
Allace how now! this is ane haisty fair!
And I cum thair, my tail it wil be taggit;
For I am red that my count be our raggit.

Quhat

Quhat fal I do, now may I say, allace :
 A cumbred man I am into this cace.
 I have na uther help, nor yit supplie,
 Bot I wil pas to my freindis thrie :
 Twa of them I lufit ay fa weil,
 But ony fault thair freindship wil I feil.
 The thrid freind I leit lichtly of ay ;
 Quhat my he do to me bot say me nay ?
 Now wil I pas to them, and preif them now,
 And tel them al the caus, and maner how.

Thus came he to his freind that he
 Lufit better than himself in al degrie.
 And said, lo freind ! my hart thow ever had ;
 And now, allace, I am ful straitly stad.
 To me the King his officer hes send ;
 For he wil that my count to him be kend :
 And I am laith, allane, to him to ga,
 Without with me ane freind thair be, or twa.
 Thairfoir I pray yow that ye tel me now to
 In this mater quhat is the best ado ?
 And thus answered this freind agane, that he
 Ouer al this warld lufit as *A per se*,
 The devill of hell, he said, now mot me hing,
 And I compeir befoir that crabit King !
 He is fa ful of justice, richt, and resfoun,
 I lufe him not in ocht that will me cheffoun,
 He hes na lyking, lufe, nor lust of me,
 Na I to him ga quhill the day I die.
 Quhairto thair of fould mak ony mair ?
 I cum nocht to the King, I thé declair.

Unto the secound freind cummin is this man,
 That as himself befoir he lufit than.
 And said, lo freind ! the King hes send for me
 His officer ; and biddis that I be
 At him in haist ; and cum sone to his call :
 And to him mak my count of grit and small,

That

That I of him in all my dayis had.
 And I sie richt I am straitlie stad !
 Thairfoir I pray that thow wald underta
 With me unto yon king that thow wald ga.
 This freind answered, and said to him agane,
 I am displeisit, and ill paynit of thy pane ;
 Bot I am nocht redie, in onie thing,
 With thé for to compeir befoir that king.
 Thoch he hes fend for the his officer ;
 I may not ga with thé : quhat wil thow mair ?
 Bot a thing is to say in termes short,
 With yow my freind I wil ga to the port :
 Trust weil of me na mair of myne ye get,
 Fra ye be anis in at the king's yet.
 And thus shortly, with yow for to conclude,
 Mair nor is said of me ye get na gude.

With that the man that thus charged his freind,
 He said, allace I may na longer leind !
 Sen I my twa best freinds couth assay :
 I can nocht get a freind yit to my pay,
 That dar now tak in hand, for onie thing,
 With me for to compeir befoir yon king.
 Allace, quhat sall I say ? quhat sal I do ?
 I have na ma freinds for to cum to,
 Bot ane the quhilk is callit my thrid freind ;
 With him I trow I will be lytil meind.
 To ga to him I wait bot wind in waist,
 For in him I have lytil trouth or traist.

Yit cummin the man that we of reid
 Unto this thrid freind, quhen he had neid,
 And tald to him the maner, and the cace ;
 How on him laid an officer his mace,
 And summond him, and bad he sould compeir
 Befoir the King, and gif ane count perqueir ;
 And to him mak ane sharp count of al
 He had into his lyfe, baith grit and smal.

And thus answered his freind to him agane,
Of the in faith, gude freind, I am ful fane.
Of me altyme thou gave but lytil tail ;
Na of me wald have dant nor dail.
And thou had to me done onie thing,
Nocht was with hart ; bot vane gloir, and hething.
With uther freinds thou was sa weill ay wount,
To me thou had ful lytil clame or count.
To thé thou thocht I was not worth ane prene,
And that I am ful rade on the will be sene.
And yit the lytil kyndnes that thou
To me hes had weil sal I quyte it now.
For with the sal I ga unto the King,
And for the speik, and plie intil al thing.
Quhairever thou ga, with me thou fall be meind,
And ever halden for my tender freind.
The King he lufis me weil, I wait,
Bot ever, allace, to me thou cum ouer lait ;
And thou my counsal wrocht had in al thing,
Ful welcum had thou bene ay to that King.
Betwixt us twa wit he of unkyndnes,
Sone wil thou feil he wil thé lufe the les :
Wit he betwixt us twa be onie lufe,
He wil be richt weil payit and the appruse :
And he to me wit thou maid ony falt,
To thé that wil be ful fowre and falt.
And than weil sal thou find, as thou lufit me,
In al maner of way sa sal he thé.
Quhat is thair mair of this mater to meine ?
With the befoir the king I sal be sene.
Quhaireuer thou ga, withoutin ony blame,
As tender freind to thé ay sal I clame ;
Without offence to be thy defendour,
And ay trewly to be thy protectour.
Befoir quhat judge thou appeir up or doun,
Thé to defend I sal be reddie boun.

And

And quhither I cum agane heir ever or never
Fra thé thus fal I never mair dissever.

Thoch he the bind and cast the in a cart,
To heid or hang, fra the I fal nocht part.

Quhat wil thou mair that I may say the til?
I am reddie; cum on quhaneuer thou wil.

Allace! allace! than sayis this riche man,
Over few I find are in this world that can
Cheis ay the best of thir freinds thrie,
Quhill that the tyme be gane that thay sould se,
Thow leifs nocht fin quhill fin hes left the;
And than quhan that thou seis that thou man de:
Than is ouer lait, allace! havand sik let,
Quhan de'th's cart will stand befor the yet.
Allace, sen ilkane man wald be sa kynde
To have this latter freind into his mynde!
And nocht traist in his uther freinds twa,
With him befor the King that wil nocht ga!

Gude folk, I wald into this world that ye
Sould understand quhilk ar thir freinds thre;
Quha is the King; quha is this officeir;
And quha this riche man is. I will declair,
The King is God, that is of michtis maiist,
The Father, Sone, and eik the Haly Gaist,
In ane Godheid, and yit in persones thré,
Thairfor the King of kings him cal we.
This officer but dout is callit Deid;
Is nane his power agane may repleid:
Is nane sa wicht, na wyfe, na of sic wit,
Agane his summond fuithly that may fit.
This riche man is baith thou and me,
And al that in the world is that mon die.
And als sone as the deid till us wil cum,
Than speik we to our freinds all and sum.

The first freind is bot gude penny and pelfe,
That mony man lufis better than himselfe.

And

And quhan to me or thé cumis our deid,
 Our riches than will stand us in na steid :
 To pairt fra it suppose we graine and greit,
 It sayis fairweil ! agane we will never meit !

This secund freind, lat se, quhome will we call
 Bot wyfe, and barne, and uther freindis all ;
 That thus answeres, and sayis in termes schort,
 We wil nocht ga with the bot to the port :
 That is to say unto the Kingis yet ;
 With thé farder to ga is nocht our det.
 Quhilk is the yet, that we call now the port ?
 Nocht but our graif to pas in, as a mort.

This thrid freind quhome will we cal, let fie ;
 Nocht ellis bot Almos deid and charitie ;
 The freind quhilk answerit with wordis sweit,
 Of me as freind suppose thou lytle leit,
 Yit for the lytle quaintance that we had,
 Sen that I se the in sturt sa straightly stad,
 Quhaireuer thou ga, in eird or art,
 With the, my freind, yit fall I never part.
 Quhairever thou ga, suppose a thousand schoir thé,
 Even I thy Almos deid fall ga befoir the.

Thairfoir my counfall is that we mend,
 And lippin nocht all to the latter end.
 And syne, to keip us fra the finnes sevin,
 That we may win the hie blys of hevin :
 And thus out of this warld that we may win
 But shame, or det, or deidly sin,

And than speiks the tother Preistis tyte,
 This gude tale fir I trow God will you quyte.

MR PINKERTON places these Tales prior to 1492, because the kingdom of Granada is mentioned as not yet Christian. MAISTER JOHNE, however, may only have meant to describe Spain, as he himself had seen it : Or, the author may not have heard of the establishment of Christianity in that kingdom. LINDSAY says,

Of Cosmographie I am not expert,
 For I did never studie in that art.

THE PARLIAMENT OF CORRECTION ; OR, ANE PLEASANT SATYRE OF THE THRIE ESTAITIS, IN COMMENDATION OF VERTUE, AND VITUPERATION OF VICE ; A PLAY, MAID BE SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

This earliest specimen of Dramatic writing in the Scottish dialect, was first represented at Linlithgow in 1540, but probably was written in 1536, before JAMES V. had married "sum Quene of blud royall." The following lines contain a description of the state of Europe, which seems applicable enough to the commencement of that year's campaign ; at least, (we may suppose,) according to the information or belief of SIR DAVID, who in 1552 would hardly have described the Emperor CHARLES V. then near 60 years old, as only shaping, or beginning to form a plan, to become a Conqueror :

Now I heir say the Empriour
Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,
And is movand his ordinance
Agains the nobill King of France.
Bot I knaw not his just querrell,
'That he hes for to mak battell ;
All the Princis of Allmanyie,
Spanyie, Flandeiris, and Italie,
'This present yeir ar all on flocht.
Sum will thair waxis find deir bocht.
The Paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his army to the feild.

Besides, we have already observed, that so early as 1528, LINDSAY, in his DREAM, exhibited sketches of several of the principal characters ; such as JOHN THE COMMON-WEILL, LADY SENSUALITY, LADY CHASTITY, &c. which, doubtless, he had then introduced into some interlude, or Morality, according to the custom of the times.

times. If there had been, at that period, a Printer in Edinburgh, LINDSAY, in all probability, would have preceded HEYWOOD in the publication of dramatic Moralities. At any rate, he has the honour to be the first British author who produced a Dramatic piece exceeding the limits of an interlude, and susceptible of the common division into Acts and Scenes, without deviating from the order in which it was first printed.

In a letter to the Lord Privy Seal of England, dated 26th January 1540, SIR WILLIAM EURE (Envoy from HENRY VIII.) gives the following account of this Play as it had then been performed "in the feast of Epiphanie at Lightgwe, before the King, Queene, and the hoole counsaile, spirituall and temporall: In the firste entres come in SOLACE, (whose parte was but to make mery, sing ballets with his fellowes, and drinke at the interluyds of the play,) whoe shewed firste to all the audience the play to be played.—Next come in a KING, who passed to his throne, having noe speche to thende of the play; and then to ratify and approve, as in plain Parliament, all things done by the rest of the players which represented THE THREE ESTATES. With hym come his courtiers PLACEBO, PIKTHANKE, and FLATTERYE, and sic alike gard; one swering he was the lustiest, starkest, best proportionit, and most valyeant man that ever was: ane other swere he was the beste with long-bowe, crose-bow, and culverin, and so furth. Thairafter there come a man armed in harnes, with a swerde drawn in his hande, a BUSHOP, a BURGES-MAN, and EXPERIENCE, clede like a DOCTOR; who set them all down on the deis under the KING. After them come a POOR MAN, who did go up and down the scaffolde, making a bevie complainte that he was hereyet throw the Courtieres taking his fewe in one place, and his tackes in another,

another; wherthroughe he had scayled his house, his wyfe and childrene beggyng thair brede; and so of many thousands in Scotland: saying thair was no remedy to be gotten, as he was neither acquainted with Controul-ler nor Treasourer.—And then he looked to the King, and said he was not King of Scotland, for there was another King in Scotland that hanged **JOHNE ARME-STRANG**, with his fellowes, and **SYM THE LAIRD**, and mony other moe; but he had lefte ane thing undone: then he made a long narracione of the oppression of the poor, by the taking of the Corse-presawnte beists, and of the her-rying of poor men by the Consistorie lawe, and of many other abusions of the **SPIRITUALITIE** and Church. Then the **BUSHOP** raise and rebuked him. Then the **MAN OF ARMES** alledged the contrarie, and commanded the poor man to go on. The Poorman proceeds with a long list of the Busshop's evil practices, the vices of Cloisters, &c. This proved by **EXPERIENCE**, who, from a New Testament shews the office of a Busshop. The **MAN OF ARMES** and the **BURGES** approve of all that was said against the Clergy, and allege the expediency of a Reform with the consent of Parliament. The **BUSHOP** dissents. The **MAN OF ARMES** and the **BURGES** said they were two, and he but one, wherefore their voice should have most effect. Thereafter the King in the Play ratified, approved, and confirmed all that was reherfed."

In a few months after this first representation, some severe laws having been made against the encouragers of Heresy*, **LINDSAY'S** play was not again exhibited until about the year 1552, when several new Scenes of a subordinate nature were added, both at the beginning and end; without, however, contributing much either to the improvement of the piece, or to the character of the author as a teacher of morality. It would greatly exceed the

* See **KEITH'S** History.

the bounds of this Collection to print the whole of these introductory and concluding scenes ; we must, therefore, confine ourselves to what appears to have been the original piece, before it was over-loaded with appendages, most of them absurd or obscene ; omitting, however, not a single line in the body of the Play, as printed in the edition 1602, undoubtedly the first.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that the representation took place in the open fields, where the advantage of a natural amphitheatre offered itself ; such as the Playfeild of GREENSIDE, at the bottom of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, where this play was performed at least once, during the regency of MARY OF GUISE ; and, upon another occasion, the hill of COUPAR IN FIFE, as appears from the BANN. MS. and from the preface to edition 1592 of LINDSAY's poems. These three representations were probably thought sufficient to prepare all ranks of men for that Reformation which soon afterwards was introduced ; but which was carried to an extent far beyond what seems, from this Play, to have been projected by SIR DAVID LINDSAY. If his moderate plan had been adopted in the course of the two last years of JAMES V. Scotland must have remained Catholique, or at least Episcopal, for a long series of years. Upon this, and other relative subjects, the antiquarian reader is left to exercise his sagacity. For him alone the Play is calculated.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

DILIGENCE, *the Messenger.*

THE Fader, foundar of faith, and felicitie,
That your fassone formit to his similitude ;
And his Sone your Salviour, scheild in necessitie,
That bocht yow frome bailis, ranfomit on the rude,
Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude ;
The Haly Gaiſt, governour and grantar of Grace,
Of wyfdome and weilfaire baith fountane and flude ;
Save yow all that I ſe ſeiſit in this place !
And ſcheild yow from ſyn ;
And with his ſpreit yow enſpyre,
Till I haif ſchawin my deſyre.
Sylence, Soverains, I requyre,
For now I begyn.

[*paſſa.*]

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy.
Heir am I ſent to yow, ane meſſengeir
From ane nobill and richt redowttit Roy,
The quhilk hes bene abſent this mony yeir ;
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald ſpeir :
Quha bad me ſchaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane triumphant awfull ordinance ;

With crown, and fwerd, and sceptour, in his hand,
 Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris :
 Howbeid that he hes bene lang tyme sleipand,
 Quhairthrow misreuill hes rung this mony yeiris,
 And innocentis bene brocht apoun thair beiris,
 Be fals reportaris of this natioun :
 Thocht young oppreffouris at thair eldaris leiris,
 Be now weill seur of reformatioun.

Sé no misdouris be so bawld,
 As to remane into this hawld ;
 For quhy, be him that Judas sawld,
 Thay will be heich hangit.
 Faithfull folk now may sing,
 For quhy it is the bidding,
 Of my Soverane the King,
 That na man be wrangit.
 Thocht he ane quhile now in his flowris
 Be governit be trumpowris,
 And sumtyme love paramouris ;
 Hald him excusyt.
 For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
 With Verety, and Discretioun,
 Thay will be baneist of the toun,
 Quhilk hes him abusyt.

And heir be oppen proclamatioun
 I warne, in name of his magnificence,
 The Thre Estaitis of this natioun,
 That thay compeir with detfull diligence,
 And till his Grace mak thair obedience.
 And first I warne the Spiritualitie ;
 And see the Burges spair nocht for expence,
 Bot speid thame heir with Temporalitie.

Als I bespeik yow, famous auditouris
 Convenit into this congregatioun,
 To be patient, the space of certane houris,
 Till ye haif hard owr schort narratioun.

And

And als we mak yow supplicatioun,
 That no man tak our wordis in disdane,
 Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun
 The Commounweill richt peteously complane.

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,
 Tak no man greif in speciall;
 For we fall speik in generall
 For pastyme and for play.
 Thairfoir till that our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit songis be fung,
 Lat every man keip weill his tung,
 And woman alsway.

For fylence I protest
 Baith of Lord, Laird, and Ladie:
 Now I will rin, but rest,
 And tell that all is ready.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MALES.

KING HUMANITIE.

DILIGENCE, *or the Messenger.*

WANTONNES.

PLACEBO.

SOLLACE.

FALSET, *alias Sapience.*

DISSAIT, *alias Discretioun.*

FLATTRIE, *alias Devotioun.*

DIVINE CORRECTION, *sometimes called KING COR-*
RECTION.

CORRECTION'S *Servant.*

GUDE COUNSALL.

SPIRITUALITIE, *or the CLERGY.*

TEMPORALITIE, *or LAND-HOLDERS.*

MERCHANDMAN, *or BURGESSES.*

JOHN THE COMMON-WEILL.

PUIRMAN.

PARDONAR.

WILKIN, *the Pardonar's Boy.*

SARJANTS, &c. &c.

FEMALES.

Lady SENSUALITIE.

HAIMLYNES.

DANGER.

Freind JONAT.

Lady CHESTETIE.

Lady VERITIE.

THE
PARLIAMENT OF CORRECTION.

SCENE I.

KING CORRECTION'S BOY.

[Heir fall CORRECTIONIS Varlet cry out,

SCHYRS ! stand abak, and hald yow coy;
I am the King Correctionuns boy,
Cum heir to drefs his place.
Se that ye mak obedience
Unto his nobill Excellence,
Fra time ye se his face.
For he makkis reformatiounis
Out thruch all Christin natiounis,
Quhair he findis grit debaitis :
And, sa far as I undirstand,
He fall reforme into this land
Evin all the Thre Estaitis.
God furth of hevin hes him send,
To puneifs all that dois offend
Agane his Majestie ;
As euir him list to tak vengeance,
Sumtyme with swerd and pestilence,
With derth and povertie.
Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he gif thame grace :
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt suddanly will be dejectit,
And fleimit fra his face.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

DISSAIT, FLATTRY, FALSET, *in the habit of Freiris,*

Difs. Bruder, hard ye yone Proclamatioun?
I dreid full fair for Reformatioun,
Yone mессage makis me mangit.
Quhat is your counsale to me tell?
Remane we heir, be God himsell,
We will be all thré hangit.

Flatt. I fall ga to Spritualitie,
And preiche owt thruche his Dyocie,
Quhair I will be unknowin :
Or keip me cloise into sum closter,
With mony piteous *pater noster*,
Till all the boist be blawin.

Difs. I fall be tretitt as ye ken
With my maisters the Merchand men,
Quhilk can mak small debait ;
Ye ken rycht few of thame that thryves,
Or can begyle the landwart wyves,
Bot me thair man Dissait.
Now Falsat, quhat fall be thy schift?

Fals. Na cair thow nocht, man, for my thrift ;
Trows thow that I be daft ?
Na I will leif ane lustie lyfe,
Withowttyn ony sturt or stryfe,
Amang the men of Craft.

Flatt. I will remane na mair besyd yow,
But counsel yow richt weill to gyde yow ;
Byde nocht upon Correctioun.
Fairweill ! I will na langar tarie.
I pray the elriche Quene of Farie,
To be your protectioun.

Difs. Falsat, I wald we maid ane band,

Now

Now quhill the King is found fleipand
Quhat rack to steill his box?

Fals. Now weill said, be the Sacrament,
That fall I do incontinent,
Thocht it had twenty lokkis.

[Heir fall Falsit steill the Kingis box.]

Lo heir the Box! now lat us ga:
This may suffyce for our rewairdis.

Difs. Yea, that it may, man, be this day
It may weill mak us landward Lairdis.
Now latt us cast away thir clays,
In dreid fum follow on the chace.

Fals. Rycht weill devyfit, be St Blais.
Wald God we war out of this place!

[Heir fall they cast away their counterfeit clais.]

Difs. Now sen thair is na man to wrang us,
I pray yow, bruder, with all my hairt,
Latt us now pairt this pelf amang us;
Syne haistely lat us depairt.

Fals. Trow ye to get as mekill as I?
That fall thow nocht: I staw the box.
Thow did nathing but luikit by,
And lurkit like ane wilie fox.

Difs. Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, without I get my part.
Swyth, hursone smaik, ryve up the lokkis,
Or I fall stik thé thruche the hart.

[Heir fall thay fecht, with sylence.]

Fals. Allace for evir, myne Ee is out!
Walloway will na man red the men?

Difs. Apoun thy craig tak thair ane clout!
To be courtace I fall the ken.
Fairweill, for I am at the flycht,
I will not byd on ma demandis;
Gif we tway meit agane this nycht,
Tuay feit fall be worth fourty handis.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

KING CORRECTION.

Corr. Beati qui esurient et sitiunt iustitiam.

Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of Peace, above all Kingis King,
Quhilk hes me sent all cuntries to convoye,
And all misdoars dourlie to down thring.
I will do nocht without the conveining
Ane Parliament of the Estaitis all;
In thair presence I fall, but feinyeing,
Iniquitie under my sword down thrall.

Thair may no Prince do actis honorabill,
Bot gif his counfall thairto will assist.
How may he knaw the thing maist profitabill,
To follow vertew, and vycis to resist,
Without he be instructit and solist?
And quhen the King stands at his counsell found,
Then welth fall wax, and plentie as he list,
And policie fall in his realm abound.

Gif ony list my name for till inquire,
I am callit Divine Correction.
I fled throuch mony uncouth land and schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk natioun.
Now am I cum into this region,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang unfawin;
To punishe tyrants for thair transgressioun;
And to caus leill men live upon thair awin.

Na realme, nor land, but my support may stand,
For I gar Kings live into royaltie:
To rich and puir I beir an equal band,
That thay may live into thair awin degrie.
Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie:
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put down;

Quha

Quha thinks na schame of their iniquitie
Till thay be punished be mee Correctioun.

Quhat is ane King? Nocht bot an officiar,
To caus his leiges live in equitie;
And under God to be ane punischer
Of trespassours against his Majestie.
Bot quhen the King dois live in tyrannie,
Breakand justice for fear or affectioun,
Then is his realme in weir and povertie,
With schamefull slauchter, but correctioun.

I am ane Juge, richt potent and seveire,
Cum to do justice, mony thowfsand myle.
I am sa constant, baith in peice and weir,
Na bud nor favour ma my face ouersyle.
Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this Yle
Of my repair, but dout, quhilk dois repent:
Bot verteous men, I traist, fall on me smyle;
And of my cuming be richt weill content.

Enter GUDE COUNSALL.

Gude Coun. Wylcum, my Lord, wylcum ten thow-
fsand tymis

Till all faythfull and trew men of this region!
Wylcum for till correct all faltis and crymis,
Amang this cankarit congregatioun!
Lowis Chestetie, I mak yow supplicatioun,
And put till fredome fair Lady Veretie,
Quhilk be unfaithfull folk of this region
Lis bund ful fast into captivitie.

Corr. I mervel, Gude Counfall, how that may be;
Ar ye nocht with the King familiar?

Gude Coun. That am I not, my Lord, ful wais me!
Bot lyk ane brybour halden at the bar;
Thay play bo-keik, even as I war a skar.
Thair came thré knavis, in clething counterfeit,
And fra the King thay gart me stand afar;
Quhois names war Falsat, Flattry, and Dissait.

Bot

Bot quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cumming,
 Thay ftall away, ilk ane a findry gait,
 And keist fra thame thair counterfeit clething :
 For thair leving full weill thay can debait.
 The Merchand men thay haife reffet Diffait ;
 And for Falfet, full weill, my Lord, I ken
 He will be richt weill treitet, air and late,
 Amang the maist pairt of the Craftifmen.
 Flattry hes tane the habite of a Freir,
 Purpoifing to begyle the Sprituall Eftait.

Corr. But dout, my freind, and I leive half a yeir ;
 I fall ferche owt thair iniquitie.

Quhair lyis thay Ladyis in captivitie ?

*[Heir fall Correctioun and Gude Counfall pas to
 Lady Veritie, and Lady Chestetie in the ftok-
 kis.]*

Corr. How now fyfteris, quho hes yow fo difgyfit ?

Ver. Unmerciful memberis of iniquitie
 Dispytfully hes us, my Lord, fuppryfit.

Corr. Ga put thay ladeis to thair libertie
 Incontinent, and brek doun all the ftokkis.
 Bot dowt they ar full deir welcum to me.
 Mak diligence ; me think ye do bot mokkis ;
 Speid hand, and fpair not for to brek the lokkis,
 And tendirly tak thame up be the hand.
 Had I thame heir, thay knavis fowld ken my knokkis,
 That thame opprest, and baneifit of this land.

*[Heir fall they be tane out of the ftokkis :
 and Veritie fall say,*

Ver. We thank you, Syr, of your benignitie ;
 Bot I beseik your Majestie Royall,
 That ye wald pas to King Humanitie ;
 And fleme fra hym yone Lady Sensuall,
 And entir in his service Gude Counfall,
 For ye will find him very counfalable.

Corr.

Corr. Cum on, fisteris ; as ye haif said I fall ;
 And gar hym stand with yow thré, firme and stable.
 [Correſtioun *paſſis towards the King, with Veri-*
tie, Chaſtitie, and Gude Counfall.

S C E N E IV.

KING HUMANITIE *aſleep ; attended by* LADY SENSU-
 ALITIE, WANTONNES, SOLACE, *and* PLACEBO.

Want. Solace ! knawis thou not quhat I ſe ?
 Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
 With wantoun wings as he wald flé.
 Brother, quhat may this mein ?
 I underſtand nocht be this day
 Quhidder that he be freind or fay :
 Stand ſtill and heare quhat he will ſay ;
 Sic ane I haif nocht ſene.

Sol. Yon is ane ſtranger, I ſtand forde ;
 He ſemes to be ane luſtie lord.
 Be his heir-cumming for concord,
 And be-kinde till our King :
 He ſall be welcome to this place,
 And treatit with the Kingis grace.
 Be it nocht ſa we ſall him chace,
 And to the divell him ding.

Pla. I reid us put apoun the King,
 And walkin him of his ſleiping.
 Sir, riſe and ſe an uncouth thing.
 Get up, ye ly too lang.

Sen. Put on your huide, John Fule, ye raif.
 How dar ye be ſo pert, Sir Knaif,
 To tuich the King ? Sa Chriſt me ſaif,
 Fals huirſone, thow ſall hing.

[*Heir ſall Gude Counfall, Veritie, and Cheſtetie,*
cum to the King, with Correſtioun.

Corr.

Corr. Get up, Syr King! ye haif fleipit aneuch
Into the armes of Lady Sensuall.

Be fure that moir belangis to the pleuch,

As afterward perchance reherfs I fall.

Remembir how the King Sardanapall

Amang fair Ladyis tuk his lust sa lang,

Sa that the maist part of his Leigis all

Rebeld, and syne hym duilfully doun thrang.

Remember how, into the tyme of Noy,

For the foulle stink and syn of lychery,

God, be my wand, did all the warld destroy.

Sodom and Gomer richt so full rigourusly

For that self syn war brunt rycht crewally.

Thairfoir I thé command incontinent

Baneyfs frome thé that huir Sensualitie,

Or ellis but dowl rudly thow salt repent.

King. Be quhome haif ye so grit awtoritie,

Quhilk dois presume for till correct ane King?

Know ye nocht me the King Humanitie,

That in my regioun royally dois ring?

Corr. I haif power greit Princis to doun thring,

That leivis contrair the Majestie Devyne;

Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling;

But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.

I will begin at thé, quhilk is the heid,

And mak on thé first Reformatioun.

Thy Leigis than will follow the but pleid.

Swyth, harlott, hence without dilatioun!

Sen. My Lord, I mak yow supplicatioun

Glt me licence to pass agane to Rome;

Amang the Princis of that natioun,

I lat you wit my bewty thair will blome.

*[Heir fall Sensualitie, with her companionis,
depairt fra the King.]*

Adew, Sir King, I may na langer tary.

I cair nocht that als gude luife cums as gais.

I re-

I recommend yow to the Queene of Farie ;
 I fe ye will be gydit with my fais.
 As for this King, I cure him nocht twa strais.
 War I amang Bischops and Cardinals,
 I wald get gould, filver, and precious clais :
 Na earthlie joy but my prefence avails.

[*Heir fall sche, with her companeouns, pass to
 Spiritualitie, and say,*
 My Lordis of the Spirituall stait,
 Venus preserve yow air and lait !
 For I can mak na mair debait,
 I am partit with your king ;
 And am baneischt this regioun,
 By counsell of Correctioun.
 Be ye nocht my protectioun
 I may feik my ludging.

Spir. Welcome our dayis darling ;
 Welcome with all our hart ;
 We all, but feinyeing,
 Sall plainlie tak your part.

[*Heir fall the Bishops, Abbots, and Parsons kiss
 Lady Sensualitie and her companions.*

Corr. My Lord, sen ye ar quyt of Sensualitie,
 Reffaif into your service Gude Counfall,
 And richt so this fair Ledy Chestetie,
 Till ye mary sum Quene of blude royall.
 Observe than Chestetie matrimoniall.
 Richt so reffaif thow Veretie be the hand.
 Use thair cunsell, your fame fall never fall ;
 Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

[*Heir fall the King reffaiff Counfall, Ve-
 retie, and Chestetie.*
 And Sir tak tent quhat I will say,
 Observe thir fame baith nicht and day,
 And let them never part yow fray ;
 Or els, withoutin doubt,

Turne ye to Sensualitie,
 To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
 Out of your realme richt schamefullie
 Ye fall be ruttit out ;
 As was Tarquin, the Roman King,
 Quha for his vicious living,
 And for the schameful ravifching
 Of the fair chaift Lucres,
 Was fune degraidit of his croun,
 And baneist of his regioun :
 I maid on him correctioun,
 As stories dois expres.

King. I am content your cunfall till inclyne ;
 Ye beand of sa gud conditioun.
 At your cummand fall be all that is myne.
 And heir I gif you full commissioun
 To puneifs faultis, and gif remissioun.
 To vertew I fall be confonable ;
 With you I fall confirme an unioun ;
 And at your counfall stand ay firme and stable.

[The King embraces Correctioun with a humble countenance.]

Corr. I counfall yow incontinent,
 Agane proclame the Parliament
 Of all the Thre Estaitis:
 That thay be heir with diligence,
 To mak to yow obedience,
 And sone drefs all debaites.

King. That fall be done, but mair demand.
 Hoaw Diligence ! cum heir fra hand,
 And tak your informatioun.
 Ga warne the Spiritualitie,
 Richt sa the Temporalitie,
 Be oppin proclamatioun,
 In gudlie haift for to compeir
 In thair honorabill maneir,

To

To gif us their counfaillis.
 Quho so beis absent, to thame schaw
 That thay fall underly the law,
 And puneist be that faillis.

Dil. Schyr, I fall baith in Bruch and Land,
 With diligence do your command,
 Upon my awin expense.
 Schyr, I haif servit all this yeir,
 Bot I gat nevir ane deyneir
 Yet for my recompense.

King. Pass on; and thou fall be regairdit,
 And for thy service weill rewairdit.
 For quhy, with my consent,
 Thou fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
 The teind mussells of the Ferry myre,
 Confermit in Parliament.

Dil. I will get riches throw that rent,
 Eftir the day of dome,
 Quhen in the coillpotts of Tranent
 Butter will grow on brome.
 All nicht I had sa meikill drewth,
 I micht not sleip a wink.
 Or I proclame ocht with my mouth,
 But dowl I mon have drink.

Corr. Cum heir, Placebo, and Sollace,
 With your cumpanyeoun Wantonnes;
 I ken weill your condition.
 For tyfing King Humanitie
 To ressaiff Sensualitie,
 Ye mon suffer punitioun.

Wan. We grant, my Lord, we haif done ill:
 Thairfoir we put us in your will.
 Bot we have bene abusit.
 For in gud faith, Syr, we beleivit
 That lichery fould na man haif greivit,
 Becaus it is sa usit.

Pla.

Pla. Ye see how Sensualitie
 With Principalls of ilk cuntrie
 Bene glaidlie lettin in ;
 And with your prelatis mair and les,
 Speir at my Ladie Prioires
 Gif lechery be fin.

Sol. Schyr, we fall mend our conditioun,
 Sa ye gif us remissioun ;
 Bot gif us leif to sing,
 To dance, and play at chefs, and tabils ;
 To reid storyis, and mirry fabillis,
 For plesour of our King.

Corr. So that ye do na udyr cryme,
 Ye sal be pardonit at this tyme.
 For quhy, as I suppois,
 Princis sumtyme mon seik follace
 With mirth, and lefull mirrenes,
 Their spreitis to rejoyis.
 And richt sa halking and hunting,
 Ar honest pastimes for ane king
 Into the tyme of peace ;
 And lern to ryn ane hevie speir,
 That he into the tyme of weir
 May follow at the cheace.

King. Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun ?
 And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar ?

Ver. Sapience, Syr, was ane verry loun,
 And Descretioun was nyne tymes war.
 The suth, Syr, gif I wald report,
 Thay did begyle your Excellence ;
 And wald not suffer to resort
 Nane of us thré to your presence.

Cha. Thay thré war Flattrie, and Dissait,
 And Falsat, that unhappy loun.
 Againe us thré quhilk maid debait :
 Thay baneist me fra toun to toun ;

Thay

Thay gart thir tway fall into foun,
 Quhen thay war lokkit in the stokkis.
 That dastard quhilk ye call Discretioun
 Full thiftoufly he stall your box.

King. The divill tak thame, fen thay ar gane !
 Me thocht thame ay thrie very smaikis.
 I mak ane vow to sweit Sanct Fillane,
 Get I thame, thay fall beir thair paikis.
 I se thay playit with me the glaikkis.
 Gude Counfall, now schew me the best ;
 Sen I fix on you thré my staikis,
 How fall I keep my realme in rest ?

Gude Coun. Initium sapientiæ est timor Domini.
 Sir, gif your Hienes yearnis lang to ring,
 First dread your God abuit all uther thing,
 For ye ar bot ane mortal instrument
 To that great God and King Omnipotent,
 Preordinat be his divine Majestie
 To reull his peopill intill unitie.
 The principall point, Sir, of ane King's office,
 Is for to do to everilk man justice ;
 And for to mix his justice with mercie,
 But rigour, favour, or partialitie.
 Forsuith it is na little observance
 Great regions to have in governance.

Quhaever taks on him that Kinglie cuir,
 To get ane of thir twa, he suld be suir :
 Great paine and labour, and that continuall ;
 Or ellis to have defame perpetuall.
 Quha guydis weill, they win immortal fame ;
 Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall schame.
 Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thousand yeir
 Thair life at lenth rehearst fall be perqneir.
 The Chroniklis to knaw I yow exhort ;
 Thair fall ye finde baith gude and euill report :
 For everie Prince, efter his qualitie,

Thocht

Thocht he be deid, his deids fall neuer die.
 Sir, gif ye please for to use my counfall,
 Your fame and name fall be perpetuall.

[Heir fall the Messinger Diligence proclaim,
At the command of King Humanitie,
 I warne and charge all Memberis of Parliament,
 Baith Sprituall Stait, and Temporalitie,
 That till his Grace thay be obedient;
 And speid thame to the Court incontinent,
 In gud order arrayit ryally.
 Quha beis absent, or inobedient,
 The Kingis displeour thay fall underly.

[Then fall he say to the pepill,
 And als I mak yow exhortatioun,
 Sen ye haif heard the first part of our play,
 Go tak ane drink, and mak collatioun;
 Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray
 Tarie nocht lang, it is lait in the day.
 Let sum drink ayle, and sum drink claret wine,
 Be greit doctouris of physike I heare say,
 That michtie drink comforts the dull ingyne.

[Now fall the Pepill mak Collatioun; the King, Bif-
choppis, and principal playeris being out of their
seats.

The end of the first part of the Satire.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

PUIRMAN, *and* DILIGENCE.

Peur. Of your almos, gude folkis, for luve of hevin!
For I haif moderles bairnis sax or sevin.
Gif ye will gif na gude, for luve of sweit Jesus,
Wifs me the richt way to Sanct Andreus.

Dil. Quhair haif we gottin this gudly companeoun?
Swyth furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen sic ane vyld beggar karle may get entres.
Fy on yow officiaries that mendis not thir failties!
I gif yow all to the Divill, baith provost and baillies!
Without ye cum sone, and chace this carle away,
The divill a word ye get mair of our play.
Fals huirfone raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

Peur. Quha maid yow a gentillman wald not stow
your luggis.

Dil. Quhat now? me think this cullroun carle be-
gynnis to crak.
Swyth carle away, or be this day I fall brak your bak.

*[Heir fall the carle clym up and sit in the
King's elby tchyre.]*

Com down; or, be Goddis croun, fals loun, I fall slay
the.

Peur. Now sweir be thy brunt shinnis the divill
ding thame frae the.

Quhat say he till thir court knavis? be thay get haill
clais

Sa sone thay leir to sweir; and trip on thair tais.

Dil.

Dil. Methocht the carle callit me knave even in my
face,
Be Sanct Fillane, thow falbe flane, bot gif thow ask
grace.

Loup; or be the gud Lord thow salt loifs thy heid.

Peur. I fall anis drink, or I ga, thocht thow had
fworne my deid.

[*Heir Diligence castis away the leddir.*

Dil. Loup now, gif thow list, for thow hes loist the
leddir.

Peur. It is full weill thy kynd to lowp, and licht in
a tedder.

Thow falbe fane to fetch agane the ledder, or I lowp:
I fall fitt heir into this tcheir, till I haif toumit this
stowp.

[*Heir fall the carle loup off the scaffald.*

Dil. Swyth, beggir bogill, haist thé away:

Thow art ouer perte to spill the proces of our play.

Peur. I will not giff for your play worth a fulis fart:
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

Dil. Quhat aillis the cruckit carle?

Peur. Mary, meikill sorrow!

I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

Dil. Quhair is it thow dwels, or quhat is thy in-
tent?

Peur. I dwel into Lowthiane, ane myle fra Tranent.

Dil. Quhair wald thow be, carle, the suth to me
schaw?

Peur. Sir, evin at Sanct Androes, for to seik law.

Dil. To seik law in Edinburgh is the neirest way.

Peur. Sir, I haif socht law thair this mony deir day;
Bot I could nevir find law at sessioun nor seinye.
Thairfoir the mckill deuell droun all the menye.

Dil. Schaw me thy mater, man, with all the cir-
cumstance;

How thow hes happinit on this unhappy chance.

Peur.

Peur. Gude man, will ye gife me of your cheretie?
 And I fall declair to yow the blak veretie.
 My fader was an auld man, and ane hair;*
 And was of aige fourscore yeirs and mair.
 And *Mald*, my moder, was fourscore and fyiftene:
 And with my labour I did thame baith sustene.
 We had a meir, that careit salt and coill;
 And evirilk yeir scho brocht us hame a foill.
 We had thré ky, that was baith fatt and fair,
 Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air.
 My fader was sa waik of blude and bane,
 That he deit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;
 Than scho deit to, within ane oulk or two;
 And thair began my povertie and wo.
 Our gude gray meir was baitand on the feild,
 Our landis laird tuik hir for his heiryeld.
 The vicar tuik the best kow be the heid,
 Incontinent quhen my fader was deid;
 And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
 Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane uder.
 Than Meg, my wife, did murn baith evin and morrow,
 Till at the last scho deit for very sorrow:
 And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyfe was deid,
 The third kow than he cleikit be the heid.
 Thair ummest clayis, quhilk was of raploch gray,
 The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away.
 Quhen that was gane, I nicht mak na debait,
 Bot with my bairnis past for to beg my mait:
 Now haif I tald yow the blak veritie,
 How I bin brocht into this miserie.

Dil. How did the Persone, was he not thy gude freind?

Peur. How? the divill stick him! he curst me for my teind;

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N n

And

* The song of *Auld Robin Gray* seems partly borrowed from this speech.

And haldis me yit undir that same process,
 That gart me want my sacrament at Pefs.
 In gud faith, Syr, thocht ye wald cut my thrott,
 I haif na geir, except an Inglis grott,
 Quhilk I purpofs to gif ane man of law.

Dil. Thow art the daftist fule that euir I saw.
 Trowis thow, man, be the law to get remeid
 Of men of kirk? na neuir till thow be deid.

Peur. Syr, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy,
 That our vicar sould tak fra me thrie ky?

Dil. Thay haif na law, except ane consuetude;
 Quhilk law to thame is sufficent and gude.

Peur. Ane consuetude, aganis the commoun weill,
 Sould be no law, I think be sweit Sanct Geill.
 Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
 To tak thre ky fra ane peur husband man?
 Ane for my fader; and for my wyfe ane uder;
 And the thrid kow he tuke for Mald my moder.

Dil. It is thair law; all that thay haif in use;
 Thocht it be kow, fow, ganer, gryce, or guse.

Peur. Schyr, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.
 Behald sum prellatis of this regioun,
 Manifestly, during thair lusty lyvis,
 Thay fwyve ladeis, madinis, and menis wyves;
 And sa thair quentis thay haif in consuetude.
 Quhiddel say ye that law is evill or gude?

Dil. Hald thy toung, man; it semis that thow art
 mangit.

Speik thow of preistis but dowt thow will be hangit.

Peur. Be him that beure the crewall crown of
 thorne,
 I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

Dil. Be sure of preistis thow will get na support.

Peur. Gif that be trew, the feind resaiiff the fort!
 So sen I fe I get none udir grace,
 I will ly doun, and rest me in this place.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The PARDONOUR.

*[Heir fall the Peurman ly down in the field : and
the Pardonour fall cum in and say, Bona dies,
bona dies :*

Devoitt pepill ! gud day I say yow.
Now tarry a lytil quhyll, I pray yow,
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill how I am namit ?
A nobill man, and undefamit,
Gif all the futh war schawin.
I am Syr Robert Rome-raker,
Ane publict perfyte Pardonour,
Admittit be the Paip.
Schyr, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
My pardonis, and my prevelage,
Quhilk ye fall se, and graip.
I gif to the devill, with gud entent,
This unfell wickit New Testament,
With thame that it translattit :
Sen lawit men knew the veritie,
Pardonaris gettis na cheretie,
Withowt that thay debait it
I mang the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
As all my marrowis men begylis,
Be our fair fals flattery.
Ye, all the craftis I ken perqueir,
As I was teichit be ane freir,
Callit Ypocrafy.
Bot now, allace ! our grit abusioun
Is cleirly knawin to our confusioun,
Quhilk I may fair repent :
Off all credence now am I quyte,

Ilk man hes me now at dispyte,
 That reidis the New Testament.
 Duill fall to thame that it has wrocht,
 Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht,
 Als I pray to the Rude
 That Martyne Luter, that fals loun
 Black Bullinger and Melancthoun
 Had bene smorde in thair cude.
 Be him that bere the croun of thorne,
 I wald Sanct Pawle had neuir bene borne;
 And als I wald his buikis
 War nevir red into the kirk,
 Bot amang freirs into the mirk;
 Or riven amang the ruikis.

*[Heir sal he lay down his wairis upoun
 the burde, and say,*

My potent Pardonnis ye may fé,
 Cum fra the Can of Tartarie
 Weill feilit with oster schellis.
 Thocht ye haif na discretioun,
 Ye fall haif full remissioun,
 With help of buikis and bellis.
 Heir is a rellik, lang and braid,
 Of Fynmakowll the richt chaft blaid,
 With teith, and all togiddir.
 Of Collingis kow heir is a horne,
 For eitting of Makconnellis corne
 Was flane into Baquhiddel.
 Heir is the cordis, baith grit and lang,
 Quhilk hangit Johnnie Armstrang,
 Of gud hempt, soft and found:
 Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
 Quhaevir beis hangit in this cord,
 Neidis nevir to be dround.
 The culum of St Bryddis cow;
 The grunttill of Sanct Antonis sow,

Quhilk

Quhilk bure his haly bell ;
 Quha evir heiris this bell clink,
 Gife me ane duc cat for till drink,
 He fall nevir gang to hell,
 Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
 Maisteris, trow ye that this be scorne ?
 Cum, win this pardoun, cum !
 Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
 I haif power thame to depairt :
 Me think yow deif and dum !
 Hes nane of yow curst wickett wyfis,
 That haldis you into sturt and stryfis ?
 Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
 Off that cummir I fall mak you quyte,
 Howbeit your selfis be in the wyte
 And mak an fals narratioun.
 Cum wyn the pardone ; now lat see,
 For meill, for malt, or for monie,
 For cok, hen, guse, or gryfs,
 Off relikkis heir I haif ane hunder.
 Quhy cum ye nocht ? this is a wondir ;
 I trow ye be not wyfs.

S C E N E III.

PARDONAR, SOWTTAR, *and* SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

Sowt. Welcum hame, Robine Rome-raker !
 Our haly patent Pardonner,
 Gif ye haif dispensatioun
 To pairt me, and my wickett wyfe,
 And me delyvir fra sturt, and stryfe ;
 I mak you supplicatioun.

Par. I fall yow pairt, bot mair demand,
 Sa I get money in my hand.
 Thairfoir lat se thy cunye.

Sowt.

Sowt. I haif na fylvir, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe.
That fall ye haif bot funyie.

Par. Quhat kyn of woman is thy wyfe?

Sowt. Ane quick devill, Syr ; a storme of stryfe,
Ane frog that fylis the wind,
A felland flagg, a flyrie fuff ;
At ilka pant scho lattis a puff,
And hes no ho behind.
All the lang day scho me dispyttis ;
And all the nicht scho flingis and flyttis ;
Thus sleip I neuir a wink.
That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
The mekle devill ma nocht indeure,
Hir stubornes and stink.

Sowt. Wyfe. Theif, cairle, thy wordis I hard full
weill.

In faith my friendship thou salt feil,
Gif I thé fang.

Sowt. Gif I said ocht, dame, be the Rude,
Except ye war baith fair and gude,
God nor I hang.

Par. Fair dame, gif ye wald be ane wowar,
To pairt yow twa I haif ane powar.
Tell on, ar ye content?

Sowt. Wyfe. Ya, that I am, with all my hairt,
Fra that fals huresone to depairt,
Sa that theiff will consent.
Caussis to pairt I haiff anew,
Becaufs I get na chalmer glew,
I tell you verraly.
I marvell not, fa mot I thryve,
Suppoifs that fwingeour nevir fwyve,
He is baith cauld and dry.

Par. Quhat wilt thou gif me for thy parte?

Sowt.

Sowt. Wyfe. A cuppill of farkis, with all my hairt,
The best claith in this land.

Par. To pairt sen ye ar baith content,
I fall pairt yow incontinent :

Bot ye mon do cummand.

My will and finall sentence is,

Ilk of yow uthers arfis kis.

Slip doun thy hoifs, me think the carle is glaikit,

Sett thow not by howbeit scho kifs and flaik it.

Lift up hir clais, kis hir hoill with your hart.

[Heir fall scho kifs, with silence.]

Sowt. I pray yow, Sir, forbid her for to f—.

[Here the Sowttar fall do the lyk.]

Par. Dame, pas ye to the eist end of the toun :

And pas ye wast, even lyk a cukald loun.

Go hence ye baith, with Balialis braid blissing !

Schyris ! saw yow evir mair sorrowles departing ?

S C E N E IV.

PARDONOUR, WILKIN.

*[Heir fall his Boy Wilkin cry off the bill, and say,
Hoaw, Maister, Hoaw, quhair ar ye now ?]*

Par. I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow.

Wil. Schyr, I haif done your bidding,
For I haif fund a grit hors bane,

Ane fairar saw ye nevir nane,

Upoun thone fleschers midding.

Schyr, ye may gar the wyffis trow,

It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,

Gude for the fevir cartane.

Schyr, will ye rell this relick weill,

All baill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,

Betwix this and Dumbartane.

Par. Quhat say thay of me in the toun ?

Wil.

Wil. Sum sayis ye ar ane verry loun ;
 Sum sayis *legatus natus* :
 Sum sayis ane fals Saracene ;
 And sum sayis ye ar for certane
Diabolus incarnatus.
 Bot keip ye fra subjeitioun
 Of that curst King Correctioun ;
 For be ye with him fangit,
 Becaus ye ar ane Rome-rakar,
 A common publick calsay paikar,
 Bot dowl ye will be hangit.

Par. Quhair fall I luge into the toun ?

Wil. With gude kind Christiane Anderfoune,
 Quhair ye will be weill treittit.
 Gife ony limmir yow demandis,
 Scho will defend yow with hir handis,
 And womanly debaitt it.
 Bawburde sayis, be the Trinitie,
 That scho fall beir yow cumpanie,
 Howbeit yow byd ane yeir.

Par. Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder ;
 Tak ye the tane, and I the uder,
 Sa fall we mak gud cheir.

Wil. I reid yow speid yow heir,
 And mak na langer tarie ;
 Byd ye lang thair, but weir,
 I dreid your weird ye warie.

S C E N E V.

PARDONAR, PUIRMAN.

[*Heir fall the Begger rise, and rax him.*]

Petur. Quhat thing was yone that I hard crak and cry?
 I haif bene dreveland, and dremand of my ky.
 With my richt hand my hale body I fane ;

Sanct

Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, fend me my ky agane !

I se standand yondar ane haly man,

To mak me help, lat me se gif he can.

Haly Maister, God speid yow, and gud morne !

Par. Welcum to me, thocht thow war at the horne.
Cum, win the pardoun, and then I fall thé fane.

Peur. Will that pardoun get me my kye agane ?

Par. Cairle, of the ky I haif na thing ado.
Cum, wyn my pardoun ; and kifs my rellikkis to.

[*Heir fall the Pardonar fane him with his rellikkis.*
Now lows thy purs, and lay doun thy offrand,
And thow fall haif my pardoun, even fra hand.
With raipis and rellikis I fall the fane agane ;
Of gut nor gravel, thow fall neuir haif pane.
Now wyn the pardoun, Lymmar, or thow art lost.

Peur. Now, haly Maister, quhat fall that pardoun
cost ?

Par. Lat see quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

Peur. I haif ane groit heir, bund into ane rag.

Par. Hes thow nane uder silver bot ane grote ?

Peur. Gif I haif mair, Syr, cum and rype my cote.

Par. Gif me that grote, man, sen thow hes na mair.

Peur. With all my hairt, Maistar ; lo, tak it thair.
Now lat me see your pardoun, with your leif.

Par. A thowfand yeir of pardouns I thé geif.

Peur. A thowfand yeir ! I will not leif sa lang.
Delyver me it, Maister, and lat me gang.

Par. Ane thowfand yeir I lay upoun thy heid,
With *totiens quotiens* ; now mak me na mair pleid.
Thow hes reffavit thy pardoun now alreddy.

Peur. Bot I can se nathing, Schyr, be our Leddy.
Forfuth, Maister, I trow I be not wyifs,
To pay, or I haif sene my merchandyifs.
That ye haiff gottyn my grote full fair I rew.
Schyr, quhidder is your pardoun blak or blew ?
Maister, sen ye haiff tane fra me my cunyie,

My merchandyffe schaw me withowttyn funyie,
Or to the Bischop I fall pass, and pleinyie,
In St Androis, and summond yow to thair feinyie.

Par. Quhat cravis thow, cairle? Me think thow art
not wyifs.

Peur. I crave my grote, or ellis my merchandyifs.

Par. I gaif the pardoun for ane thowsand yeir.

Peur. Quhair fall I get that pardoun, let me heir.

Par. Stand still, and I fall tell the all the story.

Quhen thow art deid, and gois to purgatory,
Beand condempit to pane ane thowsand yeir;
Than fall thy pardoun thé relief, but weir.
Now be content, thou art ane mervellus man.

Peur. Sall I get na thing for my grote till than?

Par. That fall thow not, I mak it to yow plane.

Peur. Na than, Maister, gif me my grote agane.
Quhat say ye, Maisters; Call ye this a gude reffoun,
That he fuld promise me ane gay pardoun,
And heir reffaif my money in this steid,
Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full fickerlie.
My filly fawl fall pass to purgatory;
Declair me this, now God nor Baliaall bind the,
Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair fall I find the?
Nocht into hevin, but rather into hell:
Quhan thou art thair, thow can not help thy sell.
Quhen wilt thow cum, my dolours for to beit?
Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
Trowis thow, botchour, that I will by blinde lammis?
Gif me my grote, the devill dryte in the gammis.

Par. Swyth, stand aback? I trow this man be mangit.
Thow gettis not that, carle, thocht yow fuld be hangit.

Peur. Gif me my grote, weill bund into my clout;
Or be Goddis breid Robene fall beir ane rowt.

[*Heir fall thay fecht togedder; and the Peurman fall cast
doun the buird, and cast the rellikkis in the water.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter REX, DILIGENCE, GUDE COUNSALL, WANTON-
NES, PLACEBO, *and* SOLACE.

Dil. Quhat kind of daffin is this all day?
Swyth, fmaiks, out of the feild, away.
Into ane presoun put thame sone,
Syne hang them quhen the play is done.

*[Heir fall Diligence turn toward the pepill, and
mak this proclamatioun.]*

Dil. Famous peopill tak tent, and ye fall se
The Thrie Estaitis of this natioun
Cum to the court, with ane strange gravitie;
Thairfoir I mak yow supplicatioun,
Till ye have heard our haile narratioun,
To keip silence, and be patient I pray yow:
Howbeit we speik bot adulation,
We fall say nathing bot the suith I say yow.

Gude verteous men, that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuse our negligence;
Bot vicious men, denude of charitie,
As feinyeit fals flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit they cry on us ane loud vengeance,
And of our pastyme maks ane fals report;
Quhat may we do bot tak in patience,
And us refer unto the faithful fort?

Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paull,
Culd not compleis the peopill all,
But sum were miscontent;
Howbeit they schew the veritie,

Sum

Sum said that it war herefie
Be thair maist fals judgement.

*[Heir fall the Thrie Estaits cum fra the palyeoun,
gangand backward, led be thair vyces.]*

Wan. Now braid *benedicite* !

Quhat thing is yon that I se ?

Luke Solace, my hart.

Sol. Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow ?

Yon are the Thrie Estaits I trow,

Gangand backward.

Wan. Backwart, Backwart ! Out wallaway ?

It is greit schame for them, I say,

Backwart to gang.

I trow the King Correctioun

Man mak ane reformatioun,

Or it be lang.

Now let us go, and tell the King.

[Pausa.]

Sir, we have sene ane mervelous thing

Be our judgement.

The Thrie Estaits of this regioun

Ar cummand backward throw this toun

To the Parliament.

Rex. Backwart, backward ! How may that be ?

Gar speid them haistlie to me,

In dreid that thay ga wrang.

Pla. Sir, I se them yonder cummand,

Thay will be heir evin fra hand.

Als fast as thay may gang.

Gude Coun. Sir, hald you still and skar them nocht,

Till ye persave quhat be thair thocht,

And se quhat men them leids.

And let the King Correctioun

Mak ane scharp inquisitioun,

And mark them be the heids.

Quhen ye ken the occasioun

That maks them sic persuasioun,

Ye

Ye may expell the caus :
 Syne them reform, as ye think best,
 Sua that the realme may live in rest
 According to God's laws.

*[Heir fall the Thrie Estaits cum, and turne their
 faces to the King.]*

Spir. Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
 Be to your michtie prudent excellence !
 Heir ar we cum, all the Estaits Thrie,
 Readie to mak our dew obedience,
 At your command with humbill obfervance,
 As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
 With counfel of the Temporalitie.

Temp. Sir, we, with michtie curage at command,
 Of your super-excellent Majestie
 Sall mak service, baith with our hart and hand,
 And fall not dreid in thy defence to die.
 We ar content, but doubt, that we may see
 That nobile heavenlie King Correction,
 Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Mer. Sir we ar heir your burgeffis and merchands,
 Thanks be to God that we may se your face,
 Traistand we may now into divers lands
 Convey our geir, with fupport of your grace.
 For now I traist we fall get rest and peace ;
 Quhen misdoars are with your sword ore-thrawin,
 Then may leil merchands live upon their awin.

Rex. Welcum to me, my prudent Lordis all ;
 Ye ar my members, suppois I be your heid.
 Sit down, that we may with your just counfall
 Aganis misdoars find foveraine remeid.
 We fall nocht spair, for favour nor for feid,
 With your avice to mak punitioun,
 And put my sword to execution.

Corr. My tender friends, I pray you with my hart,
 Declair to me the thing that I wald speir :

Quhat

Quhat is the caus that ye gang all backward?
The veritie thair of faine wald I heir.

Spir. Soveraine, we have gane sa this mony a yeir.
Howbeit ye think we go undecently,
We think we gang richt wonder pleasantly.

Dil. Sit down my lords into your proper places
Syne let the King confider all sic caces.
Sit down, Sir Scribe : and sit down, Dempster, to,
And fence the Court as ye were wont to do.

*[Thay ar set down, and Gude Counsell
fall pass to his seat.]*

S C E N E VII.

KING HUMANITIE, CORRECTION, DILIGENCE, JOHNE
THE COMMON WEIL, THE THREE ESTAITIS, FLAT-
TRY, FALSET, COVETICE, and SARJEANTS.

*[Heir fall the Three Estaitis compeir to the
Parliament ; and the King fall say,*
My prudent Lordis of the Thré Estaitis,
It is our will, aboif all oydir thing,
For to reforme all thay that makkis debaitis ;
Contrair the richt quhilk daylie dois maling.
And thay that dois the Commoun Weill down thring.
With help and counfall of King Correctioun,
It is our will for to mak puniffing,
And plane oppressouris put to subjection.

Spir. Quhat thing is this, Sir, that ye have devyfit?
Schirs, ye have neid for till be weill advyfit.
Be nocht haistie into your executioun ;
And be nocht our extreime in your punitioun.
And gif ye please to do, Sir, as we say,
Postpone this Parliament till ane uther day.
For quhy? The peopill of this regioun
May nocht endure extreme correctioun.

Corr.

Corr. Is this the part, my lords, that ye will tak,
To mak no supportatioun to correct?
It dois appeir that ye ar culpabill,
That ar nocht to Correctioun plyabill.
Suyith, Diligence, ga schaw it is our will,
That everilk man opprest geif in his bill.

Dil. All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest;
For quhy it is the nobill Princis will,
That ilk complener fall giff in his bill.

Johne. Owt of my gait, for Goddis sak lat me gae.
Tell me agane, gude maister, quhat ye fae?

Dil. I warne all that bene wrangusly offendit,
Cum and complene, and they fall be amendit.

Johne. Thankit be Christ, that buir the Croun of
thorne!

For I was never so blyth sen I was borne.

Dil. Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill?

Johne. Forsuith they call me Johne the Commoun
Weill.

Gude maister, I wald speir at you ane thing,
Quhar trest ye fall I find that new cumde king?

Dil. Cum oure, and I fall schaw the till his grace.

Johne. Goddis bennieson licht on that luckie face!
Stand by the gait: lat se gif I can loup.
I man rin fast in cace I get ane cowp.

[Heir fall Johnie run to lowp owr the water.]

Dil. Speid the away, thou tarreis all to lang.

Johne. Syr, be this day I may na faster gang.

[Johne to the Kingis.]

Gud day! Gud day! God faif baith your Gracis!
Waly, Waly, fa tha twa weill fairde facis!

King. Schaw me thy name, Gud man, I the com-
mand.

Johne. Mary, Johne the Commoun-Weill of fair
Scotland.

King.

King. The Common Weill has bene amang his fais.

Johne. Yé, Syr, that garris the Commoun Weill want clais.

Rex. Quhat is the caus the Common Weil is crukit?

Johne. Becaus the Common Wiel has bene overlukit.

Rex. Quhat gars thé luke sa with ane dreirie hart?

Johne. Becaus the Thrie Estaits gangs all backward.

Rex. Sir Common-Weil, knaw ye the limmers that them leids?

Johne. Thair canker cullours I ken them be the heads.

Cor. Quhome upoun complene ye, or quho maks yow debaitis?

Johne. Syr I complene upoun the King, and all the three Estaits.

As for our reverend Faders of Spiritualitie

Thay ar led be Covetyce and Sensualitie.

And, als ye se, Temporalitie hes need of correctioun.

Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publick Oppressioun,

Lo quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak!

Get up, I think to se thy craig gar a raip crak.

Loe heir is Falst, and Dissait, weil I ken,

Leiders of the merchants and fillie crafts-men,

Quhat mervel thocht the Thrie Estaits backward gang,

Quhen sic ane vyle cumpanie dwels them amang?

Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis;

Quhilk gars John the Common Weil want his warme clais.

Sir, call them befor yow, and put them in ordour,

Or els John the Common Weil man beg on the bordour.

How, fenzeit Flattray! the feind fart on that face;

Quhen ye war gyddar of the Court we gat littil grace.

Ryis up Falst, and Dissait, withowttyn ony funyie,

I pray God nor the Divills Dam dryt on thy grunyie.

Behald as the loun luikis even lyk a Thieff.

Mony wicht workman ye brocht to mischeiff.

My

My Soverane Lord Correctioun, I mak yow supplica-
tioun,

Put thir tryit truikeris from Christis congregatioun.

Cor. As ye haif devyfit, but dowl it fall be done.
Cum heir annone, my Serjandis, and do your debt sone.
Put first the three pilouris into presoun strang :
Howbeit ye hang thame, ye do thame na wrang.

1st Sarj. Soverane Lord, we fall obey all your com-
mandis.

Bruder, upoun thir Limmers lay on your handis.
Ryis up, Lowry, ye luik even lyk a lurdane,
Your mowth war meit to drink owt ane wesche jurdane.

2d Sarj. Cum heir, Gossop, cum heir, cum heir.
Your rakles lyff ye fall repent ;
Quhen was ye wont to be sa sweir ?
Stand still, and be odedient.

1st Sarj. Thair is not ane in all this town,
(Bot I wald nocht this tale was said)
Bot I wald hang him for his gown,
Quhidder he war laird or laid.
I trow this pylour be spurgaid,
Thow art ane stiff knaife I stand ford.
Howbeid I se thy scalp, fyr, skaid ;
Put in thyne handis into this cord.

[*Heir ar thay led, and put in the stokkis.*]

2d Sarj. Put in your leggis into the stokkis,
For ye had never ane meiter hois.
Thir stewats stink as thay war brokkis ;
Now ar ye fikker I suppois. [*Pausa.*]
My Lords wee have done your commands.
Sall we put Covetice in captivitie ?

Correct. Yea, hardlie lay on him your hands,
Rycht sa upon Sensualitie.

Spirit. This is my gainter and my chalmerlaine,
And hes my gould, and geir, under hir cuiris.

I mak ane vow to God, I fall complaine
Unto the Paip how ye do me injuris.

Covet. My Reverent Fathers tak in patience,
I fall nocht lang remaine from your presence ;
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from you depairt,
I wait my spreit fall remaine in your hart.
And quhen this King Correctioun beis absent,
Then fall we twa returne incontinent.
Thairfoir adew.

Spirit. Adew ; be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhair ye will, we ar twa naturall men.

Sensual. Adew, my lord.

Spirit. Adew, my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fall me that wee twa man depart !

Sensual. My lord howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traist in God we fall meit sone againe.

Spirit. To cum againe I pray you do your cure ;
Want I yow twa, I may nocht lang indure.

*[Heir sal the Sergeants chase them away, and they
fall gang to the seat of Sensualitie.]*

Tempor. My lords, ye knaw the Thrie Estaits
For Common-weil fuld mak debaits ;
Let now amang us be devyfit
Sic actis, that with gude men be pryfit,
Conforming to the common law ;
For of na man we sould stand aw.
And, for till faif us fra murmell,
Begone, Diligence ! fetch us Gude Counsell.
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Cannon and Civill Lawis.

Dilig. Father, ye man incontinent
Passe to the Lords of Parliament ;
For quhy thay ar determinat all
To do na thing bye your counsell

Gude Counf. That fall I do within fchort space ;
Praying the Lord to send us grace

For

For till conclude, or we depart,
That thay may profite efterwart
Baith to the Kirk, and to the King :
I fall defyre na uther thing.

[*Pausa.*

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie.
Quhat is the cause ye fend for me ?

Merchand. Sit down, and gif us your counsell,
How we fall slaik the great murmell
Of puir peopill, that is weill knawin ;
And as the Common-weill hes schawin,
And als wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thairtill.
Sir Common-weill ! keep ye the bar,
Let nane except yourself cum nar.

Jobne. That fall I do, as I best can,
I fall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
Ye man let this puir creature
Support me for till keep the dure.
I knaw his name full sickerly,
He will complain als weill as I.

Gude Couns. My wordy Lordis, sen ye haif taine on
hand
Sum reformation to mak into this land,
And als ye knaw it is the Kingis mynd,
Quhilk to the Commoun Weill hes ay bene kind,
Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill anewch,
Yit sumthing mair belangis to the plewch.
Now into peace ye sowld provyd for weiris,
And be seur of how mony thowfsand speiris
The King may have, quhen he hes ocht ado :
Forquhy, my Lordis, this is my ressonne to,
The husbandmen and commonis thay war wount,
Go in the battell, formest in the brount.
Bot I haif tynt all my experience,
Withowt ye mak sum better diligence,

The

The Common Weill mon othir wayis be styllit,
 Or be my faith the realme will be begylit.
 Thir peur commounis, daylie as may fie,
 Declynes doun till extreme povertie ;
 For some ar heichtit sa into thair maill,
 Thair wyning will nocht find thame water caill.
 How kirkmen heicht thair teindis it is weill knawin,
 That husbandmen noways may hald thair awin.
 And now begynnis a plaig upoun thame new,
 That gentellmen their steadings takkis in few.
 Thus mon thay pay grit fairm, or leiff the stead ;
 And sum ar planely harlit out be the head,
 And ar destroyit, without God on thame rew.

Pov. Syr, be Goddis breid, that taill is very trew.
 It is weill kend I had baith nolt and hors ;
 Now all my geir ye se upoun my corfs.

Cor. Or I depairt I think to mak gud ordour.

Jobne. I pray yow, Syr, begyn then at the Bordour.
 For how fowld we fend us aganis Ingland,
 Quhen we can not, within our native land,
 Destroy our awin Scottis commoun tratour theivis,
 That to leill labouriris daily dois myscheivis.
 War I ane king, my Lord, be Goddis woundis
 Quhaevir held commoun theivis within their boundis,
 Quhairthruch that leill men daily micht be wrangit,
 Without remeid thair cheftanis suld be hangit,
 Quhidder he war ane knyght, ane lord, or laird ;
 The divill beir me till hell, and he war spaird !

Temp. Quhat oydir ennemyis hes thow, lat us ken ?

Jobne. Schyr, I complene upoun all ydill men.
 Forquhy, Syr, it is Goddis awin bidding
 All Cristinmen to wirk for thair leving.
 Sanct Pawle, that pillar of the kirk,
 Sayis to tha wrachis that will not wirk,
 And bene to vertowis labour laith,
Qui non laborat, non manducat :

This

This being in Inglis toun or leit,
“ Quha labouris nocht he fall not eit.”
This bene agane thir strang beggaris,
Fidlaris, pyparis, and pardonaris,
Thir juglaris, jestouris, and ydill cuitchouris,
Thir carriers, and thir quentacenfours,
Thir babil-beirars, and thir bairdis ;
Thir sweir fwengeouris with lordis and lairdis,
Mo than thair rentis may sustene,
Or to thair profite neidfull bene.
Quhilk bene ay blythist of discordis,
And deidly feid amang the lordis.
For than thay fleutchers mon be treitit,
Or ellis thair quarrellis ar undebaitit.
This bene against thir grit fat freiris,
Augustenes, Carmleits, and Cordelieris,
And all uthers that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labours nocht and bene weill fed.
I mein, nocht laborand spirituallie,
Not for thair living corporallie,
Lyand in dennis, like idill doggis ;
I them compair to weill-fed hoggis,
I think thay do themselfis abuse,
Seeing that they the world refuse,
Having profest sic povertie,
Syne fleis fast fra necessitie.
Quhat gif thay povertie wald professe ?
And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous philosophour,
Seeing in earth bot vaine labour,
Al utterlie the world refusit
And in ane tumbie himself inclusit ;
And leisit on herbs, and water cauld ;
Of corporal fude na mair he wald.
He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun :

Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes
 The warld of him was cummerles.
 Rycht fa of Marie Magdalene,
 And of Mary the Egyptiane,
 And of auld Paull the first hermeit ;
 All thir had povertie compleit.
 Ane hundreth ma I micht declair ;
 Bot to my purpois I will fair,
 Concluding sleuthful idilnes
 Against the Common-weill expresse.

Cor. Quhome upoun ma wilt thow complene?

Johne. Mary, on ma and ma agane.
 For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
 The infetching of justice airis,
 Exercit mair for covetyce,
 Nor for the puniffing of vyce.
 Ane peggrall theif, that steilis ane cow,
 Is hangit ; bot he that steilis ane bow,
 With als mekill geir as he may turfs,
 That theiff is hangit be the purfs.
 So pykand peggrall theivis ar hangit :
 Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,
 A crewill tyrrand, strang transgressour,
 Ane commoun public plane oppreffour,
 By buddis will he obtene favouris :
 Of thesaurar, and compositouris,
 Thocht he 'serve grit puniffioun,
 Gettis esy compositioun ;
 And thruche lawis consistoriall,
 Prolix, corrupt, and partiall,
 The commoun pepill ar put fa under ;
 Thocht thay be peur it is na wonder.

Cor. Gud Johne, I grant all that is trew,
 Your infortune full fair I rew.
 Or I pairt of this natioun
 I fall mak reformatioun.

And

And als my Lordis Temporalitie,
 I yow cummand in tyme that yee
 Expell oppreffioun of your landis.
 And als I say to yow Marchandis,
 And evir I fynd, be land or see,
 Diffait into your cumpanie,
 Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrair,
 I vow to God I fall not spair,
 To put my fword to executioun,
 And mak on yow extreme puniffioun.
 Mairover, my Lord Spiritualitie,
 In gudly haift I will that yie
 Lett into few your temporall landis,
 To men that labouris with thair handis;
 Bot nocht to ane gearking gentill man,
 That nowdir will he work, nor can;
 Quhairby that pollecé may encrefs.

Temp. I am content, Syr, be the Mefs,
 Swa that the Spiritualitie
 Lett thairis in few, als weill as we.

Cor. My Spirituall Lordis ar ye content?

Spir. Na, we man tak avysiment.
 In sic materis for to conclude
 Our heftelly, we think nocht gude.

Cor. Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
 Ye fal be puneift, be fweit Sant Geill.

[Heir fall the Bischopis cum with the Freir.]

Spir. Syr, we can schaw exemptioun
 Fra yowr temporall puniffioun,
 The quhilk we purpoifs to debaitt.

Cor. Wa than ye think to ftryve for Stait,
 My Lordis, quhat say ye to this pley?

Temp. My Soverane Lord, we will obey,
 And tak your pairt with hairt and hand,
 Quhatevir ye pleifs us to cummand.

[Heir fall thay sit down and ask grace.]

Bot

Bot we beseik yow Soverane
 Of all our crymes that ar bygane
 To gif us ane full remissioun.
 And heir we mak to yow condissioun,
 The Commoun Weill for till defend,
 From hyneforth till our lyvis end.

Cor. On that conditioun I am content
 Till pardoun yow, sen ye repent,
 And Commoun Weill tak be the hand,
 And mak with him perpetual band.

*[Heir fall the Lords and Merchands embrace
 Johne the Commoun-Weill.]*

Johne, haif ye ony ma debaitis
 Aganis my Lordis the Spiritual staitis?

John. Na, Syr, I dar not speik ane word,
 To plene on preistis it is na bourd.

Spir. Flyte on thy fill, fule, I desire thé,
 Sa thow schaw bot the veretie.

John. Gramercy, than fall I not spair.
 First to complene on our Vicair;
 The peur cottar lyand lyke to die,
 Havand sma bairnis twa or thrie,
 And hes twa ky, but ony mea,
 Tha Vicar must haif on of thea,
 With the gray frugge that happis the bed,
 Howbeit the wyfe be peurlly cled.
 And gif the wyfe de on the morne,
 Thocht all the bairnis fuld be forlone,
 The udir cow he cleikis away,
 With hir peur coit of raplock gray.
 Wald God this custome war put down,
 Quhilk nevir wes foundit be ressone.

Temp. Ar all thy tailis trew that thow tellis?

Pov. Trew, Syr! the Divill stik me ellis.
 For, be the haly Trinitie,
 That same was practik upoun me.

For

For our Vicar, God gif him pyne,
 Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne;
 Ane for my fader, and for my wife ane uder,
 The thrid kow he tuik for Mald my muder.

John. Our Persone heir he takkis na uthyr pyne,
 Bot to refflaiff hys teindis, and spend thame syne.
 Howbeid he be obleist be gude reffoun
 To preiche the Evangill to his parichoun;
 But thocht thay want the preiching seventyne yeir,
 Our Parfone will not want ane sheiff of beir.

Pauper. Our Bishops, with their lustie rokats quhyte,
 Thay flow in riches royallie, and delyte.
 Lyke paradise bene thair palices and places;
 And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces.
 Als thir prelates hes great prerogatyves;
 For quhy? Thay may depairt ay with thair wyves,
 Without ony correctioun or damage;
 Syne tak ane uther wantoner, but marriage.
 But doubt I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
 Ay on, quhen I list, to part with my wyfe,
 Syne tak an uther of far greater beutie:
 Bot ever, alace, my lords, that may not be!
 For I am bund alace in marriage;
 Bot thay lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
 Unpyfalt rinnis amang the fillie yowis,
 Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.

Person. Thou lies, fals huirsun raggit loun,
 Thair is na preistis in all this toun
 That ever usit sic vicious crafts.

Jobne. The fiend reffave thay flattrand chafts!
 Sir Domine, I trowit ye had bene dum.
 Quhair devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie-bum?

Person. To speik of preists be sure it is na bourds;
 Thay will burn men now for rakles words:
 And all thay words are herisie in deid.

Jobne. The mekil feind reffave the saul that leid!

All that I say is trew, thocht thou be greifit ;
And that I offer on thy pallet to preif it.

Spir. My lords, why do ye thoil that lurdun loun
Of kirkmen to speik sic detraction ?

I let yow wit, my lords, it is na bourds
Of prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.

[*Here Spirituality foames and rages.*

Yon villaine puttis me out of charitie.

Temp. Quhy, my lord, sayis he ocht bot verity ?
Ye can nocht stop ane puir man for till pleinyie,
Gif he hes faltit summond him to your Senyie.

Spir. Yea that I fall, I mak greit God a vow,
He fall repent that he spak of the kow.

I will not suffer sic words of yon villaine.

Pauper. Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

Spir. Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw ?

Pauper. The feind refave them that first devyfit tha
law !

Within an hour after my dade was deid,
The vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

Person. Fals huirsun carle, I say that law is gude,
Becaus it has bene lang our consuetude.

Pauper. Quhen I am Paip that law I fall put down ;
It is ane fair law for the pure commoun.

Spir. I mak ane vow thay words thou sal repent .

Counf. I yow requyre, my lords, be patient.

Wee came nocht here for disputations ;

Wee came to mak gude reformatiouns.

Heirfoir of this your propositioun

Conclude, and put to execution.

Merch. My lords, conclude that all the temporal lands
Be set in few to laboreris with their hands,

With sic restrictiouns as fall be devyfit,

That thay may live, and nocht to be suppryfit,

With ane reslonabill augmentatioun ;

And quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun

That

That the Kings grace does mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harnis, bow, and speir.
As for myself, my lord, this I conclude.

Counf. Sa say we all, your reffoun be so gude.
To mak an act on this we ar content.

Johne. On that, fir scribe, I tak an instrument.
Quhat do ye of the corf-present and kow?

Counf. I wil conclude nathing of that as now,
Without my lord of Spiritualitie
Thairto consent, with all this haill cleargie.
My lord bishop, will ye thairto consent?

Spir. Na, na, never till the day of judgment.
Wee will want nathing that wee have in use;
Kirtil, nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

Temp. Furfuth, my lordis, I think we suld conclude,
Towching this cow ye haif ane conswetude,
We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
Sall wryte unto the Paipis halynes,
With his consent, be proclamatioun,
Baith corf-present, and cow, we fall cry doun.

Spir. To that, my lordis, we planely disassent.
Notar, thairof I tak an instrument.

Temp. My lord, be him that al the world has wrocht,
We set nocht by quhider ye consent or nocht;
Ye ar bot an estait and we ar twa;
Et ubi major pars ibi tota.

Johne. My lords, ye haif richt prudentlie concludit.
Tak tent now how the land is clein denudit
Of gould, and silver, quhilk dailie gais to Rome
For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome.
War I ane king, Sir, be coks passioun
I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny sould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter or to Paull.
Do ye nocht sa heir, for conclusioun,
I gif you all my braid black malesoun.

Merch.

Merch. It is of treuth, Sirs, be my christindome,
 That mekil of our money gais to Rome.
 For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds
 Hes furneist preists ten hundreth thousand pundis ;
 For thair finnance nane knawis sa weill as wee.
 Thairfoir, my lords, devyse some remedie ;
 For throw thir playis, and thir promotioun,
 Mair for denners, nor for devotioun,
 Sir Symonie has maid with thame ane band.
 The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land.
 The Common-weill thair throch bein fair opprest ;
 Thairfoir devyse remeid, as ye think best.

Counf. It is schort tyme sen ony benefice
 Was sped in Rome, except greit bischopries ;
 Bot now for ane unworthie vickarage
 Ane preist will rin to Rome in pilgramage ;
 Ane cavell, quhilk was never at the scule,
 Will rin to Rome, and keip ane bischops mule ;
 And syne come hame with mony colorit crack,
 With ane buirdin of benefeis on his back.
 Quhilk bene against the law ane man alaine
 For till posses ma benefeis nor ane.
 Thir greit commends, I say, withouttin fail
 Sould nocht be given bot to the blude Royal ;
 Sa I conclude, my lords, and sayis for me,
 Ye sould annull all this pluralitie.

Spir. The Paip has given us dispensatiounis.

Counf. Yea, that is be your fals narratiounis.
 Thocht the Paip, for your pleasour, will dispense,
 I trow that can nocht cleir your conscience.
 Advyse, my lords, quhat ye think to conclude.

Temp. Sir, be my faith I think it very gude
 That fra hencefurth na preists fall pas to Rome ;
 Becaus our substance thay do still consume ;
 For pleyis, and for thair profite singulair,
 Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.

And

And als I think it best, be my advyce,
That ilk preist fall haif but ane benefice ;
And gif thay keip nocht that foundatioun,
It fall be caus of deprivation.

Merch. As ye haif said, my lord, we will consent.
Scribe mak ane act on this incontinent.

Counf. My lords, thair is ane thing yit unproponit,
How prelats, and preistis aucht to be disponit.
This beand done wee have the les ado.

Quhat say ye, firs ? This is my counfall, lo,
That or wee end this present Parliament,
Of this matter to tak rype advysement.

Mark weill, my lords, thair be na benefice
Given to ane man bot for ane gude office :

Quha taks office, and syne than can nocht use it,
Giver and taker I say ar baith abusit.

Ane bischops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour ;

Richt sa the person, unto his parochon,
Of the Evangell sould leir them ane lessoun.

Thair sould na man desire sic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office.

And for that caus I say, without leising,
Thay have thair teinds, and for na uther thing.

Spir. Freind, quhair find ye that we sould prechours be ?

Counf. Luik quhat Sanct Paul writes unto Timothie ;
Tak thair the buik, let se gif ye can spell.

Spir. I never red that, thairfoir reid it your sel.

[*Counfall fall reid thir wordis on ane buik.*]

*Fidelis sermo, si quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum
opus desiderat, oportet eum irreprehensibilem esse,
unius uxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, orna-
tum, pudicum, hospitalem, doctorem, non vino-
lentum, non percussorem, sed modestum.* That is,
This is a true saying, If any man desire the
office of a bishop, he desireth a worthie worke:

A bishop therefore must be unreprieveable, the husband of one wife, &c.

Spir. Ye temporal men, be him that herit hell,
Ye ar ovir peart with sic maters to mell.

Temp. Sit still, my lord, ye need not for til braull;
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.

Spir. Sum sayis, be him that woare the crowne of
thorne,

It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

Counf. Bot ye may knaw, my lord, St. Paul's intent.
Schir, red ye never the New Testament?

Spir. Na, fir, be him that our Lord Jesus fauld,
I red never the New Testament, nor Auld.

Nor ever thinks to do, fir, be the Rude:

I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.

Counf. Till you to reid them I think it is na lack;
For anis I saw them baith bund on your back.

That famin day that ye was consecrat.

Sir quhat meinis that?

Spir. The feind stick them that wat.

Merch. Then, befor God how can ye be excusit,
To haif an office, and wait not how to us it?

Quhairfoir war gifin you all the temporal lands,

And all thir teinds ye haif among your hands?

Thay war givin yow for uther causes, I weine,

Nor mummil matins, and hald your clayis cleine.

Ye say, to the Apostills that ye succeed,

Bot ye schaw nocht that, into word nor deid.

The law is plain; our teinds suld furnisch teichours.

Counf. Yea, that it sould; or susteine prudent prei-
chours.

Paup. Sir, God nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit in all his lyfe.

Pers. Quhat devil raks thé of our preiching, undocht?

Paup. Think ye that ye suld have the teinds for nocht?

Pers.

Perf. Trowis thou to get remeide, carle, of that thing?

Paup. Yea be Gods breid richt sone—war I ane King.

Perf. Wald thou of prelats mak deprivation?

Paup. Na: I suld gar them keip thair fundation.
Quhat devill is this, quhom of sould kings stand aw
To do the thing that they sould be the law?

War I ane king, be coks deir passioun,
I sould richt sone mak reformatioun;
Failyeand thairof your grace sould richt sone finde
That preists fall leid yow, lyke ane bellie-blinde.

Johnne. Quhat gif King David war leivand in thir
dayis?

The quhilk did found so mony gay abayis,
Or out of heavin quhat gif he luikit down,
And saw the great abomination
Amang thir abesses, and thir nunries,
Thair publick huirdomes, and thair harlotries?
He wald repent he narrowit sa his boundis,
Of yeirlye rent thriescoir of thowfsand poundis.
His successours maks litill ruisse, I ges,
Of his devotioun, or of his holines.

Abbasse. How dar you, carle, presume for to declair?
Or for to mell the with sa heich a mater?
For in Scotland thair did yit nevir ring,
I let the wit, ane mair excellent king.
Of holines he was the verie plant,
And now in heavin he is ane michtfull Sanct;
Becauss that fyftein abbasies he did found;
Quhair throw great riches hes ay done abound
Into our Kirk, and daylie yet abounds;
Bot kings now I trow few abbasies founds.
I dar weill say thou ar condempnit in hell,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals huirsun carle, thou art our arrogant
To judge the deids of sic ane halie sanct.

Johnne.

Johne. King James the First, roy of this regioun,
Said that he was ane fair sanct to the crown.
I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
That gave away mair nor he left behind.
His successeurs that halines did repent,
Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.

Abbas. My lord bischop, I mervel how that ye
Suffer this carle for to speik heresie?
For be my faith, my lord, will ye tak tent
He servis for to be burnt incontinent.
Ye can nocht say bot it is heresie
To speik against our law and libertie.

Spir. *Sancte pater*, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Exame yon carle, syne mak his dilatioun;
I mak ane vow to God Omnipotent
That bystour sal be brunt incontinent.

Flat. Venerabill father, I fall do your command;
Gif he servis deid I fall sune understand. [*Pausa.*]
Fals huirsun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

Johne. Methink ye speik as ye war wraith.
To yow I will na thing declair,
For ye ar nocht my Ordinair.

Flat. Quhom in trowis thou, fals monster mangit?

Johne. I trow to God to se thé hangit.
War I ane king, be coks passioun,
I sould gar mak ane congregatioun
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
And mak yow vagers on the bordouris.
Sir, will ye give me audience,
And I fall schaw your excellence,
Sa that your grace will give me leife,
How into God that I beleife.

Cor. Schaw furth your faith, and feinye nocht.

Johne. I beleife in God that all hes wrocht;
And creat every think of nocht;

And

And in his son our Lord Jesu,
 Incarnat of the Virgin trew,
 Quha under Pilat tholit passioun,
 And deit for our salvatioun,
 And on the thrid day rais againe,
 As halie scriptour schawis plane.
 And als, my lord, it is weill kend
 How he did to the heavin ascend,
 And set him doun at the richt hand
 Of God the father, I understand ;
 And fall cum Judge on Dumisday.

Quhat will ye mair, fir, that I say ?

Cor. Schaw furth the rest ; this is na game.

Johne. I trow *Sanctam Ecclesiam* ;
 Bot nocht in thir bischops nor freiris,
 Quhilk will, for purging of thir neiris,
 Sard up the ta raw, and doun the uther.
 The mekill devill refave the fiddier !

Cor. Say quhat ye will, firs, be Sanct Ann,
 Methink Johne ane gude Christian man.

Temp. My lords, let be your disputatioun ;
 Conclude with firm deliberatioun,
 How prelatis fra thyne fall be disponit.

Merch. I think for me evin as ye first proponit,
 That the kingis grace fall gif na benefice,
 Bot till ane preichour that can use that office.
 The fillie faulis, that bene Christis sheip,
 Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.
 Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
 Bot the abusoun of the prelacies ?
 Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit,
 Thinkand to na prince thay will be subjectit.
 Quhairfoir I can find na better remeid,
 Bot that thir kings man take in thair heid,
 That thair be given to na man bishopries,
 Except they preich out throch thair dioses ;

And ilk Persone preich in his parachon,
And this I say for finall conclusion.

Temp. Wee think your counfall is verie gude :
As ye have said wee all conclude.
Of this conclusioun Notar wee mak an Act.

Scribe. I write all day bot gets never ane plack.

Puir. Ha, my lords, for the Holy Trinitie,
Remember for to reforme the Consistorie ;
It hes mair need of reformatioun,
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passioun.

Pers. Quhat caufs hes thow, pellour, for to plenyie?
Quhan was thow evir summond to thair Senyie?

Puir. Mary! I lent my gossp my meir to fetch hame
coillis,

And he hir drownit into the quarrew hoillis ;
And I ran to the Consistrie for to plenyie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane gredy menyie.
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call *citandum*,
Within aucht dayis I gat bot *lybellandum*,
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum*,
In half a yeir I gat *interloquendum*,
And syn I gat, how call ye it? *ad replicandum*.
But I cowlde nevir ane word yet understand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis ;
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis ;
Bot or thay cum half gait *ad concludendum*,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair traine ;
Syne *hodie ad octo* bad me cum agane.
And than thay ruikis thay roupit woundir fast ;
For sentence-sylver thay cryit at the last.
Off *pronunciandum* thay maid me wonder fane
But I gat never my gud grey meir agane.

Temp. My lords, we mon reforme thir Consistory lawis
Quhais grit defame abone the Hevin blawis.

I wist

I wist ane man in perfewing a cow,
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow ;
 So that the Kingis honour we may avance
 We will conclude as they haif done in France ;
 Lat spirituall maters pass to Spritualitie ;
 And temporall maters to Temporalitie.

Quho failis in this fall coist thame of thair gude.
 Scryb, mak an Act for sa we will conclude.

Spir. That act, my lordis, planely I declair,
 It is aganis our profeit singulair.

We will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill.

Temp. Your profeit is against the Common-weil ;
 It fall be done, my lords, as ye have wrocht,
 We care nocht quhidder ye consent or nocht.

Quhairfoir servis then all thir temporal judges,
 Gif temporal matters sould seik at yow refuges ?

My lord, ye say that ye ar spiritual,

Quhairfoir mell ye than with things temporal ?

As we have done conclude, so fall it stand.

Scribe put our Acts in ordour evin fra hand.

Spir. Till all your actis planely I dissent.

Notar, thairof I tak an instrument.

*[Heir fall Veritie and Chastitie mak thair
 plaint at the bar.]*

Ver. My Soverane, I beseik your excellence
 Use justice on Spiritualitie ;

The quhilk to us hes done great violence,

Becaus we did rehers the veritie.

Thay put us close into captivitie,

And sa remanit into subjection,

Into great langour and calamitie,

Till we were fred be King Correction.

Chast. My lord, I haif great caus for to complane,
 I could get na ludging intill this land ;

The Spiritual Stait had me sa at disdane,

With Dame Sensuall thay have maid sic ane band.

Amang

Amang them all na friendship, Sirs, I fand;
 And quhen I cam the nobill nunnis amang,
 My lustie Ladie Prioires fra hand
 Out of hir dortour durlie scho me dang.

Ver. With the advyse, Sir, of the Parliament,
 Hairtlie we mak yow supplicatioun,
 Cause King Correctioun tak incontinent
 Of all this fort examinatioun.

Gif they be digne of deprivation,
 Ye have power for to correct sic cafes.
 Chease the maist cunning clerks of this natioun,
 And put mair prudent pastours in thair places.

[*Heir fall enter ane Tailyeour and ane Sowtar.*
 My prudent lordis, I say that puir craftsmen
 Abuse sum Prelats ar mair for to commend;
 Gar exame them, and sa ye fall fune ken
 How thay in vertew Bischops dois transcend

Scribe. Thy life, and craft, mak to thir Kings kend.
 Quhat craft hes thou, declair that to me plaine?

Tail. Ane Tailyeour Sir that can baith mak and mend;
 I wait nane better into Dumbartane.

Scr. Quhairfoir of tailyeours beirs thou the styl?

Tail. Becaus I wait is nane within ane myl
 Can better use that craft, as I suppois:
 For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

Scr. How call thay you, Sir, with the schaping knife?

Sowt. Ane fowtar, Sir, nane better into Fyfe.

Scr. Tell me quhairfoir ane fowtar ye ar namit.

Sowt. Of that surname I need nocht be ashamit.

For I can mak schone, brotekens, and buittis.

Gif me the coppie of the King's cuittis,

And ye fall se richt fune quhat I can do;

Heir is my lasts, and weill wrocht ledder, lo.

Coun. O Lord my God! this is ane mervelous thing
 How sic misfordour in this realme sould ring!

Sowtars and tailyeours thay ar far mair expert

In

In thair puir craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar Prelatis in thair vocation.
I pray yow, firs, mak reformatioun.

Ver. Alace, Alace, quhat gars thir temporal Kings
Into the kirk of Christ admit sic doings?
My Lordis, for lufe of Christis passioun,
Of thir ignorants mak deprivation,
Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich.
And put into thair places them that can preich.
Send furth, and seik sum devoit cunning clarkis,
That can stir up the peopill to gude warkis.

Corr. As ye have done, Madame, I am content.
Hoaw Diligence! pas hynd incontinent,
And seik out throw all towns and cities,
And visit all the universities;
Bring us sum Doctours of Divinitie,
With Licents in the Law and Theologie,
With the maist cunning clarks in all this land.
Speid sune your way, and bring them heir fra hand.

Dil. Quhat gif I find sum halie provincial,
Or minister of the gray freiris all?
Or ony freir that can preich prudentlie,
Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie?

Corr. Cair thou nocht quhat estait sa ever he be,
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie.
Maist cunning clarks with us is best beluifit:
To dignitie thay fall be first promuisit.
Quhiddel thay be Munk, Channon, Preist, or Freir,
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them heir.

Dil. Than fairweil, Sir, for I am at the flight.
I pray the Lord to send yow all gude nicht.

[*Heir fall Diligence pas to the palyeoun.*]

Temp. Sir, we beseik your soverane Celsitude
Of our dochtours to have compassioun,
Quhom we may na way marie, be the Rude,
Without we mak sum alienatioun

Of our land, for thair supportatioun.
For quhy? the markit raisit bene sa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maryit with sic superfluitie;
Thay will nocht spair to gif twa thousand pund
With thair dochtours to ane nobill man;
In riches sa thay do superabund.
Bot we may nocht do sa, be Sanct Allane.
Thir proud Prelats our dochters fair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame sa lang unmaryit.
Schir, let your Barrouns do the best they can,
Sum of our dochtours I dreid sal be miscaryit.

Corr. My Lord, your complaint is richt reasonabill,
And richt sa to your dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas off this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

End of Act II.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

COMMOUN THIFT, POVERTIE,

Ga by the gait, man, let me gang.
How Divill come I into this thrang?
With sorrow I may sing my sang,
And I be tane.
I haif run, baith nicht and day :
Thruch speid of fute I gat away.
Bot be I kend heir, walloway,
I will be flane.

Pov. Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

Thift. Huresone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
For I had nevir na udir chift,
Sen I was borne.
In Ewisdale was my dwelland place.
Mony wyf gart I cry allace!
At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
Bot ay forlorne.
Sum sayis ane king is cum amang us,
That purpoissis to heid and hang us;
Thair is na grace and he may fang us,
Bot on ane pin.
Ring he, we thieves will get na gude.
I pray God, and the haly Rude,
Sen he had smord untill his cude,
And all his kyn.
Get this curst king me in his grippis,

The

My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis,
The divill I gif thair tung and lippis,
That off me tellis.

Adew ! I dar nocht langar tary,
For be I kend thay will me cary,
And put me in ane fery fary ;
I see nocht ellis.

I raif, be him that herreit hell,
I had almaiſt foryet myſell.

Will na gud fallow to me tell

Quhair I may find
The Erle of Rothes beſt haiknay ?

That wes my eirand heir away.

He is richt ſtark, as I heir ſay,
And ſwift as wind.

Heir is my bryddill, and my ſpurris,
To gar him lanſs our feild and furris.

Might I him gett to Ewis durris

I tak na cuir.

Off that horſs micht I get ane ſicht,

I haif na dowl yit or midnicht,

That he and I ſowld tak the flicht

Thruſch Dyfert muir.

Off cumpanary tell me, bruther,

Quhilk is the richt way to the Struther ;

I wald me welcum to my moder

Gif I micht ſpeid.

I wald gif baith my coat and bonnet,

To gett my Lord Lindeſayis broun Jonet :

War we beyond the watter of Annet,

We ſowld nocht dreid.

[*Heir ſall enter Oppreſſioun.*

Quhat now Oppreſſioun, my maiſter deir,

Quhat mekill Devill hes brocht the heir ?

Maiſter tell me the cauſs perquier

Quhat is it ye haiff done ?

SCENE

S C E N E II.

COMMOUN THIFT, OPPRESSIOUN.

Oppr. Forsuith the Kingis Majestie
 Hes fet me heir as ye may se.
 Micht I speik Temporalitie,
 He wald releiff me sone.
 I beseik yow my brother deir
 Bot half an hour for to fit heir;
 Ye know that I was nevir sweir
 Yow till defend.

Put in your leg into my place;
 And heir I sweir be Goddis Grace
 Yow to releiff within schort space,
 Syne latt yow wend.

Thift. Than maister deir, gif me your hand,
 And mak to me ane faithfull band,
 That ye fall cum agane fra hand
 Withowttyn fail.

Oppr. Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully;
 Als I promit the verely
 To giff to the ane cuppill of ky,
 In Liddisdail.

*[Heir fall Commoun Thift put his feit in the stokkis;
 and Oppressioun fall stiel away and betray him.]*
 Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
 For I sweir the be Sanct Fillane
 We twa fall nevir meit agane,
 In land nor toun.

Thift. Maister, will ye not keip conditioun?
 And put me furth of this suspicioun?

Oppr. Na, nevir quhill I get remissioun.
 Adew my cumpanyeoun.
 I fall cummand the to thy dame.

Thift. Adew than, in the Divillis name.
 For to be fals thinkis thow na schame ?
 To leif me in this pane
 Thow art ane loun, and that ane lidder.

Oppr. Romand I will go to Baquhidder.
 It fall be Pasche, be Goddis moder,
 Or euir we meit agane.

Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift
 That hes betrafit Commune Thift ?
 For thair is nocht under the lift
 A curstar corfs.

I am richt feur that he and I,
 Within this half yeir, craftely
 Hes stowin ane thowfsand sheip and ky,
 By meiris and horfs.
 Wald God that I war found and haill
 Now listit into Liddisdail,
 The Merfs fould fynd me beiff and caill :
 Quhat rack of breid ?
 War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,
 The divill fould styk me with a knyffe,
 And evir I cum agane in Fyfe,
 Quhill I wer deid.

Adew ! I leif the divill amang yow,
 That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
 With all leill men that dois belang yow.
 For I may rew
 That ever I cum into this land.
 For quhy ye may weill understand
 I gat na geir to turn my hand.
 Yit anis adew !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

[Heir fall Diligence convoy the thrie Clarks.]

Dil. Sir, I have brocht unto your excellence
Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence;
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And in the scuillis in Latine tounge can teich.
This is ane Doctur of Divinitie;
And thir twa Licents, men of gravitie.
I heir men say thair conversatioun
Is maist in divine contemplatioun.

Doct. Grace, peace, and rest from the hie trinitie
Mot rest amang this gudlie cumpanie!
Heir ar we cumde, as your obedients,
For to fulfill your just commandements;
Quhatever it please your grace us to command,
Sir, it fall be obeyit evin fra hand.

King. Gud freinds, ye ar richt welcome to us all.
Sit down all thrie, and geif us your counfall.

Corr. Sir, I give yow baith counsal and command
In your office use exercitioun.
First, that ye gar search out, throch all your land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office, after the institutioun
Of Godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun;
Put in thair placis men of gude conditioun.
And this ye do without dilatioun.

Ye ar the head, fir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent,
Quhilk hes me send to mak yow supportatioun;
Into the quhilk I sal be diligent.
And quhasaevir beis inobedient,
And will nocht suffer for to be correctit,
Thay sal be all deposit incontinent,
And from your presence they fall be dejectit.

Coun.

Coun. Begin first at the Spiritualitie,
 And tak of them examinatioun,
 Gif they can use their divyne dewetie.
 And als I mak yow supplicatioun,
 All they that hes their offices misufit,
 Of them mak haistie deprivation.
 Sa that the peopill be na mair abusit.

Corr. Ye are ane Prince of Spiritualitie,
 How have ye usit your office now let se?

Spir. My lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
 Of their office till ony King mak count?
 Bot of my office gif ye wald have the feill,
 I let yow wit I have it usit weill.
 For I tak in my count twyse in the yeir,
 Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir:
 I gat gude payment of my temporal landis,
 My buttock mail, my coattis, and my offrandis;
 With all that dois perteine my benefyis.
 Consider now, my lord, gyf I be wyis.
 I dare nocht marye contrair the common law,
 Ane thing thair is, my lord, that ye may knaw,
 Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
 Yit concubeins I have had four or fyfe.
 And to my sons I have given rich rewairdis;
 And all my dochters maryit upon lairdis.
 I let yow wit my lord I am na fuill,
 For quhy? I ryde upon ane amland muill.
 Thair is na temporal lord in all the land
 That maks sic cheir, I let you understand.
 And als, my lord, I gif with gude intentioun
 To divers Temporal Lords ane yeirlie pensoun,
 To that intent that thay, with all thair hart,
 In richt and wrang sal plainlie tak my part.
 Now have I tould you, sir, on my best wayis
 How that I have exercit my offyis.

Corr.

Corr. I weind your office had bene for til preich,
And Goddis law to the peopill teich.

Quhairfoir weir ye that mytour ye me tell?

Spir. I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hell.

Corr. That dois betakin that ye, with gude intent,
Sould teich and preich the Auld and New Testament.

Spir. I have ane freir to preich into my place.
Of my office ye heir na mair quhill Pasce.

Chast. My lords, this Abbot and this Prioires
Thay sorne thair gods ; this is my reason quhy,
Thay beare ane habite of feinyet halines,
And in thair deid thay do the contrary.
For to live chaist thay vow solemnly :
Bot fra that thay be fikker of their bowis,
Thay live in huirdome and in harlotry.
Examine them, Sir, how thay observe their vowis.

Corr. Sir Scribe, ye fall at Chastitie's request,
Pas and exame yon thrie in gudlie haist.

Scribe. Father Abbot, this Counsal bids me speir,
How ye have usit your Abbay thay wald heir?
And als thir Kings hes given to me commissioun
Of your office for to mak inquisitioun.

Abbot. Tuiching my office I say to yow plainlie,
My monks and I we leif richt easilie ;
Thair is na monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
That fairs better, and drinks mair helsum aill.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun,
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.

Scribe. My lord, how have ye kept your thré vows?

Abbot. Indeid richt weill, till I gat hame my bows ;
In my abbey when I was fane professor,
Than did I leife as did my predeceffour.
My paramour is baith als fat and fair
As ony wench into the toun of Air.
I fend my sons to Pareis to the scuillis ;
I traist in God that they sal be na fuillis.

And

And all my dochters I have weill providit.

Now judge ye gif my office be weill gydit.

Scribe. Maister Persone, schaw us gif ye can preich?

Pers. Thocht I preich noch I can play at the caiche.
I wait thair is noch ane amang you all
Mair ferilie can play at the fute ball;
And for the carts, the tabils, and the dyse,
Above all persouns I may beir the pryce.
Our round bonats we mak them now four nuickit,
Of richt fyne stuiff, gif yow list cum and luik it.
Of my office I have declarit to the:

Speir quhat ye pleis, ye get na mair of me.

Scribe. Quhat say ye now, my lady Prioress,
How have ye usit your office can ye ges?
Quhat was the caus ye refusit harborie
To this young lustie ladie, Chastitie?

Pri. I wald have harborit hir with gude intent,
Bot my complexion thairto wald not assent.
I do my office after auld use and wount.
To your Parliament I will mak na mair count.

S C E N E IV.

Ver. Now caus sum of your cunning Clarks,
Quhilk ar expert in heavenlie warks.
And men fulfillit with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie;
And gif to sum of them command
Ane sermon for to mak fra hand.

Corr. As ye have said I am content,
To gar sum preich incontinent.

[*Pausa.*

Magister noster, I ken how ye can teiche
Into the scuillis, and that richt ornatlie;
I pray yow now that ye wald please to preiche
In Inglisch tounge, land folk to edifie.

Doct.

Doct. Soverane I fall obey yow humbillie
 With ane schort sermon, presentlie in this place ;
 And schaw the word of God unfeinyeitlie,
 And sinceirlie, as God will give me grace.

[*Heir fall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say,*
Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.

Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull the preichour sayis,
 The fervent luife, and fatherlie pitie,
 Quhilk God Almichtie hes schawin mony wayis
 To man in his corrupt fragilitie,
 Exceeds all luife in earth sa far that we
 May never to God mak recompence conding ;
 As quha sa lists to reid the veritie,
 In halie scripture he may find this thing.

Sic Deus dilexit mundum.

Tuiching nathing the great prerogative
 Quhilk God to man in his creation lent,
 How man of nocht creat superlative
 Was to the image of God Omnipotent,
 Let us consider that special luif ingent
 God had to man, quhen our foir-father fell,
 Drawing us all, in his loynis immanent,
 Captive from gloir in thirlage to the hell.

Quhen Angels fell, thair miserabill ruyne
 Was never restorit ; bot for our miserie
 The sun of God, secund person divyne,
 In ane pure virgin tuke humanitie ;
 Syne for our sake great harmis suffered he,
 In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld and heit ;
 And at the last ane schameful death deit he,
 Betwix twa theifis on croce he yeild the spreit.

And quhair an drop of his maist precious blude
 Was recompence sufficient and conding
 Ane thousand warlds to ransom fra that wod
 Infernal feind, Satan ; notwithstanding
 He luifit us sa, that for our ransoning

He

He sched furth all the blude of his bodie ;
 Riven, rent, and fair wondit, quhair he did hing,
 Naild on the croce on the Mont Calvary.

Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

O cruel death, be thé the venemous
 Dragon, the Devill infernal lost his pray ;
 Be thé the stinkand, mirk, contageous,
 Deip pit of hell mankynd escaipit fray.
 Be thé the port of Paradice alway
 Was patent maid unto the heavin fa hie,
 Opinnit to man, and maid ane reddie way
 To gloir eternal with the Trinitie.

And yit for all this luife incomparabill
 God askis no rewaird fra us againe,
 Bot luife for luife ; in this command, bot fabill,
 Contenit ar allhalie the lawis ten,
 Baith al and new, and commandiments ilk ane.
 Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
 Be quhilk we may clime up to lyfe againe,
 Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.

*Diliges Dominum tuum, Deum tuum, ex toto corde
 tuo, et proximum tuum sicut teipsum ; in his du-
 obus mandatis, &c.*

The first step suithlie of this ledder is
 To luife thy God, as the fountaine and well
 Of luife and grace ; and the secund, I wis,
 To luife thy nichtbour as thou luifis thi sell.
 Quha tynis ane step of thir twa gais to hell,
 Bot he repent, and turne to Christ anone.
 Hauld this na fabill, the halie Evangell
 Bears in effect thir wordis everie one.

Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata, &c.

Thay tyne thir steps, all thay quhaevir did fin
 In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie ;
 In covetice, or ony extreme win,
 Into sweirnes, or into gluttanie ;

Or

Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.—

Perf. Now walloway, thinks thou na schame to lie?
I trow the devill a word is trew thou sayis.

Thou sayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin,
Quha failyies them man backward fall in hell.

I wait it is ten thousand mylis, and sevin,

Gif it be na mair I do it upon thy fell.

Schort leggit men I se, be Bryddis bell,

Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene sa wyde;

Gif thay be the words of the Evangell

The Spirituall men hes mifter of ane gyde.

Abbot. And I belief that cruikit men and blinde
Sall never get up upon sa hich ane ledder.

By my gude faith I dreid to ly behinde,

Without God draw me up into ane tedder.

Quhat and I fall, than I will break my bledder.

And I cum thair this day the devill speid me,

Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder,

Or send me down gude widcok wingis to flie.

Perf. Cum down dastart, and gang sell draiff,
I understand nocht quhat thow said;

Thy words war nather corne nor caiff,

I wald thy toung againe war laide.

Quhair thou sayis pryde is deidlie fin,

I say pryde is bot honestie;

And covetice of warldlie win

Is bot wisdome, I say for me.

Ire, hardiness, and gluttonie;

Is nathing ellis but lysis fude;

The natural fin of lecherie

Is but trew luife; all thir ar gude.

Doct. God and the Kirk has given command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.

Perf. Bot war thay fin, I understand,
We men of Kirk wald never use them.

Doct. Brother, I pray the Trinitie
 Your faith and charitie to support,
 Cauſand you knaw the veritie,
 That ye your ſubjects may comfort.
 To your prayers, peopill, I recommend
 The rewlars of this nobill regioun,
 That our Lord God his grace mot to them ſend
 On treſpaſſours to mak punitioun;
 Prayand to God from ſeindis yow defend,
 And of your ſns to gif yow full remiſſioun.
 I ſay na mair to God I you commend.

S C E N E V.

*[Heir Diligence ſpyis the Freir roundand to the
 Prelats.]*

Dil. My lords, I perſave that the Spiritual ſtait
 Be way of deid purpois to mak debait;
 For be the counſall of yon flattrand freir
 Thay purpois to mak all this toun on ſteir.

1ſt Licent. Traiſt ye that thay will be inobedient
 To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?

Dil. Thay ſe the Paip with awfull ordinance
 Makis weir againſt the michtie King of France;
 Richt ſa thay think that Prelats ſuld nocht ſonyie
 Be way of deid defend their patrimonie.

1ſt Lic. I pray the, brother, gar me underſtand
 Quhair ever Chriſt poſſeſſit ane fut of land.

Dil. Yea that he did, father, withouttin fail,
 For Chriſt Jeſus was King of Iſraell.

1ſt Lic. I grant that Chriſt was king abuife all kings,
 Bot he mellit never with temporal things;
 As he hes plainlie done declair himſell,
 As thou may reid in his halie Evangell;

“ Birds

“ Birds hes their nestis, and tods hes their den,
 “ Bot Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men,
 “ In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid,
 “ Quhairon he may repois his heavenlie head.

Dil. And is that trew?

Lic. Yes, brother, be Allhallows;
 Christ Jesus had ha propertie, bot the gallows.
 And left not, quhen he yeildit up the spreit,
 To by himself ane simpill winding scheit.

Dil. Christis successours, I understand,
 Thinkis na schame to have temporal land.
 Father, thay have na will, I you assure,
 In this warld to be indigent and puir.
 Bot, fir, sen ye are callit sapient,
 Declair to me the caus with trew intent
 Quhy that my lustie ladie Veritie
 Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie?

Batch. Forsuith quhair Prelats uses the counfall
 Of beggand freirs, in mony regioun,
 And thay Prelats with Princis principal,
 The veritie but doubt is trampit down;
 And Common-weil put to confusioun:

Gif this be trew to yow I me report.
 Thairfoir, my lords, mak reformatioun
 Or ye depairt, hairtlie, I yow exhort.
 Sirs, Freirs wald never yit, I yow assure,
 That ony Prelats usit preiching;
 And prelatis tuke on them that cure
 Freirs wald get nathing for their fleiching.
 Thairfoir I counfall yow, fra hand,
 Gar baneis yone freir out of this land;
 And that incontinent.

Do ye nocht sa, withowttyn weir,
 He will mak all this toun on steir,
 I knaw his fals intent.

Yone flattrand knavis, withowttyn fabill,
 I think thay are nocht profitabill
 For Christis Religioun.
 To begin reformatioun
 Mak of thame deprivation,
 This is my opinion.

1st Sarj. Syr, pleifs ye that we twa invaid thame?
 And ye fall fe us sone degrade thame
 Of coill, and chaplarie.

Corr. Pafs on, I am richt weill content.
 Syne baneifs thame incontinent
 Out of this cuntré.

1st Sarj. Cum on, Syr Freir, and be nocht fleyit;
 The king our maister mon be obeyit,
 Bot ye fall haif na harme.
 Gif ye wald travaill fra town to town,
 I think this hude, and heavie gown,
 Will hald your wame our warme.

Flatt. Now quhat is this, thir monstouris menis?
 I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
 And fra all human law.

2d Sarj. Tak ye the hud, and I the gown.
 This lymmar luikis als lyk ane loun,
 As ony that euir I saw.

1st Sarj. Thir Freirs to chaip puniffioun,
 Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
 And no man will obey.
 Thay ar exemit, I yow affeure,
 Fra Paipis, Kingis, and Empreour,
 And that makkis all the pley.

2d Sarj. On Domefday, quhen Chryft fall say
Venite, Benedicti;
 The Freiris will say, withowt delay,
Nos fuimus exempti.

[Heir fall thay spulyie Flattry of the Freiris habite.

Gude Coun. Syr, be the Haly Trinitie,
This famen is fenyeit Flatterie,
I ken him be his face.

Belevand for to get promotioun,
He said that hys name was Devotioun;
And so begyld your Grace.

1st Sarj. Cum on my Ladie Prioires,
We fall leir yow to dance,
And that within ane lytill space,
Ane new pavin of France.

*[Heir fall thay spoilye the Prioires, and sche fall
have ane kirtil of silk under hir habit.*

Now brother, be the Messe
Be my judgement I think
This halie Prioires
Is turnit in ane cowclink.

Pri. I gif my freinds my malifun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun,
And wald nocht let me marie;
It was my freindis greadines
That gart me be ane Prioires.
Now hartlie them I warie.
Howbeit that Nunnis sing nights and days,
Their hart waits nocht quhat thair mouth says,
The suith I yow declair.
Makand yow intimatioun,
To Christis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht necessair.
Bot I fall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun.
Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better religioun
As to be Freir or Nun.

1st Sarj.

1st Sarj. Cum on, Syr Flattry, be the mēss,
We fall leir yow to daunce;
Within any bonny littill space,
Ane new paven of Fraunce.

Flatt. My Lord, for Goddis saik lat nocht hang me,
Howbeit thir widdyfows wald wrang me.
I can mak na debait,
To win my meit at plewch nor harrowis.
Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith Falsat, and Dissait.

Corr. Than pass thy way, and graith the gallowis,
Syne help for to hang up thy fallowis;
Thow gettis na udder grace.

Flatt. Off that office I am content.
Bot our Prellattis I dreid repent
Be I fleimde from thair face.

*[Heir fall Flattry pass to the stokkis, and sit besyd
his marrowis.]*

Difs. Now Flattry, my awld cumpanyeoun
Quhat dois yone King Correction?
Knawis thow nocht his entent?
Declair till us of thy novellis.

Flatt. Yeill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis,
And that incontinent.

Difs. Now Walloway! will he gar hang us?
The Divill brocht yon curst king amang us,
For mekill sturt and stryfe.

Flatt. I had bene put to deid amang yow,
Had nocht I tuik on hand till hang yow,
And so I favit my lyfe.

I heir thame say thay will cry doun
All freiris and preistis of this regioun,
Sa far as I can feill;
Becaus thay ar not necessar.

And als thay ar all haill contrar
To Johne the Common Weill.

[Heir

[Heir sal the Kings and the Temporal Stait round togider.]

Cor. With the advice of King Humanitie
Heir I determine with rype advysement,
That all thir prelats fall deprivit be ;
And be decreit of this present Parliament
That thir thre cunning clarkis sapient
Immediatlie thair places fall posses,
Becaus that thay have bene sa negligent,
Suffring the word of God for till decres.

King Hum. As ye have said but dōubt it fall be done;
Pas to and mak this interchainging sone.

[The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie Prelats, and says,

Wantoun. My lords, we pray you to be patient,
For we will do the Kings commandement.

Spir. I mak ane vow to God and ye us handill,
Ye fall be curst and graggit with buik and candil ;
Syne we fall pas unto the Paip, and pleinyie,
And to the devill of hell condemne this meinyie.
For quhy ? Sic reformation, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor seine.

[Heir fall they spuilye them with silence, and put thair habits on the thrie Clarks.]

Merch. We marvell of yow, paintit sepulturis,
That was sa bauld for to accept sic curis,
With glorious habite rydand upon your muillis ;
Now men may se ye are bot verie fuillis.

Spir. We say the Kingis war greiter fuillis nor we,
That us promovit to sa greit dignitie.

Abbot. Thair is ane thousand in the kirk, but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill focht out :
Now, brother, sen it may na better be,
Let us ga soup with Sensualitie.

[Heir fall thay pas to Sensualitie.]

Spir.

Spir. Madame, I pray you mak us thrie gude cheir,
We cure nocht to remaine with yow all yeir.

Sens. Pas fra us, fuillis; be him that has us wrocht,
Ye ludge nocht heir, becaus I knaw yow nocht.

Spir. Sir Covetice, will ye also misken me?
I wait richt weill ye wil baith gif and lend me.
Speid hand my freind, spair nocht to break the lockis,
Gif me ane thousand crouns out of thy box.

Cov. Quhairfoir, Sir fuill, gif you ane thousand crouns?
Ga hence, ye seime to be thrie very louns.

Spir. I se nocht els, brother, withouttin fail
Bot this fals world is turnit top our taill.

Sen all is vaine that is under the list,
To win our meat we man make uther schift;
With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid full sair we want baith drink and meat.

Perf. Gif with our labour we man us defend,
Then let us gang quhair we war never kend.

Spir. I wyte thir freirs that I am thus abusit,
For by thair counsal I have bene confusit;
Thay gart me trow it suffysit, alace,
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

Abbot. Alace, this reformation I may warie,
For I have yit twa dochtirs for till marie;
And they are baith contractit, be the Rude,
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher gude.

Perf. The devill mak cair for this unhappie chance,
For I am young, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

[*The Bischop, Abbot, Persone, and Prioires, de-
pairs altogeder.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Counf. Or ye depairt, Syr, off this regioun,
 Gif Johne the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun
 Becaus the Commoun Weill hes bene our luikit;
 That is the caus that Commoun Weill is cruikit.
 With singular profeit he hes bene sa suppryfyt,
 That he is baith cauld, naikit and disgyfit.

Cor. Als ye haif said, fader, I am content.
 Sargeands gif Johne ane new habuilyement,
 Of fattyne damais, or of velvuyt fyne,
 And gif him place into our parliament fyne.

*[Heir sal thay cleith Johne the Commoun Weill
 gorgeouflic, and set him down amang them in the
 Parliament.]*

All virtoufs pepill, yow may be rejosit,
 Sen Commoun Weill hes gottyn ane gay garmoun,
 And ignorantis owt of the kirk depofyt.
 Devoit doctoris, and clarkis of renoun,
 And Gud Counfall, with Ledy Veritie,
 Ar profest with our Kingis Majestie.
 Blist is that realme that hes ane prudent king,
 Quhilk does delyt to heir the veritie,
 Puniffing tham quhilk planely dois maling
 Contrar the Commoun Weill, and Equetie!
 Thair may na pepill haif prosperitie,
 Quhar ignorance hes the dominioun,
 And Commoun Weill be tirrandis trampit down.

Now Maifters, ye fall heir incontinent,
 At great leysour, in your prefence proclamit
 The Nobill Actis of our Parliament,
 Of quhilks we neid nocht for to be afchamit.
 Cum heir, Trumpet, and found your warning tone
 That every man may knaw quhat we have done.

[Heir sall DILIGENCE, with the Scribe, and the Trumpet, pas to the pulpit and proclaime the Actis.]

The First Act.

It is devyfit be thir prudent Kingis,
 Correctioun, and King Humanitie,
 That thair Leigis, induring all their ringis,
 With the avyce of the Estaitis Thrie,
 Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
 The Kirk of Christ, and his religioun,
 Without dissimulance or hypocrisie,
 Under the pain of their punitioun.

2. Als thay will that the Actis honourabill,
 Maid be our Prince in the last Parliament.
 Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,
 Thay will that everie man be diligent
 Them till observe, with unfeinyeit intent.
 Quha disobeyis inobedientlie
 Be thair lawis, but doubt they fall repent,
 And painis conteinit thairin fall underly.

3. And als, the Common-weill for til advance,
 It is statute that all the temporal landis
 Be set in few, efter the forme of France,
 Till verteous men, that labours with thair handis,
 Resonabillie restrictit with sic bandis,
 That thay do service nevertheles.
 And to be subject ay under the wandis ;
 That riches may with policie increas.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devyfit,
 Gif lordis hold under thair dominioun
 Theifis, quhairthroch puir pepill bene supprisit,
 For them thay fall make answeir to the croun,
 And to the puir mak restitution,
 Without thay put them in the judges handis,
 For thair default to suffer punishment ;
 Sa that na theifis remaine within thair landis.

5. To

5. To that intent that justice fould increas,
 It is concludit in this Parliament,
 That into Elgin, or into Innerneffe,
 Sall be ane fute of Clarkis sapient,
 Togidder with ane prudent President,
 To do justice in all the Norther Airtis
 Sa equallie without impediment,
 That thay neid nocht feik justice in thir pairtis.

6. With licence of the Kirkis halines,
 That justice may be done continuallie,
 All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
 To thir twa famous Saits perpetuallie
 Sal be directit. And becaus men seis plainlie
 That wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair,
 Till common-weil nor yit to the glorie
 Of Christis Kirk, (thocht thay be fat and fair,)

And als that fragill ordour feminine
 Will nocht be missit in Christs religioun,
 Let thair rents usit be till ane better fyne,
 For common-weill of all this region.

And ilk Senature from thair erectioun,
 For the uphalding of his gravitie,
 Sall have fyve hundreth mark of pensioun.

And also bot fwa fall their nummer be:

Into the North saxteine fall thair remaine;
 Saxtein richt fa in our maist famous toun
 Of Edinburgh, to serve our Soveraine,
 Chosen without partiall affectioun
 Of the maist cunning clarks of this region;
 Thair Chancellor chosen of ane famous Clark,
 Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
 And for his pensioun have ane thousand mark.

7. It is devyfit in this Parliament,
 From this day furth na mater Temporall,
 (Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,)
 Sall cum befoir Judges Consistoriall,

Quhilk hes bene fa prolix and partiall
 To the great hurt of the communitie.
 Let Temporall men seik Judges Temporall,
 And Spritual men to Spritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
 Bot to men of gude eruditioun,
 Expert in the Halie Scripture, and cunning,
 And that thay be of gude conditioun,
 Of public vices but suspitioun;
 And qualesiet richt prudentlie to preich
 To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun,
 Or ellis in famous scuillis for to teich.

9. Als becaus of the great pluralitie
 Of ignorant preistis, ma than ane legioun,
 Quhai throch of teichours the heich dignitie
 Is vilipendit in ilk regioun,
 Thairfoir our Court has made provisioun
 That na Bischops mak teichours in tyme cumming,
 Except men of gude eruditioun,
 And for Preistheid qualesiet and cunning.

Siclyke as ye se, in the borrows town,
 Ane tailyeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
 Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown;
 He man gang till his prenteschip againe.
 Bischops sould nocht reffave (methink certaine)
 Into the kirk, except ane cunning Clark:
 Ane idiot preist Esay compaireth plaine
 Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

10. From this day furth se na Prelats pretend,
 Under the paine of inobedience,
 At Prince or Paip to purchase ane commend,
 Againe the law becaus it dois offence.
 Till ony Priest we think sufficiency
 Ane benefice. For to serve God withall
 Twa Prelacies fall na man have from thence,
 Without that he be of the blude Royall.

11. Item this prudent Counfall has concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth thay sal be cleane denudit
Baith of corf-present, cow, and umeft claith;
To puir commons becaus it hath done fkaith.
And mairover we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,
From thencefurth thay fall want thair hyrald-hors.

12. It is decreit that in this Parliament
Ilk Bifchop, Minister, Priour, and Perfoun,
To the effect thay may tak better tent
To faulis under their dominion,
Efter the forme of their foundation,
Ilk Bifchop in his Diofie fall remaine;
And everilk Perfone in his parachoun,
Teiching their folk from vices to refraine.

13. Becaus that clarkis our substance dois consume
For bils and proces of their prelacies,
Thairfoir thair fall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbifchopries.
As for the rest na money gais at all,
For the increffing of their dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull.

14. Considering that our Preiftis, for the maift part,
Thay want the gift of Chafitie we fe,
Cupido hes fa perft them throch the hart,
We grant them licence and frie libertie,
To prevent fcandal in the Communitie.
That thay may have fair virgins to thair wyfis,
And fa keip matrimoniall chafitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This Parliament richt fa hes done conclude,
From this day forth our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With bastard bairns of Stait Spirituall.

Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie fall.

Gif nobils marie with the Spritualitie,

From thyne subject thay sal be, and all

Sall be degraithit of thair Nobilitie ;

And from amang the Nobils cancellate,

Unto the tyme thay by thair libertie,

Rehabilit be the civill magistrate.

And sa fall marie the Spritualitie ;

Bischops with Bischops fall mak affinitie,

Abbots and Priors with the Piores,

As Bischop Annas in scripture we may se,

Maryit his dochter on Bischop Caiphas.

Now have ye heard the Actis honorabill

Devyfit in this present Parliament ;

To Common-weill we think agreabill

All faithfull folk sould heirof be content,

Them till observe with hartlie trew intent.

I wait nane will against our Acts rebell,

Nor till our law be inobedient,

Bot Plutois band, the potent prince of hell.

S C E N E VII.

[Heir fall the Puirman cum befoir the King and say,

Puir. I gif yow my braid bennefoun,

That has givin Common-Weill a gown ;

I wald nocht for ane pair of plackis

Ye had nocht maid thir nobill Actis.

I pray to God, and sweit Sanct Geill,

To gif you grace to use them weill ;

Wer thay weill keipit I understand

It war great honour to Scotland ;

It had bene als gude ye had sleipit,

As to mak acts and be nocht keipit.

Bot I beseik yow, for All-hallowis,

Gar hang Diffait, and all his fallowis ;

And

And baneis Flattry off the town,

For thair was nevir sic ane loun.

That beand done I hald it best

That every man go tak his rest.

Corr. As thow hes said, it fall be done.

Swyth Sarjands hang yone fwingours sone.

*[Heir fall the Sarjands lowis thame first of the
stokkis, and leid thame to the Gallowis.]*

1st Sarj. Cum heir, Sir Theif; cum heir, cum heir.

Quhen war ye wont to be sa sweir?

To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy;

Thairfoir ye fall waif in ane widdy.

Thift. Man I be hangit? Allace! Allace!

Is thair nane heir may get me grace?

Yit or I de gif me ane drink.

1st Sarj. Fy hursone cairle, I feill ane stink.

Thift. Thocht I wald not that it war wittin

Schyr, in gud faith I am bescitten.

To wit the veretie gif ye pleifs,

Lous doun my hois, put in your neis.

1st Sarj. Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford.

Slip in thy heid into this cord,

For thow had neuer ane metar tippit.

Thift. Allace! this is ane fellone rippit!

The widdifow wardannis tuik my geir,

And left me nowdir hors nor meir,

Nor erdly gud that me belangit:

Now Walloway! I mon be hangit!

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppressouris,

All ye misdoars and transgressouris,

Or ellis ga chuse yow gude confessoris;

And mak yow forde.

For, gif ye tary in this land,

And cum undir Correctionis band,

Your grace fall be, I undirstand,

Ane gud shairp cord.

Adew

Adew my brethir Annan theivis,
 That holpit me in my mischeivis ;
 Adew Grofars, Niksonis, and Bellis,
 Oft haif we fairne owt thruch the fellis.
 Adew Robsonis, Hanflis, and Pyilis,
 That in our craft hes mony wylis.
 Lyttlis, Trumblis, and Armestrangis ;
 Adew all theivis that me belangis !
 Tailyeouris, Curwings, and Elwandis,
 Speidy of fute, and flicht of handis :
 The Scottis of Ewisdail, and the Graimis,
 I haif na tyme to tell your namis.
 With King Correctioun be ye fangit,
 Beleif richt seur ye will be hangit.

1st Sarj. Speid hand man with thy clitter clatter.

Thift. For Goddis saik, man, lat me mak watter.
 Howbeid I haif bene cattell-gredy,
 It schamis to pische into a widdy.

[Heir fall Flattry hang Thift, or his figour.]

2d Sarj. Cum heir, Dissait, my companyeoun.
 Saw evir man lykar ane loun
 To hing upoun ane Gallowis?

Diss. This is anewcht to mak me mangit.
 Divill fell me, that I mon be hangit,
 Lat me speik with my fallowis.
 I trow, wanfortoun brocht me heir.
 Quhat mekill fiend maid me sa speidy ?
 Sen it was said it is fevin yeir,
 That I fould waif into a widdy ;
 (Quhen I leird, my maisteris, to be greidy.
 Adew, for I se na remeid.
 Se quhat it is to be evyll deidy.

2 Sarj, Now in this helter slip thy heid.
 Stand still, methink ye draw abak.

Diss. Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

2d Sarj.

2 *Sarj.* It will hurt bettir, I woid ane plak,
Richt now, quhen ye hing on ane knag.

Diss. Adew, my maisteris marchand men!

I haif ye servit, as ye ken,

Trewly, baith air and lait.

I say to yow, for conclusioun,

I dreid ye gang to confusioun,

Fra tyme ye want Dissait.

I leird you, merchandis, mony a wyle,

Upalands wyfis for to begyle,

Upoun the mercat day.

And gart thame trew your stuff was gude,

Quhen it wes rottin, be the Rude;

And sweir it was not sway.

I was ay roundand in your eir;

And lerid yow for to ban and sweir,

Quhat your geir coist in France,

Howbeit the Devill a word was trew.

Your craft gif King Correctioun knew

Wald turne yow to mischance.

I lerid yow wylis mony fauld,

To mix the new wyne with the auld,

That fassone was na folly.

To sell richt deir, and by gude chaip;

And mix ry meill amang the saip,

And saffrone with oyl-dolie.

Forget not okar, I counfall yow,

Mair nor the Vicar dois the cow,

Or Lordis thair doubill maill.

Howbeit your elwand be to scant,

Or your pound nocht twa uncis want,

Think that bot lytill faill.

Adew the grit clan Jamesoun,

The blude royall of Clappertoun,

I was ay to yow trew.

Baith Anderfone, and Paterfone;

Abone thaim all Thome Williamfone
My absens ye will rew.

Thome Williamfone, it is your pairt
To pray for me with all your hairt,
And think upon my werkis;

How I leird you ane gud lessoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburch toun,
The bischop and his clerkis.

Ye young Marchands may cry allace,
Lucklaw, Welands, Carncrofs, Douglace,
Yon curst king ye may ban.

Had I levit bot half an yeir,
I fould haif leird yow craftis perqueir
To begyle wyffe and man.

How may ye Marchandis mak debait,
Fra tyme ye want your man Diffait,
For yow I mak grit cair.

Without I ryis fra deid to lyve,
I wait weill ye will nevir thryve,
Farthar nor the fourt air.

[*Heir fall Diffait be hangit, or ellis his figour.*

1st Sarj. Cum heir, Falsat, and menis the gallowis,
Ye man hing up amang your fallowis,
For your cancart conditioun.
Mony ane trew man haif ye wrangit;
Thairfoir but dowl ye fall be hangit,
But mercy or remissioun.

Fal. Allace! mon I be hangit to?
Quhat mekill Divill is this ado?
How cum I to this cummer?
My gud maisteris, ye Craftismen,
Want ye Falsat full weill I ken
You will die all for hunger.
Ye men of craft may cry Allace;
Quhen ye want me, ye want your Grace,
Thairfoir put into wryte

My

My lessonis that I did you leir ;
 Howbeit the Commounis ene ye bleir,
 Count ye not that a myte.
 Find me ane wobstar that is leill,
 Or ane wakar that will not steill,
 (Thair craftines I ken ;)
 Or ane millar that hes na falt,
 That will steill nowder meill, nor malt,
 Hald thame for halie men.
 At our fleschouris tak ye na greif,
 Thocht thay blaw lene muttone and beif,
 To gart seme fatt and fair ;
 Thay think that practik but ane mow.
 Howbeit the Devill a thing it dow,
 To thame I leirit that lair.
 I leird Talyouris, in every toun,
 To schaip fyve quarteris fra a gown
 In Angus and in Fife.
 The Upland Taylyeouris I gaif gud leive
 To steil a filly stump, or fleive
 To Kittok his awin wyff.
 My gud maister Andro Fortoun,
 Of Taylyeouris that may weir the croun,
 For me he will be mangit :
 Talyeour Beverege, my son and air,
 I wait for me will rudely rair,
 Fra tyme he se me hangit.
 The bairfit deikin Jamie Raff,
 Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff,
 Becaus he cannot steill ;
 Willy Caidyoch will mak na pleid,
 Howbeit hys wyff want beif and breid,
 Get he gud barmie aill.
 To the browstaris of Cowpar toun
 I leif my braid blak malefoun,
 Als hairtelly as I may.

To

To mak thin aill thay think na falt
Of mekill burne and lytill malt,
Agane the mercat day.
And thay can mak withowttyn dowl
A kind of aill thay call harnis-out ;
Wait ye how thay mak that ?
A curtill quene, a laidlie lurdane,
Off strang wesche sheill tak a jurdane
And fettis in the gyle-fat.
Quha drinkis of that aill, man or page,
It will gar all his harnis rage ;
That jurdane I may rew,
It gart my heid rin hiddy-giddy.
Schyrs, God nor I dé in a widdy
Gif this taill be nocht trew.
Speir at the Sowttar Geordy Sillie,
Fra tyme that he hes filld his belly,
With this unhelfum aill.
Thad all the baxtaris will I ban,
That mixes breid with duft and bran,
And fyne flour with beir meill.
Adew, my maisteris, wrichtis and masounis
I neid not leir yow ony leffonis ;
Yow knaw my craft perqueir.
Adew blaksmiths, and lorimeris,
Adew the stinkand cordineris,
That fellis the schone ouer deir.
Goldfmyths fairweill, abone thame all,
Remember my memorial
With many ane fyttill cast.
To mix set ye not by twa prenis
Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
Lyk as I leird yow last.
Quhen I was lugit Upaland,
The schipherdis maid with me ane band
Richt craftelie to steill.

Than

Than did I gif ane confirmatioun
 Till all the schipherdis of this natioun,
 That thay fowld neuir be leill;
 And ilk ane to reffett ane udder;
 I knaw fals schipherdis fifty fudder
 War all thair canteleinis kend.
 How thay mak thair conventiounis
 On mountanis far fra ony townis;
 God lat thame nevir mend.
 Amang craftismen it is ane wounder
 To find ten leill amang ane hunder;
 The trewth I to yow tell.
 Adew I man na langer tary:
 I mon pafs to the king of Fary,
 Or ellis straicht way till hell.

*[Heir fall he luik up to his marrowis, that ar
 hangand, and say,*

Waes me for thé, gud Commoun Thift!
 Was nevir man maid mar honest schift
 His leivin for to win.
 Thair wes nocht ane in Liddisdail
 That ky mair craftelly could steill,
 Quhar thow hingis on that pin.
 Sawthan reffaiff thy sawle, Dissait!
 Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
 And als my fadar' bruder.
 Duill fell the silly marchand men!
 To mak thame service weill I ken
 Sall nevir get sic an uder.

*[Heir fall Flattry fasten the cord about his nek;
 and thairafter Falsat fall say,*

Gif ony man list for to be my mait,
 Cum follow me, for I am at the gait.
 Cum follow me, all cative covetous kingis,
 Reivaris but richt of uthers realmis and ringis.
 Together

Together with all wrangous conquerouris ;
 And bring with yow all publick oppreffouris ;
 With Pharo, King of the Egyptiens ;
 With him in hell fall be your recompence.
 All crewll fcheddaris of blude innocent,
 Cum follow me, or ellis rin and repent.
 Prelatis that hes ma benefeis nor thrie,
 And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie ;
 Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for grace,
 In hidoufs hell I fall prepair thair place.
 Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,
 With Ponce Pylat I fall prepair your luges.
 All ye officiallis that partis men with thair wyvis,
 Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis ;
 With all fals ledaris of the Constry law :
 With wantone fcrybis, and clarkis intill ane raw,
 That to the puir maks mony partiall trane,
 Syne *hodie ad octo*, gars thame cum agane.
 And ye that takkis rewaird at baith the handis,
 Ye fall with me be bund in Bellialls bandis.
 Cum follow me all curst unhappy wyfis,
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ftryfis,
 And quyetly with rebaldis makkis repair,
 And takkis na cure to mak ane wrangus air.
 Ye fall in hell rewairdit be, I wene,
 With Jefabell of Israell the quene.
 I haif ane curst unhappy wyf mysell,
 Wald God fche war befoir me into hell.
 That bismair war fcho thair, withowttyn dowl,
 Owt of hell the divill fche wald ding owt.
 Ye mareit men evin as ye luif your lyfis
 Let never preiftis be hamelie with your wyfis.
 My wyffe with priestis fcho doith me grit unricht ;
 And maid me nyne tymes cukald in ane night.
 Fairweill, for I mon to the widdy wend ;
 For quhy Falfat maid neuir ane bettir end.

[Heir

*[Heir fall Flattry hing him up, and not his figure;
and a kae fall be castin up, as it were his sawle.*

Flatt. Haif I nocht chaippit the widdy weill?

Yea, that I haif be sweit St. Geill;

For I had nocht bene wrangit,

Becaufs I servit, be All-hallowis,

To haif bene merchillit with my fallowis,

And heich abone thame hangit.

I maid far ma faltis than my maitis;

I begyl all The Thrie Estaits,

With my ypocresie.

Quhen I haid on the freiris hude,

All men beleivyt that I wes gude;

Now juge ye gif I lie.

Tak me ane rakles rubriatour,

Ane theiff, ane tirrand, or ane traitour,

Off every vyce the plant;

Gif him the habit of ane frier,

The wyvis will trow withowttyn weir

He be ane very fantt.

I knaw the cowl and skaplarie

Generis moir hait nor cheretie;

Thocht thay be blak or blew,

Quhat halines is thair within?

Ane woulf cled in ane wedders skin?

Juge ye gif this be trew.

Since I haif chaipit this firie farie.

Adew! I will na langar tary

To cummer yow with my clatter.

Bot I will with ane humill spreit

Ga serve the Hermeit of Lareit,

And leir him for till flatter.

End of the PLAY.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

DILIGENCE.

FAMOUS peopil, hartlie I yow requyre,
This lytil sport to tak in patience :
We traist to God, and we leif ane uther yeir,
Quhair we have failit, we fall do diligence
With mair pleasure to mak yow recompence.
Becaus we have bene sum part tedious,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence ;
Likewyse perchance to sum men odious.
Now let ilk man his way avance ;
Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance.
Menstrel blaw up ane brawl of France,
Let se quha hobbils best.
For I will rin incontinent
To the tavern, or euer I stent,
And pray to God omnipotent
To send you all gude rest.

THE

THE DROICHIS PART OF THE PLAY.

[*Such is the title in the BANNATYNE MS. of the following "littil interlude;" which, with every appearance of probability, has been ascribed to SIR DAVID LINDSAY, and may have been introduced somewhere in the preceding play, although no particular connection be apparent. At that time surely no other dramatic composition of Scotland could be dignified with the title of THE PLAY. The Genius of Wealth is here represented under the character of a blind pigmy, or one of that distinct race of beings called by the ancient Northern nations Duerghar, or Droichs. They were a kind of lesser divinities, or demons, who inhabited the wild rocky mountains, and excelled in the manufacture of weapons that were held to be proof against all force and fraud. Their swords in particular are frequently mentioned in old Islandic poems:*

Sel thu mer ur hange,
Hardan maekir,
Than er Suafurflama
Slogu Duergar.

Literally thus:

Give me your sword,
Of hard workmanship,
That for Suafurlam
Was beat out by the Dwarfs.

Since the author refers FYN-MACKOWLL and other heroes of OSSIAN to this class of beings, we may consider the poem partly as a specimen of the absurd legends that were repeated concerning them in the days of SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

I.

HIRY, hary, hubbilschow,
 Sé ye not quha is cum now,
 Bot yit wait I nevir how,
 With the quhirle-wind?
 A fargeand out of Soudoun land,
 A gyane strang for to stand,
 That with the strength of my hand
 Bereis may bind.

II.

Bot yit I trow that I vary,
 I am bot ane blynd Hary,
 That lang hes bene with the fary,
 Farlyis to fynd;
 And yit gif this be not I,
 I wait it is the spreit of Gy,
 Or ellis Fle be the sky,
 And lycht as the lynd.

III.

Quha is cum heir, bot I,
 A bauld busteous bellomy,
 Amang you all to cry a cry,
 With ane mighty foun?
 That generit am of gyanis kynd,
 Fra the strong Hercules be strynd,
 Of all the occident and Ynd,
 My elderis woir the croun.

IV.

My foir grandsyr, hecht Fyn-Mackowll,
 That dang the devill, and gart him yowll;
 The skyis rainid quhen he wald yowll,
 He trublit all the air.

He gatt my gud-fyr Gog Magog ;
 He, quhen he danfit, the warld wald fchog ;
 Ten thowfand ellis yied in his frog,
 Of Heland plaidis, and mair.

V.

And yit he wes of tendir yowth ;
 But eftir he grew mekle at fowth,
 Ellevin myle wyd mett wes his mowth,
 His teith wes ten myle fquair.
 He wald upoun his tais upftand,
 And tak the ftarnis doun with his hand,
 And fett thame in a gold garland
 Aboif his wyfis hair.

VI.

He had a wyfe was mekle of clift ;
 Her heid was heichar nor the lift ;
 The hevin reirdit quhen fcho wald rift ;
 The lafs was nathing fklendir :
 Scho fpatt Loch-Loumond with her lippis ;
 Thunder and fyre-flawght flew fra her hippis ;
 Quhen fcho wes crabbit, the fone thold clippis ;
 The feynd durft nocht offend hir.

VII.

For cawld fcho tuk the fevir tartane,
 For all the claith in France and Bartane,
 Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,
 Thocht fcho was young and tendir :
 Upoun a nicht heir in the north,
 Scho tuke the gravall, and ftaild Craig-Gorth,
 And pifchit the grit walter of Forth ;
 Sic tyd ran eftirhend her.

VIII.

Yit ane thing writtin of hir I find,
 In Yrland quhen fcho blew behind,
 On Norway coift fcho raifit the wynd,
 And grit fchippis drownit thair.

Scho

Scho fischt all the Spainyie feyis,
 With her fark-lap betwixt her theyis ;
 Thré dayis failing betwixt her kneysis
 It wes este mid, and mair.

IX.

The hingand brayis on adir fide,
 Scho powtterit with hir lymmis wide ;
 Laffes nicht leir at hir to stryde,
 Wald ga to luvaris lair.

Scho merkit to the land with mirth ;
 Scho pischt five quhailis in the Firthe,
 That croppin war in hir geig for girth,
 Walterand amang the wair.

X.

My fader, mekle Gow Macmorne,
 Owt of his moderis wame was schorne ;
 For littilnes scho was forlorne,

Siche an a kemp to beir :
 Or he of aige was yeiris thré,
 He wald stop over the Occraine fie ;
 The mone sprang neuir abone his kné ;
 The hevins had of him feir.

XI.

Ane thowfsand yeir is past fra mynd,
 Sen I was generit of his kynd,
 Far furth in the defartis of the Ynd,
 Amang lyoun and beir.

Worthie King Arthour and Gawane,
 And mony a bawld berne of Bartane,
 Ar deid, and in the weiris ar flane,
 Sen I cowlde weild a speir.

XII.

Sophie and the Sowdoun strang,
 With weiris that hes lestit lang,
 Owt of thair boundis hes maid me gang,
 And turne to Turkey tyte.

The

The King of Francis grit army,
 Hes brocht in derth in Lumbardy,
 That in the cuntré he and I
 Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XIII.

Swadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
 Nor in the Steiddis I dar nocht ga;
 Thair is nothing bot and flae,
 Cut throppillis, and make quyte.
 Yrland for evir I haif reffusit,
 All wyis-men will hald me excusit,
 For nevir in land quhair Eriche was usit,
 To dwell had I dellyte.

XIV.

I haif bene formeft evir in feild,
 And now sa lang I haif borne the scheild,
 That I am crynit in for eild
 This littill, as ye may fie.
 I haif bene banneist undir the lynd
 This lang tyme, that nane could me fynd,
 Quhill now with this last eistin wynd,
 I am cum heir perdie.

XV.

My name is WELTH, thairfoir be blyth,
 I am cum comfort you to kyth;
 Suppois wrechis will waill and wryth,
 All darth I fall gar dré;
 For certanelie, the treuth to tell,
 I cum amang you for to dwell,
 Far fra the found of Curphour bell,
 To dwell thinks nevir me.

XVI.

Now sen I am suche quantetie
 Of gyanis cum, as ye may fie,
 Quhair will be gottin a wyfe to me
 Of sicklyk breid and hicht?

In all this bowre is nocht a bryde,
 Ane hour, I wait, dar me abyde ;
 Yit trow ye ony heir besyde,
 Micht suffir me all nicht.

XVII.

Adew ; fairweill ; for now I go,
 Bot I will nocht lange byd you fro ;
 Chryft yow conserve fra every wo,
 Baith maidin, wyf, and man.
 God blifs thame, and the haly rude,
 Givis me a drink, fa it be gude ;
 And quha trowis best that I do lude,
 Skink first to me the kan.

St. 1. l. 1. "Hiry, hary, hubbilschow." These are words expressing hurry and confusion. Hiry, hary, seems to be a corruption of the French *baro*, or the cry *a l'aide* ; like *buesium* in our old laws, and *bus* in English. Hubbilschow is still used with us for uproar.

St. 4. l. 1. "Fyn Mackowll." Better known in this age under the modernised name of Fingal. Concerning this personage, whether real or imaginary, there are innumerable legends in the Highlands of Scotland. He is more celebrated as a giant than as the hero of Ossian.

— l. 2. "That dang the devill." This may allude to the contest with the spirit Loda. Here let me observe, that to doubt of Fingal and Temora being ancient compositions, is indeed a refinement in scepticism. They contain various allusions to the manners of other times, which have escaped the observation of Mr Macpherson himself.

St. 7. l. 6. "Craig-Gorth." It has been conjectured that Car-gorth in Aberdeenshire is here meant. I should rather suppose it to be Craig-Forth, in the neighbourhood of Stirling.

St. 13. l. 2.—4. "Nor in the steiddis I dar nocht ga ;
 " Thair is nothing bot and flae,
 " Cut thropillis, and make quyte."

Steides. The states or government of the Netherlands. *Bot and flae.* The words *bot and*, corrupted from the Low Dutch *buitand*, i. e. without or besides, often occur in our popular ballads. These lines allude to that scene of cruelty begun by Charles V. and perfected by Philip II. in the

the Netherlands. *Make guyte* is an obscure expression; it probably means, "to get rid of obnoxious persons."

St. 15. l. 7. "*Curphour* bell." The *couvre feu*, and, by corruption, *curfeu*. This bell was rung in boroughs at nine in the evening, act 144. parliament 13. James I. The hour was changed to ten, at the solicitation of the wife of James Stewart, the favourite of James VI.

St. 17. In this stanza there is a strange mixture of grave and ludicrous. With us, before the Reformation, religious offices were farcical, and farces religious. On the continent, wherever the Roman Catholic worship has not been refined, the same assemblage of discordant ideas prevails.

* * The whole of these notes are by Lord Hailes.

CHRYSTIS KIRK ON THE GREENE.

This ludicrous picture of ancient manners appears anonymously in the MAIT. MS. but with the signature "Quod King James the First" in the BANNATYNE. From an unlucky blunder, however, which BANNATYNE has committed in the next poem but one, by writing James the Fyift, or as some read it Fyrst, instead of James the Fourth, his authority in this particular instance has been questioned, from a suspicion that he has here also committed the same mistake. Vulgar tradition, before the BANN. MS. was heard of, had given the poem to James the Fifth; and, as such it had been published in the first and second editions, 1691 by Bishop Gibson, and 1708 by James Watson, both of them persons who were likely to have the best information upon the subject. The BANN. MS. falling at last into the hands of Allan Ramsay, he published an edition of the poem under the name of James the First; whose claim to it has of late been strenuously supported by W. Tytler, Esq. in his "Poetical Remains of James I." His arguments are chiefly directed against certain observations which the accurate and learned Lord Hailes had introduced in his Remarks on the Statutes of James the First.

"The reader will observe," says his Lordship, "that I speak doubtfully of James I. being the author of Christ's Kirk on the Green. Allan Ramsay, in his edition in 1724, says that 'it is taken from an old manuscript collection of poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, King of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote while

“ while that brave and learned prince was unfortunate-
 “ ly kept prisoner in England by Henry V.’ The au-
 “ thority of a MS. (continues Lord Hailes,) written
 “ more than a century after the death of James I.
 “ proves nothing. Both Bellenden and Major report
 “ that James I. wrote verses. Major has preserved the
 “ first words of some of his poems ; but neither of
 “ them say any thing of Christ’s Kirk on the Green ;
 “ which, however, was a great and voluminous work for
 “ those days. That James I. wrote this poem during
 “ his captivity, is exceedingly improbable. Educated
 “ from his early youth in England, he could not be ac-
 “ quainted with the manners of the Scottish Commons,
 “ nor with the language of the vulgar.”

These arguments of Lord Hailes remain still in considerable force, notwithstanding all that Mr Tytler has brought forward against them. He urges in particular that James I. composed this poem with a view to encourage Archery by the force of ridicule. It contains, indeed, two or three sarcastic stanzas ; but what effect could these produce among an illiterate peasantry at a time, when, probably, not one in a thousand of them could read? Printing was not introduced in Scotland for nearly a hundred years after the return of James I. from England ; and it was not until the reign of James IV. that an Act of Parliament was made, ordaining the great land-holders to send their ELDEST sons to school ; “ swa that if they should become scheriffes or judge ordinaries, they might have knowlege to read and expound the written laws to the puir ignorant people.”

It is true, as Mr Tytler says, that the use of the bow in war was laid aside in the reign of James V. ; but it continued, nevertheless, to maintain its ground as an exercise or amusement. Among the sports exhibited at St. Andrews during the forty days festival in 1538, Lindsay of Pitscottie, possibly an eye-witness, mentions

Justing, Archery, &c. It has already been observed that Sir David Lindsay's poem entitled the Justing of Barbour and Watson, was probably written upon that occasion. It bears, moreover, a most striking resemblance in language, manner, and catastrophe to Christ Kirk on the greene. For example, in similarity of phrase,

C. K.—Was nevir fene sic danfing and deray.

Just. —Was nevir fene sic justing in no landis.

C. K.—Hys lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis.

Just. —Thow thinks my lymmis lyk rokkis.

C. K.—Thay ran upon uder lyk rammis.

Just. —Than ran thay to lyk rammis.

C. K.—Bet on with barrow trammis.

Just. —Be lyk twa barrow trammis.

Just. —James had bene strikken down.

C. K.—To eird he duschit down.

Just. —He trowit the man was flain.

C. K.—And for deid he preisit (*trowit*) him.

Just. —For feirnes fell in fown.

C. K.—And courit him out o fown, &c. &c.

Some of these expressions being rather uncommon, the coincidence is the more remarkable; to account for which, it is not enough to say that one of the poems is an imitation of the other. They seem to have a more intimate connection, or to spring as it were from the very same root. If the Justing of Barbour and Watson be a far-cical account of one of the festival days at St Andrews, it

it seems highly probable that Christs Kirk on the greene is a similar account of another of them: And since James V. certainly was a writer of verses, as we know from the undoubted testimony of his correspondent Sir David Lindsay, (see page 162.) it appears, upon the whole, that in this instance we are safer to trust to vulgar tradition than to the ipse dixit of Bannatyne, who seems to have had but an indistinct notion of our different kings of the name of James.

Here it deserves to be mentioned, that although Mr Pinkerton, (whose judgment few will venture to call in question,) ascribes the poem to James I. in his "List of Scottish Poets, 1786," he does not once mention it in his history of that Monarch, 1797. Add to this the suffrages of Dr Piercy and Mr Ritson, two most accurate and indefatigable inquirers.

The repetition, at the end of several of the stanzas, both in the BANN. and MAIT. MSS. of the words "that day," is a circumstance which seems also to favour this conjecture with respect to the particular occasion.

I.

WAS nevir in Scotland hard nor fene
 Sic danfing nor deray,
 Nowthir at Falkland on the grene,
 Nor Pebillis at the play,
 As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
 At Chryst-kirk on ane day;
 There come our Kitteis weschin clene,
 In new kirtillis of gray,
 Full gay,
 At Chrystis kirk on the grene.

II.

To dans thir damyfellis thame dicht,
 Thir lasses licht of laitis;

Thair

Thair gluves wer of the raffel richt,
 Thair fchone wer of the ftraitis.
 Thair kirtillis wer of lincum licht,
 Weill preft with mony plaittis ;
 Thay wer fa nyfs quhan men thame nicht,
 Tha yfqueilit lyk ony gaittis,

Sa loud,

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

III.

Of all thir madynis, myld as meid,
 Was nane fa gympt as *Gillie* ;
 As ony rose hir rude was reid,
 Hir lyre wes lyk the lillie :
 Fow yellow yellow wes hir heid,
 Bot fcho of lufe fo fillie ;
 Thocht all hir kin had fworn hir deid,
 Sche wald haif bot fweit *Willie*

Allane,

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

IV.

Scho fskornit *Jok* and fskrippit at him ;
 And murgeonit him with morkkis ;
 He wald haif lufit, fche wald nocht lat him,
 For all his yellow lokkis.
 He chereift hir, fcho bad ga chat him,
 Sche compt him nocht twa clokkis ;
 Sa fchamfullie ane fchort gown fat him,
 His lymmis wer lyk twa rokkis,

Scho faid,

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

V.

Stevin come fteppand in with ftenidis,
 Na rynk mycht him arreift ;
 Platefutt he bobbit up with bendis,
 For *Mald* he maid requeift.
 He lap quhill he lay on his lendis ;
 Bot ryfand he was preift

Quhyll

Quhyll he hostit at bayth the endis,
For honour of the feist

That day,

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

VI.

Thome Lutar wes thair menstral meit ;
O Lord as he culd lanfs !

He playit sa schill, and sang sa sweit

Quhill *Towsie* tuik ane tranfs.

Auld lychtfutts than he did forleit,

And counterfutin Franfs,

He him avyfit as man discreit

And up the Moreifs-danfs

He tuik

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

VII.

Than *Robene Roy* begouth to revell,

And *Dowsie* to him druggit :

Lat be, quo *Jok* ; and callit him Javell,

And be the taill him tuggit.

The kensie cleikit to the cavell :

Bot, Lord, than how thay luggit.

Syne pairtit *naithlie* with ane nevell,

God wait gif hair was ruggit

Betwene thame

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

VIII.

Ane bent ane bow, sic sturt counth steir him,

Grit skayth war to haif skard him,

He chesit a flane as did affeir him ;

The toder said, dirdum-dardum ;

Throw bayth the cheiks he thocht to cheir him,

Or throw the chafts haif chard him,

Bot be ane myle it came nocht neir him,

I can nocht tell quhat mard him

Thair

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

IX.

IX.

With that ane freynd of his cryit, fy !
 And up ane arrow drew,
 He forgeit it sa fowrwusly,
 The bow in flenders flew.
 Sa was the will of God, trow I,
 For had the tré been trew,
 Men said, that kend his archerye,
 Than he had flane anew

That day

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

X.

Ane haistie hensour, callit *Harie*,
 Quha was an archer heynd,
 Tilt up ane tackle withouten tary,
 That turment so him teynd.
 I wait nocht quhidder his hand culd varie,
 Or the man wes his freynd,
 Bot he chapeit throw the michts of Marie
 As man that na ill meynd

That tyme,

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

XI.

Ane yaip yung man that stude him neist
 Loufit of ane schot with yre :
 He ettlit the berne in at the breist ;
 The bolt flew our the byre.
 Ane cryit, fy ! he had flaine ane priest
 Ane myle beyond ane myre ;
 Than bow and bag fra him he keist,
 And fled als ferfs als fyre

Of flint ;

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

XII.

Than *Lowrie* as ane lyoun lap,
 And sone ane flane culd fedder ;

He

He hecht to perfs him at the pap
 Thairon to wed ane weddir ;
 He hit him on the wame ane wap,
 It buft lyk ony bledder.
 Bot fua his fortoun wes and hap,
 His doublet wes of ledder

And fauft him

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

XIII.

The buff fa boufteoufly abaisit him,
 To the erd he dufchit down ;
 The tother for deid he preifit him,
 And fled out of the toun.
 The wyffs come furth, and up thay paifit him,
 And fand lyf in the loun,
 Than with thré routis fone thay raifit him,
 And couerit him out of fwoune

Agane,

At Chrifstis kirk, &c.

XIV.

With forks and flaes thay lait grit flapppis,
 And flang togidder lyk friggis ;
 With bougars of barnis thay beft blew cappis,
 Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis ;
 The reird rais rudelie with the rappis,
 Quhen rungs wes laid on riggis ;
 The wyffs come furth with cryis and clappis !
 “ Lo quhair my lyking liggis”

Quo thay,

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

XV.

Thay girnit, and lait gird with granis,
 Ilk goffop uder greivit ;
 Sum ftraik with ftings ; fum gadderit ftanis,
 Sum fled and weil efcheuit.

The

The menstral wan within ane wanis,
 That day full weil he previt,
 For he come hame with unbirst bainis,
 Quhair fechtars wer mischevit

For evir

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

XVI.

Heich *Hutchoun* with ane hissil ryfs
 To red can throw thame rummil,
 He muddlit thame doun lyk ony myfs :
 He was na baty-bummil.
 Thoch he was wicht he wes nocht wyifs,
 With sic jangleurs to jummil,
 For fra his thowme thay dang ane sklyfs,
 Quhill he cryit *barla-fummil* !

I'm flane

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

XVII.

Quhen that he saw his blude sa reid,
 To flé micht na man lat him ;
 He weind it had bene for ald feid,
 And thocht ane cryit, haif at him.
 He gart his feit defend his heid,
 The fair fairar it sat him,
 Quhill he was past out of all pleid,
 He suld bene swyft that gat him

Throw speid

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

XVIII.

The town Soutar in *beirth* was bowdin ;
 His wyf hang in his waist :
 His body was with blude all browdin,
 He granit lyk ony gaisf ;
 Hir glitterand hair that wes full gowdin
 Sa hard in luif him laist,

That

That for hir faik he was na yowdin
 Sevin myle that he was chaift,
 And mair

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

XIX.

The Millar was of manlie mak,
 To meit him was na mowis,
 Thair durst na ten cum him to tak,
 Sa noytit he thair nowis.
 The buschment haill about him brak,
 And bikkerit him with bowis;
 Syn traytourlie behind his bak
 Thay hewit him on the howis

Behind

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

XX.

Twa that wer heidmen of the heird
 Ran apoun uder lyk rammis;
 Than followit feymen, richt unaffeird,
 Bet on with barrow trammis.
 And quhair thair gobbis wer ungeird,
 Thay gat upon the gammis,
 Quhyll bludy berkit was thair berd,
 As thay had wirreit lammis

Maiſt lyk,

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

XXI.

The wyffs keist up ane hiddwous yell
 Quhen all thir yunkeris yokkit;
 Als ferfs as ony fyre flauchts fell
 Freiks to the field thay flokket.
 The cairlis with clubs culd uder qnell,
 Quhyll blude at breifts out-bokkit.
 Sa rudely rang the commoun bell,
 Quhyll all the ſteipill rokket

For rerde

At Chryftis kirk, &c.

XXII.

Quhyn thay had beirit lyk baitit bullis,
 And brane-wode brynt in bailis,
 Thay wox als mait as ony mulis
 That mangit wer with mailis.
 For faintness tha forfochin fulis
 Fell doun lyk flauchtir-failis,
 Quhan fresche men come, and hailit the dulis,
 And dang thame doun in dailis

Bedene

At Chrystis kirk, &c.

XXIII.

Quhen all wes done, *Dik* with ane aix
 Cam furth to fell ane fudder;
 Quoth he, "Quhair ar yon hangit fmaiks
 Rycht now wald flane my bruder?"
 His wyf bad him ga hame, *Gib Glaiks*,
 And sua did *Meg* his muder:
 He turnit and gave them bayth thair paikis;
 For he durst ding na udir,

Men faid,

At Chrystis kirk on the grene.

No small pains have been taken to give here a correct edition of this celebrated poem. The most considerable of the various readings from the BANN. MS. and from Mr Pinkerton's edition of the MAITLAND, shall now be laid before the reader.

Christs-Kirk. If there was no church at, or village near St. Andrews, called Christs-kirk, or Cross-kirk, the author has perhaps given that name to the college church of St Salvator, a term which he might think unfit for a popular poem.

St. 1. *Falkland*, a small town in Fife, which fell into the possession of the Crown by the forfeiture of Murdoch, Earl of Fife, anno 1425, and was erected into a Royal burgh by James II. in 1458. So that in the reign of James I. probably it was not a place worthy of being distinguished in the manner we find it in this poem. The royal family might occasionally

occasionally reside there, but the charter of James II. proceeds upon a statement of the inconveniences sustained by the Nobility who came to visit him, for want of inn-keepers and victuallers.

Peblis at the Play. According to Lord Hailes, this expression refers to a more modern æra than that of James I. But, whatever may be the antiquity of the sports of Beltyne-fair at Peebles (on the first of May,) there is every reason to believe that they consisted chiefly of dancing round the May-pole, and weapon-schawing, or shooting with the bow and arrow. Beltane-fair must also have been, at that time, a great day for engaging servants, the hiring days at Selkirk in March, (O. S.) and at Hawick in May, not having been established even in 1599, as appears from an Edinburgh Kalendar for that year, prefixed to Smith's edition of Knox's psalms. Of course many a lad and lass went thither to "pledge their love and truth," as may indeed be gathered from the word Beltyne, or Beultyne; it being evidently compounded of the Dan. *bole*, to court or make love; or Belg. *boel*, a mistress or sweet-heart; and Dan. *tiden*, time. It was their *bellig time*, or wooing season. See *Glossary*.

It must, therefore, have been some extraordinary occurrence, or concourse of people at Christs-kirk, that could give occasion to its being compared to the Play at Peblis, or to the sports at the November fair of Falkland; and not surely a country wedding, as Allan Ramsay seems to have imagined, from the turn which he has given to the poem in his supplement. Since there really was an exhibition of Archery at St. Andrews on the occasion mentioned, we may well believe it was somewhat a-kin to the tournament of Barbour and Watson.

Some curious readers may perhaps be gratified with the following complete list of the Fairs held in Scotland in 1599:—

In *January*, Glasgow.—*February*, none.—*March*, St Mananis, Dunbarton, Langton, West Wemyss.—*April*, none.—*May*, Peebles, (the celebrated *Beltyne*, or *May-day*,) Kinnochar.—*June*, Lauder, St Johnstoun.—*July*, Linlithgow, Pittenweem, Cupar in Fife, Lanark, Auld Roxburgh.—*August*, Innerkeithen, St Andrews, Dunbarton, Selkirk, Dunblane, Dundee, Linlithgow. Kincairn of Neil, St Johnstoun.—*September*, Striviling, Dundee, Jedburgh, Craill, Linlithgow, Haddington, Leslie, Air.—*October*, Aiton in the Mers, Peebles, Lauder, Kinross, Rugland.—*November*, Edinburgh, FALKLAND, (to which Fair I suspect the 3d line of "*Christs Kirk*" alludes, rather than to any poem or ballad,) Dunbar, Cupar in Fife, Hamilton, Dunfermling, St Andrews, St Johnstoun, Peebles, Chirnside.—*December*, Aberdeen, West Wemyss.

St. I. l. 7. *Kitties in thair.* MAIT. MS. *Kittie in bir.* The young women, says Callendar, may have been called Kitties, from their playfulness like kittens; as the Dutch have *kattespel*, ludus hostilis, and in some of the preceding poems, *Kitties* mean loose women; whence *kutty-scool*. In Islandic *kate* signifies 'cheerfulness.'

St. 2. l. 3. *Raffal*, rae-fell, doe skin. Line 4. *straits*, probably not Morocco leather from the Straits of Gibraltar, but a kind of coarse woollen cloth, which we find mentioned by that name in several of the old English statutes. Neither probably does *Lincum*, or *lynkome* signify any cloth manufactured at Lincoln, but merely "linen;" which must also be meant by *linkom twyne* in our old Scottish song of *Robeyn's Jok*; unless we are to suppose that the bride-groom's shirt was of the same stuff as the woodman's woollen jacket of "Lincolne green," in *Spencer* (*Faerie Queen* VI. II. 5.) Besides, no one will believe that kirtles of woollen cloth could be "weill prest with mony plaits;" but a plaited linen shirt is a common phrase to this day. By Act 71 of James I. anno 1426, it was ordained, under a severe penalty, that "na hemp, *lint*, &c. be put near the fire, or abone the low;" so that linen may have been pretty commonly manufactured in Scotland; while, on the other hand, from 24th Henry VIII. cap. 4. it appears that the English brought "all or most of their linen cloth from other countries."

St. 3. l. 7. *Had sworn hir deid*. MAIT. "suld have bene deid."

St. 4. *Skrippit*. BANN. *skraipit*. Knox in his history says, "the Queen *skroppit* at him." Line 3. *Lusit*. MAIT. "luffit hir," which is better, if *luffit* here means (not loved, but) praised, as *Isl. lofa*, laudo; *lofan*, laudare. Line 7. *Schort gown*. Till the French taught us to wear our clothes short, the gown covering the knees was universally worn in Scotland. In an incursion of the Scots into England, Barbour represents them as being much surprised at the short dress of the English army. The importation at this time of two Queens with their attendants from France in the space of twelve months, must have contributed not a little to the introduction of French fashions. Line 8. *Rokkis*, distaffs. The line before quoted from *Lindsay's "Jousting of John Barbour"*, looks somewhat like an answer to this.

St. 5. *Towfsie*, surely the name of a woman. Line 5. *Lycht-futts*, quick dances; as if the poet had said, "He (the minstrell) left off playing Scottish reels, and, like a polite piper, in compliance with the French fashion, or in compliment to the Queen and her retinue, blew up the Morice dance. The MAIT. reads, "up the Moreis dance scho (viz. Towfsie) tuik."

St. 6. l. 3. *Renk* or *rynke*. Notwithstanding the A. S. *rine*, vir fortis, the word in this place may signify merely ring, boundary, or limits of the dancing ground; as it sometimes also signifies "race, course, and race ground." *Plat-futt*, the name of another dance. See an ancient list vol. I. p. 380. Gavin Douglas mentions, double *frangillis*, *gambottis*, *rounds*, *morisis*, *reland*. *Pavene*, or *paveyne*, occurs frequently.

St. 7. l. 2. *Dowfsie*. BANN. Downy; MAIT. Dowie; Gibson's edition Towfsie. I suppose her the same lady mentioned in stanza 5th, but

but her name spelt a little differently, to favour the alliteration with "druggit." Line 3. *Quo Jok*. MAIT. "quoth scho." Line 5. *He turnit and cleikit*. BANN. "The kensy cleikit." Kenfic, from A. S. *kene*, audax, and the termination *sic*. *Javell*, perhaps jape-well, a chattering noisy buffoon. *Cavell*, Mr Callendar contends ought to be kevel or gevel, from Gothic, *gafflack*, jaculi genus, but now signifying an iron crow or lever: probably rather a corruption of "karle," rustic fellow. If, however, the MAIT, "quo scho" should be preferred to "quoth Jok," *cavell*, by an easy stretch, may be drawn from Gael. *capul*, equa, fillok, young woman. Line 7. *Naithlie*, BANN. "her manly." A. S. *nithas* signifies 'homines,' and by some transcriber may have been translated 'manly,' but the true reading was probably *naithlie*, from A. S. *nithelice*, or Dan. *naidlig*, contentiously, spitefully, which agrees better with both the sense and sound. MAIT. reads "thair plai thane."

St. 9. l. 3. *Fowrwusly*, furiously. MAIT. "ferslye," for forfilie, or forsfullie. *Forgit*, pressed; a corruption of "forced;" according to Callendar, from Isl. *fergia*, premere, compingere.

St. 10. l. 1. *Hensour*. Celt. *beini*, strong young man. A. S. *hine*, heinfman, servus, famulus, domesticus, a family servant. In "The Houlat," the Red-breast is called the *heins-man*, probably in this sense, from the familiarity of its disposition.

St. 12. l. 4. *To wed ane weddir*. Surely not to wager or pledge a wedder, as explained by Mr Tytler; but, to lodge or fix a barb or *witter*, spelt "wedder" for the sake of alliteration. "Witter," a barb, probably originates from AS. *atter*, or Welch *qwydder*, venenum; because, it might often prove equally fatal with poison; or more simply from AS. *withen*, contra. Wed or weld, from AS. *weallan*, coquere, to incorporate or blend intimately, as if by boiling.

St. 13. Not in the BANN. MS. is here given from Mr Pinkerton's edition of the MAIT. Those of Bishop Gibson, Watson, and Callendar, are evidently faulty.

St. 14. l. 2. *Lyk friggis*, like freiks. MAIT. "with friggis," which seems obscure.

St. 15. l. 4. *Weil eschevit*, well escaped. BANN. "ill mischevit," sorely wounded. Line 5. *Ane wanis*, a wunning, or dwelling house. BANN. "within twa wainis," that is, says Mr Callendar, between two waggons. What sort of waggons had we in those days? From Act 59 of James II. 1456, we find that great merchandise was transported "in karris and fleddes," the former of which (still used) have the wheels and axle-tree fixed together; the latter have neither wheels nor axle-tree. The Saxon *waegen*, carrum, is supposed to have been a milita-

ry baggage cart with four wheels, which could not well be used in a hilly country, destitute of roads.

St. 16. l. 9. *I am flane*. MAIT. "Jouris," and in the 6th line "ja-couris" for *jangleuris*.

St. 17. l. 4. is l. 6. in the BANN. and has *sarar* instead of *fairer*.

St. 18. l. 1. *Beirth*, burden, incumbrance, charge. BANN. has "grief," and to correspond with it, *bowdin* has been explained "swoln;" but the want of alliteration is a strong objection. MAITLAND reads *breif*, which also appearing erroneous, I have ventured to change it to *beirth*, as a MS. th, if written somewhat after the Saxon manner, might easily be mistaken for the letter f. *Birth* or *beirth* occurs in Gawin Douglas; and synonymous words are Dan. *byrde*; Gael. *beirt*; Belg. *burde*; and A. S. *berthen*. *Bodin*, a most common word in the sense of "furnished or provided," (Dan. *buin*; Isl. and Sw. *boen*, *bodd*;) has been written *bowdin*, to rhyme better with *gowdin*, golden; *yowdin*, or according to the MAIT. *yoldin*, "tardy," from A. S. *ieldand*, *ieldean*, differrens; *yelding*, mora; and lastly with *browdin*, probably not embroidered, but clotted, besmeared, from A. S. *brode*, concretio.

St. 19. l. 4. *Nowtitit*, noyted, annoyed their *nowis*, or noses. Mr Tytler has substituted "powis," which would have been preferable, had the former word been *powtit*.

St. 20. l. 1. *Heids-men*. Both MSS. read "herds-men," but the other word is so common among such persons as are here described, that I could not resist the alteration, especially as it is sufficiently alliterative. Line 3. *Than followit fey-men*, i. e. keepers of *fey*, sheep-herds. MAIT. instead of these words has "with forsy freitis." In one instance Gawin Douglas uses *frate* for some kind of noise, but not such as here is meant.

St. 21. l. 5. *Carlis*. MAIT. "cavels," which is merely using the corruption instead of the proper word. Line 9. *Rerde*. BANN. "reid."

St. 22 l. 1. *Beirit*, brayed, clamoured. Line 2. *Brane-wode*, brenne-wood, wood for burning in *bales*, or bale-fires; now corrupted into bane or bone-fires. They were used as signals of an approaching hostile army; especially from the Borders northward, "when thair was anie wittering of a great English hoast." Dan. *braende*, fire-wood; and *braende-torf*, turf for fuel; so that *braen-wode* may have been a very common expression. Line 3. *Wox as mait*. MAIT. "were as meik." Line 5. *Faintness*. MAIT. "fatness." Line 7. *Halit the dulis*. The etymology is difficult, but the meaning plain: In the game of golf, as anciently played, when the ball reached the mark, the winner, to announce his victory, called, Hail dule! Line 8. Probably means "tumbled about, or overset those who had placed themselves round the bale-fires."

To favour the alliteration, a few antiquated words have been dragged into this poem; but, upon the whole, the language is not older than that of Sir David Lindsay.

As to the two additional stanzas which were published by Bishop Gibson, they are interpolations, beyond a doubt; and of modern date.

* * Two songs, the *Gaberlunzie-man* and the *Jolly Beggar* have also been ascribed to James V. but upon no authority more ancient than the Tea-Table Miscellany of Allan Ramsay, first published in 1724.—They are more likely to have been written of James V. than by him; and probably a century or more after his death. A Scottish farmer's daughter sleeping in *sheets*, and her father wearing a *hat*, must have been phenomena in the reign of James V. An English Act of Parliament, anno 1551, (twenty years after the supposed date of the *Gaberlunzie-man*.) mentions the manufacture of hats as just beginning to be carried on in Norwich, and seemingly no where else; and another Act, (of the year 1565,) proceeds upon a complaint from the makers of woollen caps, or bonnets, against the innovation of "hats, and other *strange commodities*." Surely they could not be known in Scotland before that time. The word "hat" occurs in Chaucer, but chiefly in descriptions of the dress of ecclesiastical persons, where it probably denotes an article which could have been of very little use to a farmer. For the antiquity of the *Jolly Beggar*, there appears no better authority.

THE

THE FREIRS OF BERWIK, A TALE.

[*This admirable Tale, which appears anonymously in both of the ancient Manuscripts, is thought by MR PINKERTON to be a work of DUNBAR; but the language seems more modern; at any rate, more delicate than what probably would have been used by DUNBAR in a performance of this sort. From its mentioning the Monasteries of Berwick as in full splendor, we may, however, suppose it to have been written before the dissolution, which took place in the year 1539; and apparently by the author of the Priests of Peblis. ALLAN RAMSAY, without any acknowledgement, gave it to the world in a modern dress under the title of the Monk and the Miller's Wife. The copy for this edition is compiled from MR PINKERTON'S 1786, collated with the BANNATYNE MS. which contains numberless variations.*]

AS it befell, and hapinit into deid,
Upon ane rever the quhilk is callit Tweid;
At Tweidis mouth thair stands ane noble toun,
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renoune,
And mony a lady bene fair of face,
And mony ane fresche lusty galand was.
Into this toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
Apoun the fey, thair standis nane it lyk,
For it is wallit weill about with stane,
And dowbil flankis castin mony ane.

And

And syne the castell is so strang and wicht,
 With staitelie towrs, and turrats hé on hicht,
 With kirkalis wrocht craftelie with all;
 The portculis most subtellie to fall,
 Quhen that thame list to draw thame upon hicht,
 That it may be into na mannis micht,
 To win that hous by craft or subtiltie.
 Quhairfoir it is maist fair alluterrlie;
 Into my tyme, quhairever I have bein,
 Most fair, most gudelie, most plesand to be sene.
 The toun, the castel, and the pleasand land;
 The sea wallis upon the uther hand;
 The grit Croce kirk, and eik the Mafon dew;
 The Jacobine of the quhyt hew,
 The Carmeletis, and the monks eik
 Of the four ordours war nocht to seik;
 Thay wer all into this toun dwelling.

So hapinit it in a May morning,
 That tua of thir quhyt Jacobine freiris,
 As thai wer wount and usit mony yeiris,
 To pass amang thair brether upaland,
 Wer send of thame best practisit and cunnand.
 Freir Allane and freir Robert the udder;
 Thir syllie freyrs with wyfis weil cowld gludder;
 Richt wounder weil plesit thai all wyvis.
 And tell thame tailis of halie Sanctis lyvis.

Quhill, on ene tyme, thai purpost till pass hame;
 Bot weyrie tyrit was and wet Freir Allane,
 For he was auld, and micht not now travel,
 And als he had ane littil spyce of gravel.
 Freyr Robert was young, and wounder hait of blude;
 And by the way he bure bayth clothis and hude,
 And all the geir; for he was strang and wicht.
 Be that it drew near toward the nicht;
 As thai war cummand to the toun weill neyr.
 Freyr Allan said than, 'Gude brother deir,

‘ It is so layt I dreid the yett be clofit ;
 ‘ And I am tyrit, and verry evil disposet
 ‘ To luge out of the toun ; bot gif that we
 ‘ In sum gude hous this nycht mot herbryt be.’
 Swa wunnit thair ane woundir gude hostillar
 Without the toun, intil ane fair manar ;
 And Symon Lawder was he callit be name.
 Ane fayr blyth wyfe he had, of ony ane ;
 Bot scho was sumthing dynk, and dengerous.
 Thir fillie freyris quhen thay cum to the house,
 With fair hailfing and bekking curtassie,
 To thame scho anserit agane in hie.
 Freyr Robert speirit efter the gudman,
 And scho agane answerit thame than ;
 ‘ He went fra hame, God wait, on Wednifday,
 ‘ Into the cuntré, to se for corne and hay,
 ‘ And uther thingis, quhairof we have neid.’
 Freyr Allane said, ‘ I pray grit God him speid,
 ‘ And sauf him found in till his travale.’
 Freyr Robert said, ‘ Dame fill ane stoip of aile,
 ‘ That we may drink, for I am wondir dry.’
 With that the wyf went furth richt schortly ;
 And fild the stoip, and brought in breid and cheifs ;
 Thay eit, and drank, and sat at thair awin eifs.
 Freyr Allane said to the gudwyf in hy,
 ‘ Cum heir, fayr dame, and sit yow doun me by.
 ‘ And fill this stoip agane, ainis to me ;
 ‘ For er we pairt full weill payit fall ye be.’

The freirs woxe blyth, and mirrie tales culd tell ;
 And ewin so thai hard the prayar bell
 Of thair awin abbay ; and than thai war agast,
 Becaus thai wist the yetts war lokit fast,
 That thai micht nocht fra thyn get enterie.
 The gudwyf than thai pray, for charité,
 To grant thame herberie thair that ane nicht.
 And scho to thame gaif answer on grit hicht,

‘ The

‘ The gudman is fra hame, as I yow tauld ;
 ‘ And God waitis gif I dar be so bauld
 ‘ To harbrie freyris into this hous with me.
 ‘ What wald Symon fay ? Ha *benedicite* !
 ‘ I trow I durst neir luik him in the face.
 ‘ Our deir Lady Mary keip fra sic cace !
 ‘ And saif me out of perel, and fra schame !’
 Than auld freyr Allane said, ‘ Na fair dame,
 ‘ For Godis luif heir me what I fall say ;
 ‘ Put ye us out, we will be deid or day.
 ‘ The way is evil, and I am tyrit and wett ;
 ‘ And, as ye knaw, it is now sa lait,
 ‘ That to our abbay we may nocht get in ;
 ‘ To caufs us perreifs bot help, ye wald haif grit fyn.
 ‘ Thairfoir of verry neid we mon byd still,
 ‘ And us commit haillie to your will.’

The gudwyf luikit at the freyris tuay ;——
 And, at the last, to thame thus can scho say ;
 ‘ Ye byd nocht heir, be him that us all coft,
 ‘ Bot gif ye list to lig up in yon loft
 ‘ The quhilk is wrocht into the hallis end,
 ‘ Ye fall find stray ; and clayths I fall you send ;
 ‘ Quhilk gif ye list, pas on bayth on feir ;
 ‘ For on no wayis repair will I haif heir.’

Hir madin than scho fendis on befoir,
 And bad thame wend withoutin wordis more.
 Thay war full blyth to do as scho thame kend :
 And up thay wend, richt in the hallis end,
 Intil ane loft was maid for corne and hay.
 Scho maid thair bed, and fyn went but delay ;
 Syne clofit the trap, and thai remenit still
 Into the loft, and had nocht all thair will.
 Freyr Allane liggis down as he best micht.
 Freyr Robert sayd, ‘ I hecht to walk this nicht :
 ‘ Quha wait perchance sum sport I may espy ?’
 Thus in the loft I lat the freyris ly.

And

And of this fayr wyff I will tellyne mair.
 Scho was full blyth that thai war clofin thair,
 For scho had made ane tryft, that samyn nicht,
 Freyr Johne hir luffis supper for to dicht.
 Thairfoir scho wald nane uther cumpany ;
 Becaus freyr Johne all nicht with hir sould ly :
 Quhilk duelland was within that nobill toun ;
 Ane gray freyr he was of greit renoun.
 He governit all the haly abbasy :
 Silver and gold he had abundantlie ;
 He had ane previe postroun of his awin,
 That he nicht usché, quhen him list, unknowin.

Thus into the toun I will him leven still,
 Bydand his tyme ; and turne agane I will
 To this fayr wyf, how scho the fyre culd beit :
 And thriftit on fat capouns on the speit ;
 And fat cunyngs to the fyre can lay,
 And bade hir madin, in all the haste scho may,
 To flawme, and turne, and rost thame tendyrlie.
 Syn till hir chalmer scho is went in hie.
 Scho cleithis hir in ane kirtil of fyne reid ;
 Ane quhyt curchey scho puttis upon hir heid.
 Hir kyrtil was of silk, her keyis gingling syne,
 Within ane proud purs the reid gold did schyne.
 On ilkane fyngar scho weirit ringis tuo :
 Scho was als proud as ony papingo.
 The burde scho cuverit with claith of costlie grein,
 The napry aboif wes wounder weill befene.
 Than but scho went to sie gif ony come,
 Scho thocht full lang to meit hir lufe freir Johum.

And ewin so freyr Johne knokit at the yet.
 His knock scho knew ; and in scho culd him lat,
 And wylcumit him in all hir best maneir.
 He thankit hir : and said, ‘ My awin luif deir,
 ‘ Thair is ane pair of bossis, gude and fyne,
 ‘ Thay hald ane galloun-full of Gaskon wyne.

‘ And

‘ And als ane payr of pertrikis new flane ;
 ‘ And als ane creill full of breid of mane.
 ‘ This have I brocht to yow, my sueit luif deir :
 ‘ Thairfoir I reid now that we mak gude cheyr.
 ‘ Sen it is so that Symon is fra hame ;
 ‘ I will tak ye hameliar heir now, dame.’

Scho fayis, ‘ Ye ar weill mayr welcum heir,
 ‘ Than Symon is, quhen that ye list appeir.’

With that scho smylit wounder lustelie :
 He thristis hir hand agane full previlie.

Thus at theyr sport I will thame levin still,
 Bydand their tyme ; and turne agane I will
 To tell yow of thir fillie freyris tuay,
 That liggit in the loft amang the stray.
 Freyr Allane still into the loft can ly.
 Freyr Robert had a little jelosy ;
 For in his hart he had ane persavin.
 And throw the burde he maid, with his botkin,
 A lytil hole on sic a wayis maid he,
 All that they did thair-doun he mycht weill se :
 And micht heir all that ever thay culd say.
 Quhon scho was proud, richt wounder fresche and gay
 Scho callit him baith hert, lemman, and luve,
 Lord God, gif than his curage wes aboif.
 So prelat lyk fat he intill his cheyre !
 Scho rounis than ane pistil in his eyre ;
 Thus sportand thame, and makand melodie.
 And quhen scho saw the supper was reddie,
 Scho gois, and coveris the burde anone ;
 And syne the payr of bossis hes scho tone,
 And set thame doun upon the burde him by.
 And ewin with that thay hard the gudman cry.
 He knokit at the yet and cryit fast.
 Fra thay him knew, thay war all sayr agast.
 And als freyr Johne was in a fellone afray ;
 And stertis up fast, and wald have bene away.

Bot all for nocht he micht na way get out.
 The gudwyf spak than, with ane visage stout,
 ' Yon is Symon that makis all this fray,
 ' That I micht now have thocht was weill away.
 ' I fall him quit, an I leif half a yeir,
 ' That hes merrit us in this maneir.
 ' Becaus for him we may not byd togidder ;
 ' I fair repent as now that we come hidder.
 ' For gif we war weil, he had bene away.'
 " Quhat fall I do, allace ;" the freyr can fay.
 " Into this case, lord, how fall I me beir ?
 " For I am schent and Symon fynd me heir.
 " I dreid me fair, and he cum in this innis,
 " And fynd me heir, that I los both my quhynniss."
 ' Perchance,' scho sayis, ' all cumis for the best.'
 ' I mon you hyd till he be brocht till rest ;
 Ane kneddin troche, that lay intill ane nuke,
 Wald hald ane boll of flour quhen that scho buik,
 Rycht intill it scho gart him creip in hy,
 And bad him lurk thair verry quyety.

Syne to hir madin spedilie scho spak,
 ' Ga to the fyre, and the meitis fra it tak.
 ' Be bisy als, and flokin out the fyre.
 ' Go cleir the burde ; and tak awa the chyre.
 ' And lok up all into yon almory ;
 ' Bayth meit, and drink, baith wyne and ale put by.'
 The cunnynge, caponis, and wyld fowlis fyne ;
 The mane breid als thow hyd it with the wyne.
 That being done, thow soupe the hous clein,
 That no liknes of feist-meits heir be fein.
 Than syn withoutten ony mair delay,
 Scho castis of her haill fresche array.
 And bounit hir richt till hir bed anone :
 And tholit him knock his fill, Symon.

Quhen he for knocking, tyrit was, and cryit ;
 About he went onto the tother syd,

Till ane windo wes at hir beddis heid ;
 And cryit, ‘ Alefoun awalk for Goddis deid !’
 And ay on Alefoun fast couth he cry.
 And at the last scho answert crabbitlie,
 ‘ Say quha be this that knawis sa weill my name?
 ‘ Go hens,’ scho says, ‘ for Symon is fra hame.
 ‘ And I will herbry no gaishtis heir, perfay.
 ‘ Thairfoir I pray yow to wend on your way ;
 ‘ For at this time ye may nocht lugit be.’
 Than Symon said, “ Fair dame, knaw ye nocht me?
 “ I am your Symon, and husband of this place.”
 ‘ Ar ye my spous Symon?’ scho said, ‘ Allace !
 ‘ Throw misknawlege almaist I had mis-gaine :
 ‘ Quha wend that ye sa late wald have cum hame?’
 Scho stertis up, and gettis licht in hy ;
 And oppinit than the yet full haistily.
 Scho tuik fra him his geir, at all devyis :
 Syne welcomit him on maist hairty wyis.
 He bad the madin kindil on ane fyre.
 “ And graith me meit, and tak ye all thy hyre.”
 The gudwyf said richt schortlie, ‘ Ye me trow,
 ‘ Heir is na meit that ganeand is for yow.’
 “ How sa fair dame? Ga get me cheis and breid ;
 “ And fill the stoip ; hald me na mair in pleid ;
 “ For I am tyrit, and verry wett and cauld.”
 Than up scho rais, and durst nocht mair be bauld :
 Bot coverit the burde ; thairon set meit in hy ;
 And syn cauld meit scho brocht delyverlie :
 Ane sowfit fute, and nolt scheip heid, haistely ;
 And fillit the stowp ; and fenyet to be blyth.
 Than satt he doun, and fwoir, “ Be Allhallow
 “ I fayr richt weill, had I but ane gud fallow.
 “ Dame eit with me, and drink gif that ye may.”
 Said the gudwyf, ‘ Devill inche cun I ;—nay.
 ‘ It war mair meit into your bed to be,
 ‘ Than now to sit desyrand cumpanie.’

The freyris tua, that in the loft can ly,
Thay hard him weill desyrand cumpany.
Freyr Robert said, ' Allane, gud brother deir,
' I wald the gudman wist that we war heir !
' Quha wait perchance sum better wald he fayr !
' For fickerlie my hart will ewir be fair
' Gif yon scheip heid with Symon birneist be ;
' And sa mekill gud cheir in yon almorie.'
And with that wourd he gave ane hoist anone.
The gudman heird, and speirit, " Quha is yon ?"
" Methink that thair is men into yon loft."
The gudwyf answerit, with wourdis soft,
' Yon ar your awin freyris brether tuay.'
Symon said, " Tell me quhat freyrs are thay ?"
' Yon is freyr Robert, and fillie freyr Allane,
' That all this day has gane with meikle pane.
' Be thay cam heir it was sa verray lait,
' Curfew was rounge, and clofit was thair yait.
' And in yon loft I gave thame harborye.'
The gudman said, " Sa God have part of me,
" Thay freiris tua ar hartlie wylcum hidder,
" Ga call thame doun, that we may drink togidder,"
The gudwyf said, ' I reid yow lat thame ly.
' Thay had levir sleip, nor sit in cumpanie.
' To drink, and dot, it ganis nocht for thame.'
" Lat be, fair dame, thay wourdis ar in vane.
" I will thame have, be Goddis dignitie !
" Mak no delay, bot bring thame doun to me."
The gudman said unto his madin thone,
" Go pray thame bayth to cum till me annone."
And sone the trap the maydin openit than,
And bad thame bayth cum doun to the gudman.
Freyr Robert said, ' Fair madin, be Sanct Jame,
' The gudman is full deirlye wylcum hame.
' And we fall cum anone, ye may him fay,
' Him for to pleis in all that euer we may.'

And

And with that wourde thai sterte up bayth anone,
 And doun the trop delyverly ar gone :
 Syne halfit Symon als sone as thay him se ;
 And he agane thame wylcumt hartfullie.
 He said, " Cum ben, my awin brether deyr !
 " And sit you doun, ye bayth, besyd me heir.
 " For I am now alane, as ye may se ;
 " Thairfoir sit doun, and beir me companie,
 " And tak your part of sic gude as we have."
 Freyr Allane said, ' Schyr, I pray God yow save !
 ' Heir is aneuche forfuth of Goddis gude.'
 Than Symon answerit, Be the halie rude,
 " Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold for me
 " For sum gude meit and drink amang us thre."
 Freyr Robert said, ' Quhat meitis wald ye crave ?
 ' Or quhat drink desire ye for to have ?
 ' For rycht mony fundry practiks feir
 ' Beyond the fey in Paris did I leir,
 ' Quhilk I wald preif, fchir, glaidlie for your saik,
 ' And for your damys, that harbrie cuth us maik.
 ' I tak on hand, and ye will counsale keip,
 ' That I shall gar yow have, or that ye sleip,
 ' Of all the best that is in this cuntrey ;
 ' And Gaskane wyne, gif ony in it be ;
 ' Or, be thair ony within ane hundreth myle,
 ' It fall be heir within ane lytil quhyle.'

The gudman mervalls meikill of this taill ;
 And said, " My hart will neir be haill,
 " Bot gif ye preif that practik, or we pairt,
 " Be quhatkin science, nigromanfy, or airt."
 Freyr Robert said, ' Of this ye have no dreid ;
 ' For I can do fer mair, and thair be neid.'
 Than Symon said, " Freyr Robert, I yow pray,
 " For my saik that science ye wald assay
 " To mak us sport." And than the freyr uprais,
 And tuke his buik, and to the flure he gayis.

And turnis it our, and reidis ane lyttil fpace ;
 Syne to the eist he turnit evin his face,
 And maid ane croce ; and than the freyr cuth lout,
 And to the west he turnit him evin about :
 Than to the north he turnt, and lukit down :
 And tuke his buke and faid ane orifoune.
 And ay his e was on the almery,
 And on the trouche, quhar that the freyr cuth ly.
 Than fat he doun, and kaist abak his hude ;
 He girnit, and he glourit, he gapt as he war woid.
 And quhylum fat still in ane studying ;
 And quhylum on his buik he was reyding.
 And quhylum bayth his handis he wald clap ;
 And uther quhyllis wald he glour and gaip.
 And on this wyfe he yeid the hous about,
 Weil twys or thrys ; and ay the freyr cuth lout
 Quhen that he came ocht neir the almerye.
 Thairat our dame had wounder grit invy ;
 For in hir hart scho had ane perfaveing
 That he had wit of all hir governing :
 Scho saw him gif the almerie sic ane straik.
 Ontill hirself scho faid, ‘ Full weill I wait
 ‘ I am bot schent ; he knawis all my thocht.
 ‘ Quhat fall I do ? Alace that I was wrocht !
 ‘ Get Symon wit it war my undoing.’
 Be that the freyr hes left his studeing ;
 And on his feit he stertis up full sture,
 And come agane, and faid, ‘ All-haill my cure
 ‘ Is done. Anone and ye fall have plentie
 ‘ Of meit and wyne, the best in this cuntrie.
 ‘ Quhairfoir, fair dame, get up delyverlie,
 ‘ And gang belyf unto yone almerie,
 ‘ And oppin it ; and se ye bring us syne
 ‘ Ane pair of bossis full of Gaskan wyne,
 ‘ Thay hald ane galloun and mair, that wait I weill :
 ‘ And bring us als the mayne breid in the creil.

‘ Ane

- ‘ Ane pair of cunnyngs, fat and het pypand,
- ‘ And ane pair of capouns fall ye bring fra hand ;
- ‘ Ane pair of pertrijs, I wait thair is no ma.
- ‘ And eik of pluvaris se that ye bring us twa.’

The gudwyf wist it was na variance :
 Scho knew the freyr had sene hir govirnance.
 Scho wist it was no bute for to deny :

With that scho yeid unto the almory.

And opent it, and than scho fand richt thoir

All that the freyr had spokin of befoir.

Scho stert abak, as scho war in effray ;

And fanyt hir ; and smyland cuth scho say ;

‘ Haly Benedicite ! Quhat may this mene !

‘ Quha evir afoir hes sic ane fairlie sene ?

‘ Sa grit a mervill as now hes happint here !

‘ Quhat fall I say ? He is ane haly freyr !

‘ He said full futh of all that he did say.’

Scho brocht all furth, and on the burde cowl lay,

Bayth meit, and breid, and wyne, withouttin moir ;

The capouns, cunnyngs, as ye have hard before,

Pertrikis and pluvaris befoir thame has scho brocht.

The freyr knew, and saw thair wantit nocht ;

Bot all was furth brocht, evin at his devyis.

Fra Symon saw it oppinnit on this wyis,

He had greit wounder ; and fueiris by the mone,

“ Freyr Robert has richt weil his devoir done.

“ He may be callit ane man of greit science,

“ So suddanlie that all this purviance

“ Hes brocht us heir, all throw his subtilté,

“ And throw his arte, and his philosophie.

“ It was in richt gude tyme that he came hidder.

“ Now fill the cop that we may drink togidder ;

“ And mak us cheir after this langsum day ;

“ For I have ridding a wounder wilsum way.—

“ Now God be lovit, heir is sufficiance

“ Ontill us all, thro his wyse governance !”

And

And with that wourde thay drank all round about
 Of the gude wyn; and ay thay playit cop out.
 Thay eit, and drank; and maid richt mirrie cheir
 With sangis loud, bayth Symon and the freyr;
 And on this wyse the lang nicht thay our draif;
 Thay wantit nothing that thay desyre to craif.
 Than Symone said to the gudwyf in hy,
 "Cum heir fair dame, and sett yow down me by;
 "And tak part of sic gude as we haif heir,
 "And hairtly, I yow pray, to thank the freir
 "Off his wondir grit besyness and cure
 "That he hes done to us upoun this flure;
 "And brocht us meit and drink haboundantlie;
 "Quhairfoir of richt we oucht mirry to be."
 Bot all thair sport quhen thai wer maist at eifs,
 Ontill our dame it micht hir nothing pleis.
 Uther thing now was more intill hir thocht;
 Scho wes so red, hir hart was all on floucht,
 Left throw the freyr scho fuld discoverit be.
 To him scho lukit oft tymis effeiritlie,
 And ay dispairit in hir hart was scho,
 That he had witting all hir purveynce to.
 Thus satt scho still, but wist in uther waine;
 Quhat euir thay say, scho lute them all allane.
 Bot scho drank with thame into cumpany
 With feinyeit cheir, and hert full wo and hevy.
 Bot thay wer blyth aneuch, God wait, and sang,
 For ay the wyne was raiking thame amang.
 Quhill at the last thay waxit blythe ilkone,
 Than Symon said onto the freyr anone,
 "I marvale meikle how that this may be!
 "Into schort tyme that ye, so suddainlie,
 "Hes brocht us heir so mony danteis deyr!"
 "Thairof have ye nocht fairlie," quoth the freyr;
 "I have ane page, full previe, of my awin;
 "Will cum to me quhen that I list, unknowin;

And

‘ And bring to me sic thing as I wald have.
‘ Quhat I so list, me neidis nocht to crave.
‘ Quhairfoir be blyth, and tak in pacience ;
‘ And traist weill I fall do diligence,
‘ Gif that yow list, or lykis to have more,
‘ He fall it bring, and that I fall stand fore,
‘ Incontinent that samyn fall ye se.
‘ Bot I protest that ye keip it previe ;
‘ Lat no man wit that I can do sic thing.’

Than Symon said, ‘ I sweyr be hevinis king

“ It sal be kepit counsale, as for me.

“ Bot, brother deir, your servand wald I see,

“ Gif that ye pleis, that we may drink togidder ;

“ For I want nocht gif ye may ay cum hidder,

“ Quhen that we list, or lyk sic feist as this.”

Than Robert says, ‘ Sua have I hevynnis blis,

‘ Yow to haif the sight of my servand,

‘ It can nocht be, ye fall weill understand ;

‘ Nor may ye se him graithlie in his awin kynd,

‘ Bot ye annone fowld go out of your mynd.

‘ He is so fowll and ugly for to se,

‘ I dar nocht aunter for to tak on me

‘ To bring him hidder heir into your sight,

‘ And naimly now, so lait into the nicht.

‘ Bot gif it war on sic a maner wyis,

‘ Him to translait into ane uther gyse,

‘ Fra his awin kind intill ane ither stait.’

Than Symon sayd, “ I mak na mair debait.

“ How ewir ye will, it lykis weil to me.

“ Bot, brother deir, fain wald I him se.”

Freyr Robert said, ‘ Sen that your will is so,

‘ Tell onto me, withouttin wourdis mo,

‘ Into quhat stait ye list that he appeir.’

Than Symon said, “ In lyknes of ane freyr.

“ In quhyte habite, sic as yourself can weir :

“ For colour quhyt it will to no man deir.

“ And

“ And ewill spreitts quhyte colour ay will fle.”
 Freyr Robert said, ‘ I say it may nocht be
 ‘ That he appeir intill our habite quhyt.
 ‘ For till our ordour it war grit dispyt,
 ‘ That ony sic unwourthy wicht as he
 ‘ Into our habite ony man fuld fe.
 ‘ Bot, gif it plesis yow that ar here,
 ‘ Ye fall him fe in lyknes of ane freyr,
 ‘ In habite blak, it was his kynd to weir.
 ‘ Into sic wys that he fall no man deir,
 ‘ Sua that ye do as I fall you devys,
 ‘ To hald you clois, and rewle you on this wys.
 ‘ Quhat sua it be that outhir ye se or heir,
 ‘ Ye speik nothing nor yit ye mak no steir:
 ‘ Bot hald ye clois, quhil I have done my cuir.
 ‘ And, Symon, ye man be upon the flure
 ‘ Neir besyd me, with staff into your hand,
 ‘ Have ye no dreid, I fall you ay warrand.’
 Than Symon said, “ I consent that it be sua.”
 Than up he stert, and tuik ane libberla
 Intill his hand, and on the flure he stert,
 Sumthing effrayt, thoch stalwart was his hert.
 Than Symon said onto Freyr Robert sone,
 “ Now tell me, maister, quhat ye will have done.”
 ‘ Nothing,’ he said, ‘ bot hald ye clois, and still;
 ‘ And quhat I do ye tak guid tent thairtill.
 ‘ And neir the dure ye hyd ye prevelie;
 ‘ And quhen I bid you stryk, stryk hardelie:
 ‘ Into the nek fe that ye hit him richt.’
 “ I warrand that,” quoth he, “ with all my micht.”

Thus on the flure I leif him standand still,
 Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will
 Till freyr Robert, that tuik his buik in hy,
 And turnit our the levis bissely,
 Ane full lang space, and quhen he had done swa,
 Towart the troch, withoutten wordis ma

He gais belyfe, and on this wyis said he,
 ‘ Ha ! how ! Hurlbass, now I conjure thé
 ‘ That up thow ryse, and syne to me appeir,
 ‘ In habite blak, in lyknes of ane freyr.
 ‘ Out fra this trouche, quhair that thow dois ly,
 ‘ Thow rax thee sone, and mak us no tary :
 ‘ Thow turne out of the trouche, that we may see ;
 ‘ And syn till us thow schaw thé openlie.
 ‘ And in this place se na man that thow greif ;
 ‘ Bot draw thy handis bayth into thy sleif,
 ‘ And pow thy cowl down owttour thy face ;
 ‘ Thow may thank God thow gettis sic a grace.
 ‘ Thairfoir thow turfs thé to thy awin refett,
 ‘ So this be done, and mak na mair debait.
 ‘ In thy depairting, fie thow mak no déray
 ‘ Unto no wycht, bot frely pás thy way.
 ‘ And in this place fé that thow cum no moir,
 ‘ Bot I command thé, and als charge as befoir,
 ‘ And ovr the stane, se that ye ga gude speid.
 ‘ Gif thow dois not, to thy awin perill beid.’

With that the freyr under the trouche that lay
 Raxit him sone, but his hart was in effray ;
 Than off the trouche he tumblit ovr the stane,
 And to the dure he schapis him to be gane :
 With ewill cheyr, and dreyrie countenance,
 For never befoir him happint sic ane chance.
 Bot quhen freyr Robert him saw gangand by,
 Than on Symon full lowdly couth he cry,
 ‘ Stryk, stryk hardelie, for now is tyme to thé.’
 With that Symon ane felloun flap leit flie ;
 With his burdoun he hit him in the nek ;
 He was so fers he fell attour the sek,
 And brak his heid upon ane mustard stane.
 Be that the freyr attour the stayr was gane,
 In sic ane wys he missit hes the trap ;
 And in ane myre he fell, sic wes his hap,

Was

Was fourtie fute on breid, under the steyr :
 Yet gat he up with cleithing nathing fair,
 Full drerilie upon his feet he stude,
 And throw the myre full smoitly than he yude.
 And on the wall he clame full haistely
 Was maid about, and all with stanis dry.
 Of that eschape in hart he wes full fane.
 Now he fall be richt layth to come agane.

With that freyr Robert stert about, and saw
 Quhair that the gudman lay so wounder law
 Apon the fluir ; and bleidand was his heid.
 He stert till him, and went he had bene deid ;
 And claucht him up, withouttin wourdis mair,
 And to the dure delyverly him bayr.
 And, for the wynd was blawand in his face,
 He sone ourcome, intill ane lytill space.
 And syn the freir has franit at him fast
 ‘ Quhat alit yow to be so fair agast ?’
 He said, ‘ Yon freir has maid me in effray.’
 ‘ Lat be,’ quoth he, ‘ the werst is all away ;
 ‘ And mak mirrie, and se ye murne na mair ;
 ‘ Ye have him striken quite out our the steyr.
 ‘ I saw him skip, and the futh can tell,
 ‘ Evin ovr the steyr intill ane myre he fell.
 ‘ Lat him now ga ; he is ane graceless gaisht :
 ‘ And to your bed ye bowne to tak your rest.’

Thus Symon’s heid upon the wall was brokin ;
 And ovr the steyr freyr Johne in myre has loppin,
 And tap ovr tail he fyld wes wounder ill :
 And Alefoune on na wayis gat hir will.
 This is the story that happint of that freir.
 No moir thair is, bot Christ us keip most deir.

There

There are but few words in this poem that require any more particular explanation than what may be found in the Glossary; and, to put down *all* the variations of the BANN. MS. from Mr Pinkerton's edition of the MAIT. would occupy at least half as much room as the poem itself. Suffice it to say, that the BANN. has in general been preferred, chiefly because it does not run so smooth as the MAIT.—a pretty sure mark of superior antiquity. It seems also more correct; and consequently is more intelligible. The recovery of a considerable number of additional lines in various parts of the Tale, will afford no small gratification to the curious reader.

It is necessary to remark, that Mr Pinkerton seems to be mistaken in the profession of the landlord. According to every appearance, Symon Lawder (BANN. "Lawrear") is not a farmer, but an inn-keeper or *hostellar*. A farmer, in those days, was by no means likely to have occasion for hay and corn in the month of May; nor to go *into the country* to buy necessaries; nor is it credible that his wife would be clothed in silk and silver stuff, with the "red gold shining through her proud purse;" nor, lastly, that she would have hearkened to the offer of payment from the poor friars for their two pots of ale, without a disdainful rejection. The whole of her gaudy trappings bespeak her the mistress of an inn; and the knedding trough that held a boll of meal conveys a good idea of the extent of her business.

James I. upon his return from England in 1424, found it necessary, among his very first acts, to ordain that, "in all burrow townes and through-fares, there should be hostillares havand stables and chalmers, and bread and aile, and all uther fude, als well to horse as men, for reasonable price, after the chaipes of the countrey." In what manner travellers were accommodated before that period, we may partly guess from the statute of David II. (about 1360) which enacted that, "quhen onie travellers cum at evin, before nicht, to onie mans house in thair way, thay fall desyre herberie fra him; but thay fall not desyre meat nor drink violentlie, or above his power, but fall receave willingly quhatever the maister of the land gives or commands to be given to them. And gif onie, quha be ordenaunce of the Lord of the ground is commanded to receave strangers in herberie, casts furth or ejects onie of them to the dore, and causes them to fast without the house, he fall give to his maister *ane Cow*." From this we learn, that hostelries were at that time unknown in Scotland; and that strangers were not admitted within the gates of the maister of the ground, but were billeted upon his dependents, who appear to have lived around him, not properly as farmers, but as *house-bound men*; that is, men who for the consideration of a house, and liberty of pasturage for a few cat-

tle, were obliged to entertain all way-faring people, as well as to labour his ground; whence the term *housse-bound*, or *bus-bund* man came gradually to be synonymous with "labourer;" in several of the other languages of Gothic origin, *busbonda*, or *bonda*. To this day, in the South of Scotland, a cotter, or cottager, who engages to labour in harvest, instead of paying rent to the farmer, is said to be *bund* for his *housse*.

This mode of entertaining strangers, appears to have been severely felt by the husband-men in the twelfth century; for the 38th stat. of King William, *anno* 1165, ordains that "both kirkmen and *husband* men " in future sall be kept fra all oppressions and burdings, (all that is implied by *ab omni jugo & onere servitutis*,) with the quhilk thay have " bene trubled in tyme bygane; and that na man be herberit upon " them to the destruction of them and their gudes." The same practice, however, must have continued with little or no interruption until *hostallers* or inn keepers were introduced by James I. In order to establish these with greater facility, he prohibited burgeses " to lodge strangers " or travellers fra time that the hostillaries be made, under the pain of " forty shillings." The reader will excuse the length of this note, when he is informed that the composition of the words *husband* and *husbandman* seems to have been a *stumbling block* to the etymologists. Junius goes near to make it signify a mason, from the Dutch *boeven*, to build; while others have thought the word implied "men who were bound to the house, or to the land," like the slaves of Poland or Russia. See *Glossary*.

Main bread, and bread of *mane*, occurring in this Tale, is said by the learned editor of the Maitland Poems, to signify the chief bread, the *main* bread; as we say the *main* point, *main* chance, &c. from Islandic *magn*, vis, potentia; and the author of a dictionary called *Promptuarium Parvulorum*, it seems, translates *payne mayne*, panis vigoris; having, no doubt, the same Northern word in his view. This definition, however, is not satisfactory; for still the question recurs, Why was it called Bread of Might? *Main*, *mayne*, or *magn*, affords no ground to suppose that either eggs, milk, or butter entered into the composition: nor is it probable that Chaucer would have called it *pain de mayne*, if he had known the word to be of Northern origin: nor would Lindsay of Pitcottie have classed it between wheat bread and ginger bread, if it possessed no other excellence but *main* or superior whiteness. I think it must rather mean Almond biscuit; in Fr. *pain d'amand*; Belg. *amandel biskuyt*; Germ. *mand bred*; an article which we may well suppose was not wanting at the Earl of Athole's splendid entertainment to James V.; particularly as Lindsay mentions "cunning baxters, with confections and druggs for their deserts."

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

*This elegant writer having been educated at Oxford, and spent almost his whole life in England : or, at least, not having returned into Scotland, it remained long a question among biographers, to which of the two countries he belonged. The editors of the Biographia Britannica seem now to have decided the point in favour of the latter country, upon the testimony of a co-temporary author, Dr. William Bulleyn, who lived many years in the northern counties of England, and seems to have been well acquainted with Barclay and his writings. In a dramatic dialogue which he published in 1564, he takes occasion to describe a certain column, where the Muses are represented sitting at the foot of Parnassus, surrounded by Greek, Roman, and English poets. Barclay is there introduced “ in a hoopyng russet long coat, with
“ a prettie hood in his neck, and fine knots upon his gir-
“ dle, after Francis’s tricks. He was born beyond the
“ cold river Tweed ; and lodged upon a sweet bed of
“ camomile, under the cinnamon tree ; about him many
“ shepherds and sheep, with pleasant pipes ; greatly ab-
“ horring the life of courtiers, &c.” This evidence seems conclusive : but the same editors observe farther, that
“ as much might indeed have been gathered from an at-
“ tentive perusal of Barclay’s own works.” In one pas-
sage he laments the death of his Mæcenas, or patron, MORTON ; with respect to whom, the first conjecture leads us naturally to a nobleman of that name, viz. John, the second Earl.—In another piece, written when Barclay must have been young, he introduces such a fervent encomium upon James IV. as could have come only from the pen of some one who was well acquainted with the person and character of that Monarch, and eager*

to apologise for the poverty of his kingdom ; neither of which can be supposed of an Englishman who had just returned from finishing his education upon the continent, and about the age of 25 had translated into English verse a work of 500 folio pages, in which this passage occurs. Scotland therefore seems to have the honour of giving birth to one of the first and greatest refiners of the English language ; for the works of Barclay, in smoothness of versification, and correctness of phraseology, surpass those of his co-temporaries much farther than he himself was soon afterwards surpassed by SURRY. By the way, there is some ground to suspect, from Barclay's first original Eclogue, that he lay under some particular obligations to the Duke of NORFOLK. It appears to have been finished about the year 1517 ;—within four years after the battle of Flowden ; and Hawarde, (the Admiral,) is there represented as having “ contended to
 “ entre by worthy acts of Chivalrie, into the Towre of
 “ Vertue and Honour !” Probaby Barclay did not think fit to return to his native country after having written such a flattering eulogy on one of the family of the Howards.

Barclay produced only one other original composition, which is here, for the first time, classed among the works of his countrymen and co-temporaries, and merits attention, from its being the First Eclogue that appeared in England, in the language of the country, although sixty years posterior to Henderson's *Pastoral of Robene and Makyne*. His translations are, *Three other Eclogues*, “ On the Miseries of Courteours,” from the Latin of Eneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II. “ The Mirrour of good Manners,” (about 1527,) from Dominyke Mancyn ; both of which are sometimes found in the same volume with his earliest and greatest work, “ The Ship of Fools,” translated about 1507 from the “ *Navis Stultifera*” of Seb. Brandt ;

Brandt; in the argument to which, Barclay mentions himself as belonging to the College of St Mary-Otorie, (in the county of Devon); and in that of the "Mirrour," as Priest and Monk of Ely. Willis, in his History of Mitred Abbies, reports, that in 1546, Barclay being then Doctor of Divinity, was presented to the Vicarage of Much-Badew, in the county of Essex: So that our author seems to have understood how to temporise with the changes of religion which took place about that period. He is said to have died in the year 1552, and to have been buried in the church of Croydon, in Surry.

EGLOGUE OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY, ENTITULED AMINTAS AND FAUSTUS, OF THE DISPUTATION OF CITIZENS AND MEN OF THE COUNTRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN colde January when fire is comfortable,
 And that the fieldes be nere intollerable,
 When shepe and pastours leaveth felde and folde,
 And draw to cotes for to eschue the colde;
 What time the verdure of ground and every tree,
 By frost and stormes is private of beautee,
 And every small birde thinketh the winter longe,
 Which well appeareth by ceasing of their songe.
 At this same season two herdes freshe of age
 At time appointed met both in one cotage,
 The first hight Faustus, the seconde Amintas,
 Harde was to knowe which better husbande was,
 For eche of them both set more by his pleasour
 Then by aboundaunce of riches or treasour.
 Amintas was formall and proper in his geare,
 A man on his cloke should not espye a heare,

Nor

Nor of his clothing one wrinkle stande a wry,
In London he learned to go so manerly.
High on his bonet stacke a fayre brouche of tinne,
His purses lining was simple, poore and thinne :
But a lordes stomake and a beggers pouche
Full ill accordeth, fuche was this comely flouch.
In the towne and citie so longe ietted had he,
That from thence he fled for det and povertie,
No wafrer, taverne, alehouse or taverner,
To him was there hid while he was hosteler.
First was he hosteler, and then a wafrer,
Then a costermonger, and last a taverner ;
About all London there was no proper prim
But long time had bene familier with him ;
But when coyne fayled, no favour more had he,
Wherfore he was glad out of the towne to flee.
But shepheard Faustus was yet more fortunate,
For alway was he content with his estate.
Yet nothing he had to comfort him in age,
Save a milch cowe and a poore cotage.
The towne he used, and great pleasour he had
To see the citie oft time while he was lad.
For milke and butter he thither brought to sell,
But never thought he in citie for to dwell ;
For well he noted the mad enormitie,
Envy, fraude, malice and fuche iniquitie
Which reigne in cities, therefore he led his life
Uplande in village without debate and strife.
When these two herdes were thus together met,
Having no charges nor labour them to let,
Their shepe were all sure and closed in a cote,
Themselves lap in litter pleasauntly and hote.
For costly was fire in hardest of the yere,
When men haue mosse nede then euery thing is dere.
For passing of time and recreation,
They both delited in communication ;

Namely

Namely they pleaded of the diverfitie
 Of rurall husbandes and men of the citie.
 Faustus accused and blamed citizens,
 To them imputing great faultes, crime and fins :
 Amintas blamed the rurall men agayne,
 And eche of them both his quarell did maynteyne ;
 All wrath despised, all malice and ill will
 Cleane layde apart, eche did rehearse his skill :
 But first Amintas thus to speake began,
 As he which counted himselfe the better man,

THE ECLOGUE.

AMINTAS.

THE winter snowes, all covered is the ground,
The north wind blowes sharpe and with ferefull sound,
The long ice ficles at the ewis hang,
The streame is frosen, the night is cold and lang.
Where botes rowed nowe cartes have passage,
From yoke the oxen be losed and bondage.
The plowman resteth avoyde of businesse,
Save when he tendeth his harnes for to dresse ;
Mably his wife sitteth before the fire
All blacke and smoky clothed in rude attire,
Sething some grewell, and sturring the pulment
Of pease or frument, a noble meat for Lent.
The summer season men counted nowe laudable
Whose fervour before they thought intollerable,
The frosty winter and wether temperate
Which men then prayfed they nowe disprayse and hate,
Colde they desired, but nowe it is present
They braule and grutche, their mindes not content.
Thus mutable men them pleased can not holde,
At great heat grutching, and grutching when it is colde.

FAUSTUS.

All pleasour present of men is counted small,
Desire obtayned some counteth nought at all ;
What men hope after that semeth great and deare,
At light by distaunce appeareth great and cleare.

AMINTAS.

Eche time and season hath his delite and toyes ;
Loke in the stretes beholde the little boyes,

Howe

Howe in fruite season for joy they sing and hop,
 In Lent is eche one full busy with his top,
 And nowe in winter, for all the greevous colde,
 All rent and ragged a man may them beholde.
 They have great pleasour, supposing well to dine,
 When men be busied in killing of fat swine,
 They get the bladder and blowe it great and thin,
 With many beanes or peason put within;
 It ratleth, foundeth, and shineth clere and fayre.
 While it is throwen and caste up in the ayre,
 Eche one contendeth and hath a great delite
 With foote and hande the bladder for to smite;
 If it fall to grounde they lifte it up agayne;
 This wise to labour they count it for no payne,
 Renning and leaping they drive away the colde.
 The sturdie plowmen lustie, strong and bolde
 Ouercommeth the winter with driving the foote ball,
 Forgetting labour and many a grevous fall.

FAUSTUS.

Men labour forer in fruiteles vanitie
 Then in fayre workes of great utilitie;
 In suche trifles we labour for damage,
 Worke we despise which bringeth advauntage.

AMINTAS.

Touching their labour it can not me displease,
 While we be in rest and better here at ease
 In the warme litter, small payne hath little hire;
 Here may we wallow while milke is on the fire;
 If it be crudded, of bread we nede no crome,
 If thou bide, Faustus, thereof thou shalt have some.

FAUSTUS.

Winter declareth harde nede and povertie,
 Then men it feleth which have necessitie.
 Truely Amintas I tell thee mine intent,
 We fonde yong people be muche improvident,

We stray in summer without thought, care or hede,
 Of suche thinges as we in winter shall have nede.
 As soone as we heare a bagpipe or a drone,
 Then leave we labour, there is our money gone.
 But when the north winde with stormes violent
 Hath brought colde winter poore wretches to torment,
 And voyde of leaves is every bough and tree,
 That one may clerely the empty nestes see.
 Then is all our woll and lambes gone and solde,
 We tremble naked and dye almost for colde;
 Our shoulders all bare, our hose and showes rent,
 By rechlesse youth thus all is gone and spent.
 This commeth for want of good provision,
 Youth dayneth counsell, scorning discretion.
 When pouertie thus hath caught us in hir snare,
 Then doth the winter our mad folly declare.
 Nowe truely Amintas I tell to thee my mate,
 That towne dwellers live greatly more fortunate;
 And somewhat wiser be they also then we,
 They gather treasour and riches in plentie;
 They spoyle the lambes and foxes of their skin
 To lap their wombes and fat sides therein;
 In lust, in pleasour, and good in aboundaunce
 Passe they their liues, we have not suffisaunce.

AMINTAS.

The men of the earth be fooles eche one,
 We poore shepheardes be not to blame alone;
 More folly vexeth the men of the citie,
 I graunt us ouersene, they madder be then we.
 Though I long season did in the citie dwell
 I favour it not, troth dare I boldly tell.
 Though citizens be of living reprovabell,
 Yet fortune to them is muche more favourable.
 Fortune to them is like a mother dere,
 As a stepmother she doth to us appeare.

Them

Them she exalteth to honour and richesse,
 Us she oppresseth in care and wretchednesse.
 What is vayne fortune but thing vituperable !
 An unhappy madnesse, unworthy and unstable !

FAUSTUS.

No doubt Amintas let me be fortunate,
 And then shall I soone become a great estate ;
 My coyne shall encrease, then shortly shall I be
 Called to office to governe a citie ;
 All men shall heare me and geve to me credence,
 The commontie bare head shall do me reuerence ;
 All other rulers, lowe men and commontie
 Shall gladly desire to have advise of me.
 If I be happy and fortune on me smile,
 Thus shall I ascende and mounte within a while.
 Aske thou of Cornix, declare to thee he can,
 Howe coyne more then cunning exalteth every man.

AMINTAS.

O Faustus Faustus, thou erres from the way,
 This is not fortune, full little do she may.
 Though I myselfe rehearsed but lately,
 That fortune hath might a man to magnifie,
 I kept the opinion of witleffe commontie,
 And grounded myselfe on none auctoritie.
 It is not fortune which graunteth excellence,
 True honour is wonne by vertue and sapience.
 If men get honour by worldly pollicy,
 It is no honour, but wretched misery.
 God maketh mightie, God geveth true honour
 To godly persons of godly behaviour.
 God first disposed and made diuersitie
 Betwene rude plowmen and men of the citie,
 And in what maner Cornix thine owne mate
 As we went talking recounted to me late.

FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

What tolde thee Cornix, tell me I thee pray ;
 He had good reason suche thinges to convay,
 His wit was pregnaunt, no reason did he want,
 But truth to declare his money was but scant.
 But what then ? some man hath plentie of cunning
 Which hath of riches small plentie, or nothing.

AMINTAS.

In hearing my tale if thou have thy delite,
 Then take some labour, for nowe is good respite.
 Faustus arise thou out of this litter hote,
 Go see and visite our wethers in the cote.
 Arise, go and come, thou art both yong and able,
 After great colde heate is more comfortable.
 Go man for shame, he is a slouthfull dawe
 Which leaveth profite for pleasour of hote strawe.

FAUSTUS.

Thinke not, Amintas, that Faustus hath disdayne ;
 Go do thy pleasour, I shall refuse no payne.
 Loke here Amintas, Lorde benedicite,
 The colde snowe reacheth higher then my knee.
 Scant may the houses suche burthen well susteyne,
 Lesse hurte is tempest and sodayne storme of rayne ;
 On toppe of the chimney there is a heape of snowe
 So hye extending our steple is more lowe.
 The snowe is so white, and the funne so bright,
 That playnly Amintas amased is my sight.

AMINTAS.

Geve to the beastes good rowen in plentie,
 And stoppe all the holes where thou canst faultes see.
 Stop them with stubble, eft daube them with some clay
 And when thou hast done, then come agayne thy way.
 Nought is more noysome to flocke, cotage nor folde,
 Then soden tempest and unprovided colde.—

What nowe already frende Faustus here agayne !
 By short conclsion bad worke apeareth playne.

Thy

Thy coming agayne me thinke is all to soone
Ought to have ended, or profite to have done.

FAUSTUS.

This comberous wether made me more diligent.
I ran all the way both as I came and went;
And there I sped me and toke the greater payne,
Because I lightly would be with thee agayne,
After great colde it is full swete, God wot,
To tumble in the strawe or in the litter hot.
Nowe be we Faustus in hay up to the chin,
Fulfill thy promise, I pray thee nowe begin.
Tell the beginning of the diversitie
Betwene rurall men and men of the citie,
I knowe the reason and talking of Cornix,
But since I him sawe be passed yeres fixe.
His jocunde jestes made me ofte time full glad,
Our first acquayntaunce was when I was a lad:
Now speake my Amintas, and I shall holde me still
Till thou have ended and spoken all thy will.

AMINTAS.

This great difference and first diversitie
Betwene rurall men and them of the citie,
Began in this wise as Cornix to me tolde,
Whiche well coulde common of many matters olde.
First when the worlde was founded and create,
And Adam and Eve were set in their estate,
Our Lorde conjoined them both as man and wife,
To live in concorde the season of their life,
And them commaunded mankinde to multiply,
By generation to get them progeny.
They both obeyed this swete commaundement
With faythfull heartes and labour diligent.
But would to Jesu they had bene wise and ware
From that fatall fruit which kindled all their care.
But to my purpose: first Eve had children two,
A sonne and a daughter, our Lorde disposed so.

And

And so, yere by yere, two twins she brought,
When man assisteth, God worketh not for nought.
By suche maner these two did them apply,
The worlde to fulfill, encrease and multiply.
At the laste our Lord at ende of fiftene yere
To Eve our mother did on a time appeare,
And in what maner nowe heare me, Faustus :
Adam on the fielde foorth with his wethers was,
His flocke then he fed without all dread and feare,
Then were no wowers him nor his wife to deare.
He was not troubled that time with jelousie,
Then was no body to do that villany,
No horned kiddes were living at that time ;
Long after this began this cursed crime.
Then was no cucko betwene the east and west
To lay wrong egges within a straunge nest.
Then none suspected the living of his wife,
Wedlocke was quiet and pleasaunt without strife.
But after when people began to multiply
Then fyrst was kindled the flame of jelousy ;
For that man committeth fore dredeth he againe,
Fraude feareth falshode, suspecting oft in vayne.
A these suspecteth all men of felony
Breakers of wedlocke be full of jelousy.
And therfore all suche as with the sworde do strike,
Feare to be served with the scaberd like.
Thus while that Adam was pitching of his folde,
Eve was at home, and sat on the thresholde,
With all hir babes and children hir about,
Eyther on hir lappe, within or els without.
Nowe had she pleasour them colling and bassing ;
And eft was she busy them lousing and keming,
And busy with butter for to annoynt their necke,
Sometime she mused them pleasauntly to decke.
In the meane time while she was occupied,
Our Lorde drawing nere she sodenly espied,

Anone

Anone she blushed, revolving in hir minde,
That if our Lorde there should all those babes finde
So soone engendred, suppose he nedes must,
That it was token of to great carnall lust.
And all ashamed, as fast as euer she might,
She hasted and hid some of them out of sight.
Some under hay, some under strawe and chaffe,
Some in the chimney, some in a tubbe of draffe.
But suche as were fayre, and of their stature right,
As wise and subtill reserved she in sight.
Anone came our Lorde unto the woman nere,
And hir saluted with swete and smiling chere,
And saide : O woman ! let me thy children see.
I come to promote eche after his degree.
First was the woman amased nere for drede ;
At laste she commaunded the eldest to procede,
And gaue them comfort to haue audacitie ;
Though they were bolder, and doubted lesse than she.
God on them smiled, and them comforted so,
As we with whelpes and birdes use to do ;
And then at the laste, to the moste olde of all,
He saide : Have thou scepter of rowme imperiall ;
Thou art the eldest, thou shalt have most honour,
Justice requireth that thou be Emperour.
Then to the seconde he saide : It is seming
That thou be vaunced to the honour of a king.
And unto the thirde he gaue suche dignitie,
To gide an army, a noble duke to be,
And saide : Have thou here harde yron and armour ;
Be thou in battayle a head and governour.
And so forth to other, as they were in degree,
Eche he promoted to worthy dignitie.
Some made he earles, some lordis, some barons,
Some squires, some knightes, some hardy champions ;
And then brought he forth the cepter and the crown,
The sworde, the pollax, the helme and haberjown ;

The

The streamer, standard, the ghetton and the mace,
The speare and the shielde, nowe Eve had great folace;
He gave them armour, and taught them pollicy
All thing to governe concerning chivalry.
Then made he judges, majors and governours,
Marchauntes, shiriffes, and other protectours;
Aldermen, burgeses, and other in degree,
After the custome of court and of citie.

Thus all the children then being in presence,
He set in honour and rowme of excellence,
Oft time revolving and turning in his minde
The caduke honours belonging to mankinde.
In the meane season, Eve very joyfull was
That all these matters were brought so well to passe;
Then flewe she in haste for to have pleasour more,
And them presented whom she had hid before,
And unrequired, presenting them, saide she,
O Lorde! these also my very children be.
These be the fruite also of my wome,
Did for shamefastnesse within my house at home.
O Lorde moste mightie, hye father, creatour!
Withsave to graunt them some office of honour.
Their heere was rugged, poudred all with chaffe;
Some full of strawes, some other full of draffe;
Some with cob webbes and dust were so arayde,
That one beholding on them might be afrayde.
Blacke was their colour, and bad was their figure,
Uncomely to sight, mishapen of stature.
Our Lorde not smiled on them to shewe pleasaunce,
But saide to them thus with troubled countenaunce:
Ye smell all smoky, of stubble and of chaffe;
Ye smell of the ground, of wedes, and of draffe;
And after your sent, and tedious favour,
Shall be your rowmes and all your behaviour.
None can a pitcher turne to a silver pece,
Nor make goodly filke of a gotes flece;

And

And harde is also to make withouten fayle
 A bright two hande sworde of a cowes tayle.
 No more will I make, howbeit that I can,
 Of a vile villayne a noble gentleman.
 Ye shall be plowmen and tillers of the grounde,
 To payne and labour shall ye alway be bounde.
 Some shall kepe oxen, and some shall hogges kepe,
 Some shall be threshers, some other shall kepe shepe.
 To digge and to delve, to hedge and to dike.
 Take this for your lot, and other labour like.
 To drudge and to drivell in workes vile and rude,
 This wise shall ye live in endlesse seruitude,
 Reaping and mowing of fodder, grasse and corne;
 Yet shall towne dwellers oft laugh you unto scorne.
 Yet some shall we graunt to dwell in the citie,
 For to make puddinges, and butchers for to be,
 Coblers or tinkers, or els costarde jagers,
 Hostlers or daubers, or droupy water lagers,
 And suche other sorte whose dayly businesse
 Passeth in workes and labour of vilenesse;
 To stoupe and to sweate, and subject to become,
 And neuer to be ridde from bondage and thraldome.

Then brought our Lord to them the cart and harowe,
 The gade, the whip, the mattoke & the whelebarowe,
 The spade, the shouell, the forke and the plough,
 And all suche tooles, then bad he them be tough,
 And neuer to grutche at labour nor at payne,
 For if they so did, it should be thing in vayne.
 Thus saide the father and Lorde omnipotent,
 And then he ascended up to the firmament.
 Thus began honour, and thus began bondage,
 And diuersitie of citie and village,
 And servile labour first in the worlde began,
 Demaunde of Cornix, declare the truth he can,
 This tolde me Cornix which wonned in the fen,
 I trust his saying before a thousande men.

FAUSTUS.

Is this the matter prayfed of thee fo fore?
 A ftrawe for fables, I fet by them no ftore!
 It were a marvell if Cornix matter tolde
 To laude of fhepheardes, or plowmen to upholde.
 He dwelled in the towne, and helde with the citie,
 Till nede him moved, as it hath driven thee.
 When none of you doth dare to the towne reforte,
 Among us fhepheardes yet finde ye here comfort;
 So both thou and he be greatly for to blame,
 To eate our vitayle, and then to hurt our name.
 The yong men of townes to mocke us have a gife,
 Naught els can they do, fave lies to devife.
 This vayne invention and foolifhe fayned fable
 Agaynst rurall men they have delite to bable,
 And nought they afhame, as blinde wretches unwife,
 Of God Almighty fuche leafinges to devife.
 This fcorvy fcoffing declareth openly
 Agaynst rurall men rebuke and injury.
 But thou art fo rude, thy paunch is fo fatte,
 Agaynst thine owne felfe thou bufy art to chatte,
 Allthof this fame jeft is thy rebuke and blame,
 Thy dulledd reason can not perceyve the fame.
 But I fhall prove thee that rurall people be
 More wife and noble then they of the citie;
 And that the citie is full of fraude and ftife,
 When we in village have good and quiet life.

AMINTAS.

I pray thee Faustus herefore be thou not wroth,
 To have difpleafour of thee I were right loth;
 I thought no mauger, I tolde it for a bourde;
 If I had knowen, I would have faid no worde:
 But fay thy pleafour, nowe tell foorth thy fentence,
 And I fhall heare thee with fober pacience.

FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

I shall not deny our payne and servitude,
I knowe that plowmen for the most part be rude.
Now shall I tell thee high matters true and olde,
Which curteous Candidus unto me once tolde.
Nought shall I forge, nor of no leasfing bable,
This is true history, and no surmised fable.

At the beginning of thinges first of all,
God made shepheardes, and other men rurall ;
But the first plowman and tiller of the grounde
Was rude and sturdie, disdayning to be bounde.
Rough and stubborne, and Cayn men did him call ;
He had of mercy and pitie none at all.
But like as the grounde is dull, stony and teugh,
Stubborne and heavy, rebelling to the pleugh.
So the first plowman was strong and obstinate,
Frowarde, felse willed, and mover of debate :
But the first shepheard was meke and nothing fell,
Humble as a lambe, and called was Abell.
A shepe geveth milke, and little hath of gall,
So this good Abell had none ill will at all.
No shepheard founde him injurious nor wrong,
Induring his life while he was them among ;
And ofte of his flocke made he good sacrifice,
Of calfe or lambes, suche as were moſte of price :
And of fat wethers the best not spared he,
To honour our Lorde, and please his deitee.
Thus had he favour with God omnipotent,
So pleasing our Lorde, that to this time present,
From first beginning of earth and man mortall,
God hath had favour to people pastorall,
And poore shepheardes, their cotes folde and shepe,
Angels have come for to defende and kepe.
Some shepheardes were in lande of Asserye,
Which after have bene promoted very hye,

So

So that from cotes and houses pastorall,
They have assended to dignitie royall.
Charges and labour so doth my reason blinde,
That call their names can I not unto minde;
Yet let me studie avoyding perturbaunce,
So may I call them unto remembraunce.
Lo now I have them, Abraham, Jacob,
Loth, Isaac, yong Joseph and Job.
These nowe rehearsed, and all the patriarkes,
Have not disdayned poore shepe nor heardes warkes;
Them hath our Lorde called from humble thinges,
And made them princes, dukes, or els kings.
So have they chaunged their clothing pastorall,
With golden garment, purpure and gay pall;
And then have after, by magnanimitie,
Brought noble realmes in their captivitie;
And have in battayle bene mightie conquerours,
Won fame immortall and excellent honours.
Paris was pastour the sonne of Priamus,
Pan, Silene, Orpheus, and joly Tyterus.
Saul was shepheard, so was he in like wise
Which would have offred his sonne in sacrifice.
Moyfes was shepheard, and was his flocke keping,
When he came bare foote unto the bushe flaming.
Commaunded by God to leave his flocke and go
On Gods meffage to sturdy Pharao.
Also Apollo was herde sometime in Grece,
Nothing disdayning to handle ewe and flece:
As write poetes, he left divine honour,
Glad among wethers to be a governour.
The blessed angels brought to such men as we,
Message of concorde, of peace and unitie;
And song that Gloria, flying in the skye,
Which our Syr Sampson doth sing so meryly.
First had shepherdes sure tiding by meffage,
That God was made man to bye humane linage;

And

And herdes instruct by voyce angelicall ;—
Sawe God incarnate, and borne first of all.
And this was pleasure of Gods Majastie,
That simple herdes him first of all should see ;
And in their maner make unto him offrings
Before estates, as riche and mightie kinges.
The joly Harper, which after was a kinge,
And slewe the giant so stoutly with his flinge,
Was first a shepherde or he had dignitie,
Right so were many, as stoute and bolde as he :
And our Lorde Jesu, our God and Saviour,
Named himfelse a shepherde or pastour.
Right so he named men meeke and pacient,
His flocke and his shepe for maners innocent ;
Thinke not these wordes glosed nor in vayne,
They are the gospell, so faith syr Peter playne.
I sawe them my selfe well paynted on the wall,
Late gasing upon our Churche Cathedrall :
I sawe great wethers in picture, and small lambes,
Daunsing, some sleeping, some sucking of their dames ;
And some on the grounde me femed lying still.
Then sawe I horsemen at pendant of an hill,
And the three kinges with all their cumpany,
Their crownes glistering bright and oriently ;
With their presentes and giftes mysticall,
All this behelde I in picture on the wall.
But the poore pastours, as people innocent,
First sawe the Crib of our Lorde omnipotent.
Thus it appereth God loveth poore pastours.
Sith he them graunted to have so great honours.
Our Lorde hath favour both to shepe and folde,
As it appereth by these historyes olde.
Our Lorde is ready to succour the village,
Despising townes for malice and outrage.
For God is content with simple pouertie,
Pride he despiseth, and wrongfull dignitie.

AMINTAS.

AMINTAS.

In good fayth, Faustus, thy tale is heritable,
 Grounded on learning, and greatly commendable :
 Lately my selfe to see that picture was,
 I sawe the maunger, I sawe the oxe and asse.
 I well remember the people in my minde,
 Me thinke yet I see the blacke faces of Inde :
 Me thinke yet I see the herdes and the kinges,
 And in what maner were ordred their offeringes.
 As long as I live, the better shall I love
 The name of herdes, and citizens reprove.
 Wherefore mate Faustus, I pray God geve thee care,
 If thou the faultes of any citie spare.
 Speake on and spare not, and touche their errour,
 Yet may we common more then a large hour.

FAUSTUS.

Then turne we to talke a while of citizens,
 To touche their foly, and parcell of their sinnes.
 Think not, Amintas, that they of the citie
 Live better life, or wiselyer then we.
 All if their cloathing be doubled for the colde,
 And though they glister so gayly in bright golde,
 Shining in filkes, in purpure or veluet,
 In furred robes, or clokes of scarlet,
 And we poore herdes in russet cloke and hood,
 It is not clothing can make a man be good.
 Better is in ragges pure living innocent,
 Then a soule defiled in sumptuous garment.
 Trust me, Amintas, my selfe with these same eyne
 Have in the citie such often times seene
 Jet in their filkes, and brag in the market,
 As they were lordes, I oft have seene them jet,
 Which are starke beggers, and live in neede at home,
 And oft go to bed for neede with empty wombe.
 Nought is more foolish then such wretches be,
 Thus with proude port to cloke their povertie.

What

What is nede cloked or fayned aboundaunce,
 Povertie, flouth, and wretched governaunce;
 What is fayre femblaunce with thought and heavynes,
 Forsooth, nought els but cloked foolishnes.
 And some have I seene (which is a thing damnable)
 That while they would haue a living delectable,
 Rest at their pleasure, and fare deliciously,
 Have suffered their wives defiled wetingly,
 Haue solde their daughters flowre of virginie;
 O dede unworthy, O blinde iniquitie.
 Fame, honour, the soule, and chastitie be solde
 For wretched living, O cursed thirst of golde.
 O damnable deede, so many for to spill,
 One wretched carkasse and belly for to fill.
 What thing is viler? what more abhominable?
 What thing more foolish, more false and detestable?

AMINTAS.

What if they can not to other craft them geve?
 Nor finde other way or meanes for to leue?
 Nede hath no lawe, of two evils perdie,
 To chose the least ill is none iniquitie.

FAUSTUS.

Sith they have as many foules as have we,
 As much of reason, and handes like plentie,
 Why may they not to honest worke them give,
 And finde other way and maner for to live.
 No lawe permitteth nor willeth man perdie
 To commit murther for harde necessitie;
 No more should any his soule defile or kill
 For lust transitory, or pleasure to fulfill.
 Yet be in cities mo suing foolishnes,
 Wening by craft for to have great riches:
 By which craftes no man hath riches founde,
 Sith time that our Lord first fourmed man & grounde.
 As Alkemistes wening by pollicy
 Nature to alter, and coyne to multiply.

Some

Some wash rude metall with licours manifolde
Of herbes, wening to turne it into golde.
All pale and smoky be such continuall,
And after labour they lose their life and all.
Another sorte is to this not much unlike,
Which spende their times in wretched art magike,
Thereby supposing some treasure to have founde,
Which many yeres is hid within the grounde.
What is more foolish, more full of vanitie,
Or more repugning to fayth and probitie?
Because they would flye good busynes and payne,
They use such trifles and wretched thinges vayne.
They prove all thinges because they would do nought,
Still seeking newes, still troubled in their thought:
Because they woulde flee the labour of the lande,
All ydle trifles such taketh on their hande:
Still be they busy, and never come to ende,
To thing profitable do fewe of them intende.
Some live by rapine, gile, fraude and pollicy,
Penury, opression, and some on usury.
Some gladly borowe, and never pay agayne,
Some keepe from servauntes the stipend of their payne:
Some rest men gitleffe, and cast them in prision,
Some bye stronge thieves out of the dungeon.
Some faune, some flatter, man trust not when they smile,
Then frame they fraudes men flyly to begile.
Some in one houre more promise to thee will,
Then all his dayes he thinketh to fulfill:
By thousande meanes of fraude and craftynes
Lye they in wayte for honour and riches.
They feede the riche, and often let the poore
Dye for pure colde and hunger at their doore.
We feede fat oxen, they marmosets keepe,
We feede fat kiddes, lambes, and good sheepe:
And they feede hawkes, apes, horse and houndes,
And small is their joy save here within our boundes.

We

We bring them butter, egges, cheefe and wooll,
 Tankerdes of milke and creame fleeting full :
 All maner fleshe, and all their whole living,
 Without our labour truely they have nothing.
 We are the feeders of wethers and fat hogges,
 And they of the Citie feede birles and great dogges.
 Nowe judge Amintas, which of these seemeth thee
 Of moſte advauntage, and moſte nobilitie.

AMINTAS.

If by our labour proceedeth more riches,
 And moſte advauntage, as seemeth truth doubtles,
 Then this I mervayle, that they of the Citie
 Have ſo great plentie, and we neceſſitie :
 The cauſe can not I call to my remembraunce,
 Wherof proceedeth their ſtore and aboundaunce.

FAUSTUS.

The cauſe I tolde thee, what wouldeſt thou have more,
 By fraude and falſhood have they ſo mikle ſtore.
 Seeſt thou not playnly howe they of the Citie
 Dayly deceyve our poore ſimplicitie ?
 With what crueltie againſt us they rage,
 By falſe oppreſſion or fayre fayned language ?
 They thinke it pleaſure (that ſorowe on them hap,)
 By gloſed wordes to take us in a trap :
 The moſte of them all count it an almes deede
 Us heardeſ to fraude, this is a gentle meede :
 For them we labour in heate, colde, winde and rayne,
 And fraude and diſceyte they pay us for our payne.
 With mindes and tonge they ſtudy and they muſe
 Both day and night us heardeſ to abuſe :
 Their wit and body all whole do they apply,
 For us poore wretches to ſtudy pollicy :
 And after their fraude, gile and deception,
 Then do they laugh us into deriſion.

AMINTAS.

Howe came thou to knowledge of this enormitie,
 And of these maners of them of the Citie?
 My selfe there wonned, and there was conversant,
 Of some of these thinges yet am I ignorant.

FAUSTUS.

Thou could not perceyve well their enormitie,
 Perchaunce thy maners did with their life agree:
 Their feldome is seene great contradiction,
 Where men accordeth in disposition.
 No fault with Moriens is blacke difformitie,
 Because all the sort like of that favour be.
 So could thou not see their vices nor them blame,
 Because thine owne life was filed with the same.
 But howe I knewe them nowe shall I tell to thee:
 While I brought butter to sell to the Citie,
 And other vitayle, I used milke to crye,
 Then had I knowledge with an appotecry:
 Of him I learned much falshood and practise,
 Not to the purpose the same to exercise:
 He could make plasters and newe commixtions,
 In valour scant worth a couple of onions;
 Yet solde he the same as it were golde so dere,
 Namely if happened any infectife yere.
 I was acquainted with many an hucster,
 With a costardmonger, and with an hostler.
 This thiefe was crafty poore people to begile,
 None like I suppose within a dosen mile:
 Among all his other fraudes and his crimes,
 He solde one bottell of hey a dosen times.
 And in the Otes could he well drop a candle,
 Well knewe he howe his gistes for to handle.
 And in the same Inne there dwelled a prety prim,
 She could well flatter and glose with him and him.
 And necke a measure, her smirking gat her sale,
 She made ten shillinges of one barell of ale.

Whom

Whom she begiled in pottes, she was fayne
To win them with fresh and paynted looke agayne.
And as I remember, her name was wanton Bessie,
Who least with her dealt he thrived not the lesse.
What needeth more proceffe, no craft of the Citie
Is, but is mingled with fraude and subtiltie :
Save onely the craft of an Apoticry,
That is all fraude and gilefull pollicy ;
But all these would sweare that they were innocent,
Or they to the Citie did first of all frequent.
There learned they theft and fraude to exercise,
And man, of nature, is moved soone to vice.
Some be also which spend their patrimony
Which was to them leste by their olde ancestry,
On queanes, baudes, in riot and dronkennes,
Their name defiling, despising all goodnes.
With cost and paynes such busily labour,
Seeking for shame and death before their hour.
Say where is custome of fornication,
Incest, advoutry and defloration ;
Forcing of women, murther and rapine,
Discorde and brauling, and living like to swine :
Malice, envy, and all iniquitie,
Do these not reygne in middes of the Citie :
All newe abuson provoking men to sins
Had first beginning among the Citezins.
Where dwell great princes and mightie governours,
Their life despising for to have vayne honours.
Capitaynes, souldiers, and all like company,
Which put for money their life in jeopardy.
These dwell not uplandé, but haunt the Citie,
Poore herdes fight not but for necessitie,
For libertie, life, and justice to upholde,
Towne dwellers fight for vayne honour and golde.
We fight our frendes and housholde to defende,
They fight for malice to riches to ascende.

Our

Our cause and quarell is to maynteyne the right,
But all on selfe will without reason they fight.
They seeke by woundes for honour and riches,
And drive the weakest to hardest busynes.
O blinde souldier, why settest thou thy hart,
For a vayne stipende, against a mortall dart.
By thousand perils thou takest thy passage,
For small lucre renning to great damage.
Their sweete life they geve for a poore stipende,
And oft lose they both, and heaven at the ende.
While some contendeth and fighteth for his wage,
His life he spendeth, then farewell advauntage.
What is more foolish, or liker to madnes,
Then to spende the life for glory and riches?
What thing is glory, laude, praying or fame,
What honour, reporte, or what is noble name?
Forsooth nought but voyce of witleffe commontie,
And vayne opinion subject to vanitie.
Processe of yeres, revolving of reason,
Bringeth all these soone in oblivion.
When life is faded, all these be out of sight,
Like as with the Sun departeth the day light;
They all be fooles which meddle with the sea,
And otherwise might live in their owne country.
He is but a foole which runneth to tempest,
And might live on lande in suertie and in rest.
He is but a foole which hath of good plentie,
And it disdayneth to use and occupy.
And he which liveth in care and wretchednes
His heyre to promote to landes and riches,
Is mooste foole of all, to spare in misery,
With goodes and landes his heyre to magnify.
And he which leaveth that thing for to be done
Unto his daughter, executour or sonne,
Which he himself might in his life fulfill,
He is but a foole, and hath but little skill.

But

But all these fortes within the citie be,
They want of wisedome, and sue enormitie.
And also the youth in dayes festivall
Do nought but folowe their lustes bestiall.
The weeke they use them in worldly busynes,
The Sunday serveth to folowe vicioufnes.
What time the shoppes be closed all and shit,
Then is the market with Thais, veole and kit;
On hyest dayes such ware is namely solde,
For nought it waxeth, if it be once olde.
Upon the Sunday, when man should God honour,
Left is good labour, ensued is errour.
Oft time the olde freer that wonned in Grene witch,
Against such folyes was boldly wont to preache:
He faide: where baudes and their abusyon
Were wont to abide in one vile place alone,
Nowe are they sprinkled and sparkled abroad,
Likewise as shippes be docked in a rode;
That harde is to knowe good women from the ill.
By ill example good are in doubt to spill.
Baudes be suffered so where them lust to bide,
That the strete fadeth upon the water side.
Cate, Gilt, Mably, Phillis and feate Jeny,
Because of the citie nowe can not get one peny.
Vile Thais was wont in angles for to be,
Nowe hath she power in all the whole citie.

AMINTAS.

Thou passest measure, Faustus, by God anowe,
Thou sayest of malice, right well perceyve I now:
Mitigate thy minde and tonge, for it is shame
Men of the citie thus largely to blame.
What man is faultlesse? Remember the village,
Howe men uplondish on holy dayes rage.
Nought can them tame, they be a beastly sort,
In sweate and labour having most chiefe comfort.

On

On the holy day assoone as morne is past,
 When all men resteth while all the day doth last;
 They drinke, they banket, they revell and they jest,
 They leape, they daunce, despising ease and rest.
 If they once heare a bagpipe or a drone,
 Anone to the Elme or Oke they be gone.
 There use they to daunce, to gambolde and to rage,
 Such is the custome and use of the village.
 When the ground resteth from rake, plough and wheles,
 Then moſte they it trouble with burthen of their heles.
 To Bacchus they banket, no feast is festivall,
 They chide and they chat, they vary and they brall;
 They rayle and they route, they revell and they crye,
 Laughing and leaping, and making cuppes drye.

FAUSTUS.

What! Stint thou thy chat, these wordes I defye.
 It is to a vilayne rebuke and vilany,
 Such rurall solace so plainly for to blame.
 Thy wordes found to thy rebuke and shame.

AMINTAS.

Not so, frend Faustus! I spake it but in game;
 Agayne to the citie returne in God's name.

FAUSTUS.

Yet of the citie mo fooles tell can I,
 Which wene to number the sterres in the ſky;
 By them supposing eche destiny to tell,
 But all be fooles that with this matter mell.
 Yet be they madder which fixe their intent
 To searche the nature of God omnipotent.
 And dare be so bolde to set their mortall fight
 On incomprehensible and pure immortall light.
 Our fayth is better, for they of the citie
 Beleve by reason with great difficultie:
 Or they will beleve, they braule with argument,
 Playne speeche suffiseth us people innocent.

Against

Against Sir Sampson their quarell they defende ;
We aske no question, and use not to contende.
We light the aultars, and many candels offer,
When they of the towne scantly make a proffer :
Their fayth is feble, our fayth is sure and stable,
They dare be bolde with doctours for to bable :
A worldly merchaunt nought knowing of doctrine,
Because of his coyne counteth his reason fine.
Trust me, Amintas, no force who heareth me,
The coyne and cunning doth not alway agree :
For some be that have plentie of that one,
Which of that other have little part or none.
What should the fooles that dwell in the citie,
Or we seeke to knowe of God's privitie.
If it were nedefull the Godhead for to knowe
To simple wretches here on the grounde alowe :
It is in the power of God omnipotent
His very prefence to us to represent.
But sith his knowledge is incomprehensible,
Why seeke fooles for thinges impossible?
And sith God will be unknowen unto us,
Why should thing mortall of endlesse thing discusse?
And rurall people in almes do excell,
Above all the sort which in the citie dwell.
We geve wooll and cheese, our wives coyne and egges,
When freers flatter and prayse their proper legges.
For a score of pinnes, and needles two or three,
A gentle Cluner two cheeses had of me.
Phillis gave coyne because he did her charme,
Ever sith that time lesse hath she felt of harme.
Yet is in the citie a number incurable,
Pleaders and brokers, a foule and shamefull rable ;
Merchautes of Justice, hunters of riches,
Cratchers of coyne, delayers of proceffe ;
Prolonging causes, and making wrong of right,
And right of playn wrong, oppressing law with might;
Jaylers

Jaylers of Justice, their cursed covetice
Watreth the plantes of crueltie and vice.

AMINTAS.

This have I proved by playne experience.
But tell me, Faustus, what causeth this offence.

FAUSTUS.

The roote and the grounde of this misgovernance
Is favour, rewarde, and wilfull ignoraunce :
When coyne or favour once dimmed hath the sight,
A due all Justice, in prison layde is Right.
Yet be in townes a rable fraudulent,
Murtherers of people, and free of punishment :
Vaunting and boasting them selfe of medicine,
And naught perceyving of science and doctrine :
If they be fetred with ringes and with cheynes,
Then may they handle and touche privy veynes :
Name all diseases and sores at their will,
Avoyde of cunning, of reason eyther skill :
Such ride on mules, and pages by their side,
But if they had right, on asses should they ride.
As touching rulers of all the commontie,
The more that they have of hye authoritie,
Of libertie, will, and singuler pleasure,
So much the more poore people they devour.
The houndes some time wont foldes for to keepe,
Be nowe wilde wolves, devouring all the sheepe :
Rulers be robbers, and pillers be pastours ;
None is the giding of godly governours.
O where be rulers maynteyners of Justice ?
Where be subduers and flakers of all vice ?
Where be the frendes of mercy and pitie,
Sometime well ruling, not spoyling the Citie ?
Where be chaste rulers, just, meke, and liberall ?
Chaunged is fortune, death hath devoured all.
The worst remayneth, gone be the meke and just ;
Insteade of vertue ruleth free will and lust.

Where

Where be the fathers right worthy an empire,
 Of whom men coumpted gay tales by the fire ;
 Sometime with tales, and other while with songe,
 So driving away the winter nightes longe.
 Alas, Amintas, nought bideth that is good ;
 No not my cokers, my taberte nor my hood.
 All is confumed, all spent and worne be,
 So is all goodnes and wealth of the citee.
 The temples pilled do bitterly complayne,
 Poore people wayle, and call for helpe in vayne :
 Poore widowes forowe, and children fatherlesse
 In vayne bewayle, when wolves them oppresse.
 Sinne hath no scourge, and vertue no rewarde ;
 Who loveth wisedome, his fortune is but harde.
 Counsell and cunning nowe tumble in the dust,
 But what is the cause? Lawe turned is to lust :
 Lust standeth instede of lawe and of Justice,
 Whereby good living subdued is by vice.

AMINTAS.

I tell thee, Faustus, this hastynes of thee
 Passeth the boundes of right and honestie.
 All men thou blamest by wrath and hastynes,
 As all Citizens were full of vicioufnes.
 What, man ! Remember, some live in innocence,
 Some in the citie be partlesse of offence.

FAUSTUS.

I am not angry, I say but veritie ;
 Heare me, Amintas, one clause with brevitie :
 As many todes as breede in Irelande,
 And as many Gripes as breede in Englande,
 As many Cuckowes as sing in January,
 And Nightingales as sing in February,
 And as many whales as swimmeth in the fen,
 So many be there in Cities of good men.

AMINTAS.

A good man is geason, not easy to be founde
 On lande or in Citie, or over all the grounde ;
 Many thinges longe unto a perfect man,
 Aske that of Codrus, declare the truth he can :
 Badnes encreaseth, and ouer fast doth growe,
 Goodnes and vertue in comming up be slowe.

FAUSTUS.

Thou art mad I trowe, so many foes have we,
 As dwell Citizens in all the whole Citie.
 They clip us, they poule us, they pill us to the skin,
 And what they may get that thinke they well to win.
 To theft they constrayn us, I tell thee by All-halowes,
 And after by and by they sende us to the galowes.
 Therefore it is reason, if ought of theirs hap
 Or come to our clawes, it privily to trap.
 They us oft disceyve, disceyve we them agayne,
 Devise we slyly, gyle, subtiltie and trayne.
 But this Amintas to me is greatest griefe
 And doubt, for it is ill stealing from a thiefe.
 If it be secrete, we may it well denye ;
 If it be knowen, excuse it craftyly.
 Privy felony, though it be used longe,
 Is not called theft, but injury or wrong.
 All that they have within these townes playne,
 Is our hard labour, fore travayle and great payne.

AMINTAS.

Nowe thou exceedest the marke of equitie,
 Thou passest reason Faustus, I tell to thee.

FAUSTUS.

What then Amintas, have patience a while :
 Towne dwellers vices doth all the earth defile.
 The ayre is corrupt by their enormitie,
 These summer stormes whence come they, tel thou me ;
 Lightning, great windes, fluds, hayle and thunder.
 I well remember, oft time the ground here under

Right

Right fore hath quaked, and caused houses fall ;
Vice of the Citie is roote and cause of all.
The Sunne in mid day oft time hath lost his light,
In like wise the Moone in season of the night.
Both hath bene blacke, or els red as bloud,
This signe Amintas pretendeth us no good.
Why growe the weedes and cockle in the corne ?
Why is hey and grasse oft times all forlorne ?
Why lose we our feede, our labour and expence ?
Whence commeth murrayne and grievous pestilence ?
All these proceedeth by mad enormitie,
And corrupt maners of them of the Citie :
And worse is like yet afterwarde to fall,
If they not refourme their living bestiall.
Whence came the furour of hardnes and battayle,
Which causeth widowes their spouses to bewayle ;
Which bringeth with it all kinde of misery,
As theft and murther, great death and penury ?
Forsooth in Cities this furour first began,
To the confusion of many a doubty man.
The Citie is well and ground originall,
Both first and last of deadly evils all :
Bred in the Citie was cruell Licaon,
Bred among herdes was good Dewcalion.
Among shepherdes nourished was Rhemus,
And also his brother the mightie Romulus.
The cause of the flud in Citie first began,
Whereby was wasted nere every beast and man.
Our Lorde destroyed fine Cities for outrage,
Reade where for sinnes he wasted one village.
I trowe when the world with fire wasted shall be,
The cause shall proceede and come of some Citie.
What shall I touche the favour and the stinke
Which is in cities, of gutter and of finke :
There men be choked with vile and deadly sent,
Here have we odour of floures redolent :

I coumpt

I coumpt me happy which won in the village,
As undefiled with citizens outrage.

AMINTAS.

Have done nowe Faustus, lay here a-straw and rest,
Fill we our bely with cruddes that is best.
Leave we the Citie and all civill outrage,
Nowe is it season to turne to the potage.
After our diner is best in my minde
The rest to declare, if ought remayne behinde.

To enable the reader, in some measure, to decide for himself whether BARCLAY was a native of North or of South Britain, the encomium on James IV. mentioned in the introduction, is here subjoined. One of the stanzas, being an Acrostic on the name of JACOBUS, will not escape observation. The passage is extracted from a chapter in the Ship of Fools, entituled "Of the ruine and decay of the Holy Faith Catholike, and diminution of the (Christian) Empire."

If peace be with us, concorde and amitie,
We may from our costes the cruell Turke expell,
And so kepe our sayth in stedfast libertie.
One hope we have our enemies to quell.
Which hope is stedfast, if we our selfe do well;
For Henry the eyght replete with hye wisedome,
By just title gideth our scepter of kingdome.
This noble prince beginneth vertuously,
By justice and pitie his realme to maynteyne;
So that he and his without mo company,
May succour our sores by his manhode soveraygne,
And get with his owne hande Jerusalem agayne.
He passeth Hercules in manhode and courage,
Having a respect unto his tender age.
And ye Christen Princes whosoever ye be,
If ye be destitute of a noble captayne,
Take James of Scotlande, for his audacitie,
And proved manhode, if ye will laude attayne.
Let him have the forward, have ye no disdayne
Nor indignation, for never king was borne,
That of ought of warre can shewe the Unicorne.

For if that he take once his speare in hande
 Agaynst these Turkes strongly with it to ride,
 None shall be able his stroke for to withstande,
 Nor before his face so hardy to abide.

Yet this his manhode increaseth not his pride,
 But ever sheweth he mekenes and humilitie
 In worde or dede, to hye and lowe degree.

In prudence pereles is this moste comely kinge;
 And as for his strength and magnanimitie
 Concerning his noble dedes in every thing,
 One founde on grounde like to him can not be.
 By byrth borne to boldenes and audacitie,
 Under the bolde planet of Mars the champion,
 Surely to subdue his enemies eche one.

Mars hath him chofen, all other set aside,
 To be in practise of battayle without pere,
 Save riches lacketh his manfull might to gide,
 He hath not plentie of all thing *as is here*.

The cause is, that stormes in season of the yere
 Destroyeth the corne, engendring so scarcenes,
 Which thing sore hurteth this princes worthines.

Let him be formost, then doubt ye nought at all;
 For onely his looke, so bolde is his courage,
 The Turkes pride shall make decay and fall,
 Like to a Lion in dedes he shall rage.

Thus he being gyde, the fury shall affwage
 Of the false Turkes, so that they shall be fayne
 Our Christen landes to us to yelde agayne.

If the Englishe Lion his wisedome and riches,
 Conjoyne with true love, peace and fidelitie,
 With the Scottishe Unicornes might and hardines,
 Then is no doubt but all whole Christentie
 Shall live in peace, wealth, and tranquillitie;
 And the Holy lande come into christen handes,
 And many a region out of the fendes bandes.

In the other Eclogues of Barclay, we find various traits of the common customs and manners of the times. A shepherd, after mentioning his skill in shooting birds with a bow, says, EGL. i.
 No shephearde throweth the *axletree* so farre.

A gallant is thus described, EGL. ii.

For women use to love them most of all,
 Which boldly boasteth, or that can sing and jet;
 Whiche hath the maistry oft times in tournament,
 Or that can gambauld, or dance feat and gent.

The following sorts of wine are recited, EGL. ii.

As muscadell, caprike, romney, and malmesy,
From Genoe brought, from Greece, or Hungary.

As are the dainties of the table, *ibid.* A shepherd at court must not
think to eat,

—— Swanne, nor heron,
Curlew, nor crane.——

Again, *ibid.*

What fishe is of favour swete and delicious,—
Roasted or sodden in swete herbes or wine;
Or fried in oyle, most saporous and fine.—
—— The pasties of a hart.——

The crane, the fesaunt, the pecocke, and curlewe,
The partriche, plover, bittorn, and heronfewe:——
Seasoned so well in licour redolent,
That the hall is full of pleasaunt smell and sent.

At a feast at court, *ibid.*

Slowe be the sewers in serving in alway,
But swift be they after, taking the meate away:
A speciall custom is used them amonge,
No good dishe to suffer on borde to be longe:
If the dishe be pleasaunt, eyther fleshe or fishe,
Ten handes at once swarme in the dishe.
And if it be fleshe, ten knives shall thou see
Mangling the fleshe, and in the platter flee.
To put there thy handes, is perill without sayle,
Without a gauntlet, or els a glove of mayle.

The two last lines remind us of a saying of Quin, who declared it was not safe to sit down to a turtle-feast in one of the city-halls, without a basket-hilted knife and fork. Not that I suppose Quin borrowed his bon mots from black letter books.

The following lines point out some of the festive tales of our ancestors. *EGL. iv.*

Yet would I gladly heare now some mery *FIT*
Of Mayde Marion, or els of Robin Hood;
Or Bentley's ale which chafeth well the blood;
O! Ferte of Norwich, or sauce of Wilberton,
Or buckish Joly well-stuffed as a ton.

He mentions Bentley's Ale, which "maketh me to winke," *EGL. ii.*

Some of our ancient domestic pastimes and amusements are recorded, *EGL. iv.*

Then is it pleasure the yonge maydens amonge
To watche by the fire the winter nightes longe.——
And in the ashes some playes for to marke,
To cover wardens for faulte of other warke.

To toste white shevers, and to make prophitroles;
 And, aftir talking, oftymes to fill the bowles.
 We other shepherds be greatly different
 Of common fortes, leane, ragged, and rent.
 Fed with rude frowise, with *quachum*, or with crud;
 Or slimy kempes, ill-smelling of the mud.

He mentions some muscal instruments, EGL. ii.

— — — Methinkes no mirth is scant,
 Where no rejoyfing of minstrellie doth want.
 The bagpipe or fiddle to us is delectable, &c.

And the mercantile commodities of different countries and cities,
 EGL. iv.

England hath cloth, Bordeus hath store of wine,
 Cornwalle hath tinne, and Lymster wooles fine.
 London hath scarlet, and Bristowe pleasaunt red, &c.

Of songs at feasts, EGL. iv.

When your fat dishes smoke hot upon your table,
 Then laude ye songes and balades magnifie,
 If they be merry, or written craftely,
 Ye clappe your handes and to the makinge harke,
 And one say to another, lo here a proper warke.

He says that minstrels and fingers are highly favoured at court, especially those of the French gise, EGL. ii. Also jugglers and pipers, EGL. iv.

Such men with Princes be sene more acceptable
 Then men of wisdome, and clerkes venerable.
 When thou fain wald hear such folkes play or sing,
 Nothing shall be done of them to thy liking;
 But when it pleiseth thy Prince them to call,
 Their sound ascendeth to chamber and to hall;
 When thou wouldest sleep, or do some besyness,
 Then is their musike to thee unquietness.

In the following lines he alludes to Skelton, the poet laureate.

Of rascolde poets yet is a shameful rable,
 Which voyde of wisdome presumeth to indite,
 Though they have scantly the cunning of a snite.
 And to what vices that princes most intende,
 Those dare these fooles solemnize and commende:
 Then is he decked as Poet laureate,
 When stinking Thais made him her graduate.

OF FOOLISH THAT ARE OVER WORLDLY ; OR, THE DAN-
GER OF AMBITION. BY THE SAME.

DE FATUIS MUNDANIS.

*Dum me cura tenet sublimia fortè petendi,
Et vigil expecto det mihi digna labor.
Destituit fortuna pedem, nixumque fefellit,
Nec potuit lapsus pes retinere gradum.
Et qui prensus erat non parvo robore ramus :
Præcipitem effractus retulit ecce solo.
Cura, fides, probitas (fueris nisi præditus astu
Et vafro ingenio) parvi putata iacent.*

SEB. BRANDT.

OF while man labours to ascende
By fortune frayle alway forwarde,
And while alway he doth intende
For his fore labour to have rewarde,
Then is his fortune so sharpe and harde
To leave his foote at his moste neede,
And let him slip in mortall feare and dredē
Who that leaneth on braunches frayle,
Or taketh his holde by leaves light,
Can finde thereby but small avayle,
But to the grounde descends downe right:
And though the braunch be strong and wight,
When thou beginnest to slip or slide,
In thy degree harde is to abide.

And

And though the braunch be whole and found,
But be to weake thee to sustayne,
Then shalt thou downe come to the ground :
So if a man take care and payne
To live in vertue (the good soveraine,)
Yet all this shall be nought set by,
But if they gyde them wittely.

The strongest braunch or bough shall fayle
Without good wisedome, if man ascende;
But to the top if thou prevayle,
Yet ought thou to thy fete intende.
Eche thing is proved at the ende;
Therefore man ought him even to beare :
In hyest rowmes is greatest feare.

In climbing up man hath great payne,
But when he at the hyest is,
Having great hope there to remayne
In wealth and pleasure, joy and blis,
Yet of the fruite small part is his;
For by one blast of winde sodayne,
In one instant he falles agayne.

If one be in a rowme a-hye,
Men that are lowe seme to him small;
But to say truth and veritie,
Yet may their stature be egall.
In like wise though a man royall
Despise them living in povertie,
Of one metall yet both they be.

This worlde all whole goeth up and downe,
It ebbes and flowes like to the sea,
Waxing and waning like the mone,
Nowe in wealth and in prosperitie,
Eft in advers and frowarde povertie;
But that man folowes hye wisedome,
Which take all thinges like as they come.

Though some in treasour and welth abounde,
Thinking themselves wise men alone,
Yet when that they are brought to grounde,
They and the poore is all but one.
And though thou surely marke the bone
Of begger and him that king hath bene,
Small difference shalt thou find them betwene.

After the day commeth the night,
So after pleasure ofte commeth payne;
He is in prudence but porely pight
That can not both in like sustayne.
But if I shall be true and playne,
No earthly thing makes more debate,
Then a vile churle to become a state.

When fuche a vilayne rude of his minde
A hye is set on a mightie tree,
To gentle bloud can he not be kinde,
Yet he forgettes his owne degree.
But though the thicke leaves let none see
Howe muche mischief fuche go about,
Yet at the last it will come out.

If deathes axe the tree downe throwe,
And if their riches, as leaves light,
Away fro them on grounde do flowe,
Then all their falthode is out in fight.
But while the tree may stande upright,
The leaves of riches hanging about,
To lorels often the lorde muste lout.

The noble faucons are ofte opprest,
The Egle blinded and birdes small
Are spoyled and driven from their nest,
When the greedy kite will rule all;
But if the kite then after fall
By aduers fortune or his iniquitie,
The faucons may well have joy to see.

Thus

Thus well is him that can attende
 To take his holde by braunches strong,
 When he purposeth up to ascende,
 And in the top to bide there long
 Without wisedome, it shall be wrong;
 For who that climbs by stately pride,
 For greevous windes can not abide.

Therefore man whosoever thou be,
 That haste minde and concupiscence
 To bring thee into hye degree,
 Or in the service of king or prince,
 If thou be brought to excellence,
 Kepe pitie still before thine eyne,
 Use justice, mekenes, and prudence,
 Remembring ever what thou hast bene.

To get love do thy diligence,
 And if thou wilt have amitie,
 To auncient bloud do reverence,
 Though it be but of lowe degree.
 Provide thee in prosperitie
 For misfortune; for it is sene
 That fortune hath no certayntie,
 So thinke thou ever what thou hast bene.

Serve God thy maker above all thing,
 And next that with thy heart and minde;
 Be true and loyall unto thy kinge,
 And to his subjectes just and kinde;
 Let avarice by no way thee blinde,
 Then might thou fall or thou would wene,
 So that no fault in thee men finde,
 Care not to be as thou hast bene.

The Latin verses are prefixed, that the reader may judge how much
 is BARCLAY'S OWN.

PLEASURE BLAMING VERTUE.

BRANDT, in his *Stultifera Navis*, introduces the celebrated apologue of the Choice of Hercules, originally composed by PRODICUS, the preceptor of SOCRA-
TES. The speech of Pleasure is thus translated by BARCLAY, in a rhythmical arrangement, varied with considerable address and elegance.

LO gorgeous galantes ! lo galantes here am I !
Lo here fayre LUSTE, full enemy to VERTUE !
Clothed in laurer, in signe of victorie.
The large worlde I whole to me subdue,
My streaming standardes alaide with fundry hewe,
In triumphe shineth brighter then the sunne,
I all the worlde to my empire have wonne.

All fragraunt floures most pleasaunt, gay and swete,
Whose fundry fortes no living man can tell,
Unto my pleasour are spred under my fete,
That all the ayre enjoyeth of the smell ;
The violet that in odour doth excell,
About in bosome by me alway I beare,
The same ofte time inlased with my heare.

All my vesture is of golde pure,
My gay Chaplet with stonés set
With coverture of fine asure,
In silver net my heare up knot ;
Softe filke betwene, least it might fret ;
My purple pall ouercovereth all,
Cleare as christall, no thing egall.

My wanton face, lovers to embrace, my wanton eye
In such a case, shewe them solace, that none are free ;
So

So lovers be subject to me in every place,
My hye beautie, voyde of bountie, doth them inlace.
To hunt, to chafe, to daunce, to trace, what one is he
That beareth face, or hath that grace, on lande or sea
In like degree him selfe to see : my pleasaunt pace
Is light as flee, thus none that he can me compace.

I cast my pleasures and hony swete
Over all the worlde, none can beware
Nor loke so surely unto his fete,
But that I tangle him in my snare,
When I with youth can mete,
With reason not well replete,
In luste I cause him flete,
Of grace barayne and bare.

What man is he that can beware,
When I my nettes abroad display?
Namely to youth I me repayre,
I blinde their heartes forest alway,
I take no thought nor care
Howe euer the worlde fare,
No season free I spare,
From pleasour night nor day.

With harpe in hande alway I stande,
Passing eche houre in swete pleasour,
A wanton bande of every lande
Ar in my towre me to honour;
Some of valour, some bare and poore,
Kinges in their pride sit by my side,
Every freshe floure of swete odoure
To them I provide that with me bide.

When the stature of my figure,
With golde shining is hye standing,
They that inure in my pleasure
With hart wandring muche swetely sing;

Garlandes of golde to me offering,
And me beholde with countenance

Smiling

Smiling, laughing, eche wanton thing,
On mirth musing, learning to daunce.

Mo men me honour for my pleasaunce,
Then worship the sonne of the hye king;
I shewe them mirth, he harde penaunce;
I pleasaunt luste, he chaste living.

Who euer they be that folowe me,
And gladly flee to my standarde,
They shall be free, not sicke nor see
Adversitie, nor paynés harde.

No poynt of payne shall he sustayne,
But joy soverayne while he is here;
No frost nor rayne there shall distayne
His face by payne, nor hurt his chere.

He shall his head cast to no drede
To get the mede and lawde of warre;
Nor yet have nede for to take hede
Howe battayles spede, but stande a farre.

Nor yet be bounde to care the founde
Of man on grounde, or trompet shill;
Strokes that redounde shall not confounde,
Nor his minde wounde, but if he will.

Who will subdue him to ensue
My pleasures newe, that I demayne,
I shall him shewe way to eschue
Where hardnes grewe, and to flye payne.

The swetenes of love he shall assay,
But suche as my pleasures hate and despise,
In hardnes live and bitter payne alway,
In dolour drowned, and that in greevous wise,
Ending their life after a wretched gife;
By covetise abstayning their pleasour,
Chaunging swetenes for bitter payne and foure.

By *name* Pleasaunt Lust I called am ou'r all,
Princess pereles, and glorious Goddès.
Of me procedeth pleasour, as is egall

To come of a hye and noble empres ;
In me is mirth and songes of gladnes,
And under my dayes and houres fortunate,
Age hath first roote to holde up his estate.

The lustie Paris by whom the riche Troy
Gave place to Grece, as subject to the same,
In my service had pleasour and great joy,
So that by me he spred abroad his fame ;
Those pleasures folowing of whom I have the name,
And that remayneth in my aucthoritie,
And proud Cleopatra was servitour to me.

There is no lande enclosed with the sea,
But that they all have folowed my counsell ;
As Afrike, Numide, the others I let be,
I will not tary their names for to tell.
But fewe or none are betwene heaven and hell,
In Hethenes, nor yet in Christentie,
But yong or olde they all obey to me.

My deynteous dartes about full brode I cast
Among all nations unto the worldes ende ;
The philosophers that were in times past
As Epicurians to me did condiscende.
All their whole sect my quarell doth defende,
For all their sect to this clause did assent,
That lust and pleasure was good most excellent.

Without corporall labour my goodes shall profite,
Of meate and drinke I have welth and excesse ;
I have my pleasour, my joy, and my delite
In dayntie dishes and fwete delicioufnes ;
I leade not life in perill and hardnes
Under heavy helme in fiede from any towne,
Not on harde strawe, but soft and costly downe.

If joy and pleasure did me not ay ensue,
And lustie myrth with corporall pleasaunce,
So mighty kinges would not them subdue
Unto my tentes, whose might shall me advaunce,

That

That all the worlde under my governaunce
Shall it submit, and dwellers of the same
Shall beare about the badges of my name.

It is longe past since that men first did thus
Subdue their mindes and bodies unto me ;
The mightie kinge called Sardanapalus
Left dedes that longed unto his royaltie,
Folowing my pleasure and voluptuositie ;
And Rome victorious at laste by hye courage,
Yelded it selfe mekely to my bondage.

Ease, welth and rest to me alway is best,
Unto my servauntes I give the same ;
And where as nature appeareth goodliest,
I am most busy the heart for to inflame
With fierie brandes to Venus pleasaunt game ;
No colde nor hunger to yonge men shall I give,
But pleasaunt rest while they with me do live.

My life I leade in joyfull idlenes,
Not let nor troubled by any adverfitie ;
Therefore, O Youth ! that art in lustines,
And Age also ! that of yonge maners be,
Tourne hither your faces beholding my beautie,
And you endeavour your cares to incline
To my preceptes, folowing my doctrine.

The time passeth dayly fro mankinde,
Our dayes of life longe while can not endure ;
Therefore on pleasure establishe we our minde,
For in my minde no earthly creature
After this life of pleasour shall be sure.
Therefore be we mery the time that we are here,
And passe we our time alway in lustie chere.

THE INDECENT MANNER OF BEHAVING IN CHURCH IS
THUS DESCRIBED :

YET of mo fooles find I a great number,
Which think that it is no shame nor vilany
Within the church the service to encumber
With their lewd barking, rounding, din and cry;
And while good people are praying stedfastly
Their heart to good, with meke mind and devout,
Such fooles them let with their mad noyse and shout.

Into the church then comes another fotte,
Without devotion, jetting up and downe,
Or to be seene, and to showe his garded cote:
Another on his fiste a sparhawke or fawcone,
Or els a cokow, and so wasting his shone,
Before the aulters he to and fro doth wander,
With even as great devotion as a gander.

In comes another, his houndes at his tayle,
With lynes and leases, and other like baggage,
His dogges barke, so that withoutten fayle,
The whole church is troubled by their outrage:
So innocent youth learneth the same of age,
And their lewde sound doth the church fill,
But in this noyse the good people kepe them still.

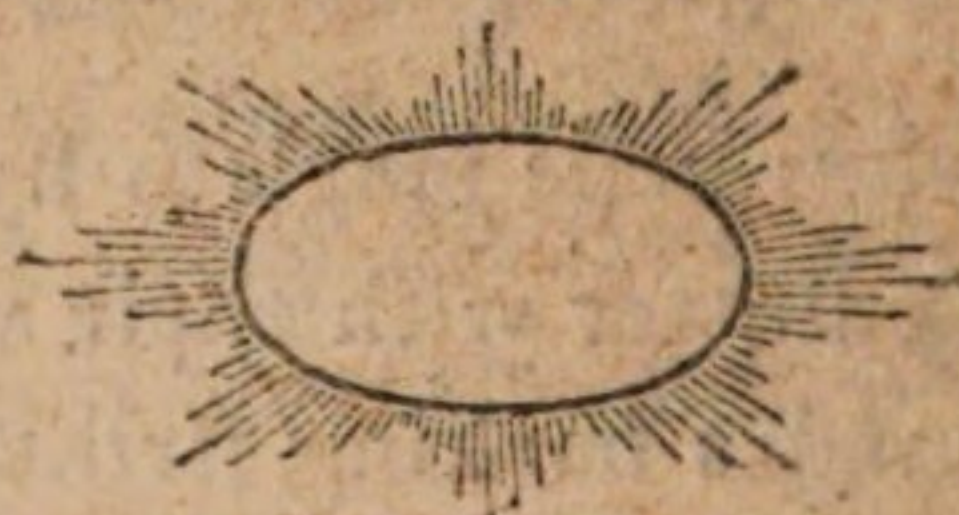
One time the hawkes bells jangleth hye,
Another time they flutter with their winges;
And nowe the houndes barking strikes the skye,
Now founde their feete, and now the chaynes ringes,
They clap with their handes: by suche maner thinges
They make of the church for their hawkes a mewes,
And canel for their doges, which they shall efter rewe.

There

There are handled pleadings and causes of the lawe,
There are made bargaynes of divers maner thinges,
Byinges and and sellinges scant worth a hawe,
And there are for lucre contrived false leasinges :
And whi'e the priest his masse or matins singes,
These fooles which to the church do repayre,
Are chatting and bobling as it were in a fayre.

Some gikle and laugh, and some on maydens stair,
And some on wives with wanton countenance,
As for the service they have small force or care,
And full delite them in their misgovernance :
Some with their slippers to and fro doth praunce,
Clapping with their heeles in church and queare,
So that good people cannot the service heare.

What shall I write of maydens and of wives,
Of their roundings and ungodly communing,
Howe on a flaunder craftily contrives,
And in the church therof hath her talking,
The other have therto their eares leaning,
And when they all have heard forth hir tale,
With great devotion they get them to the ale.



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